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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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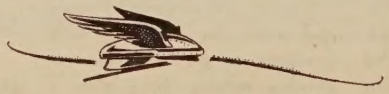

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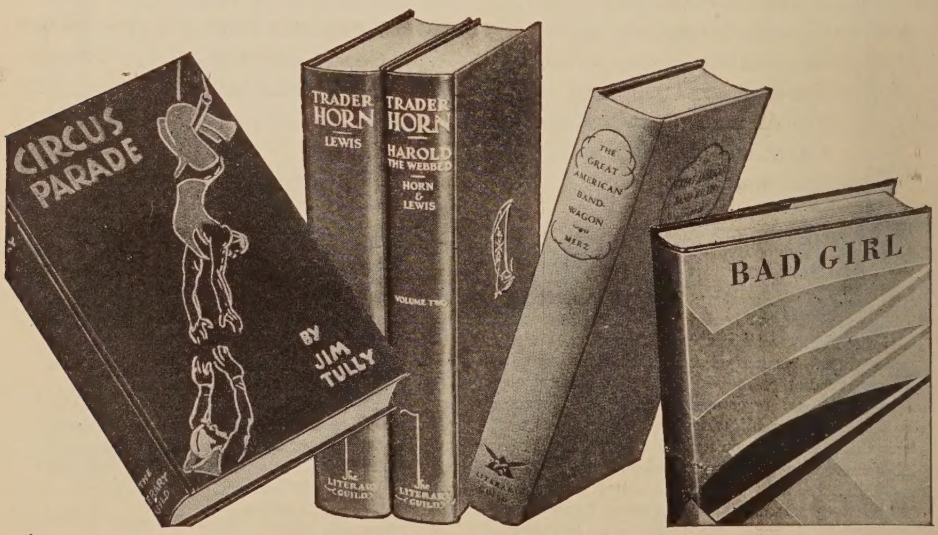

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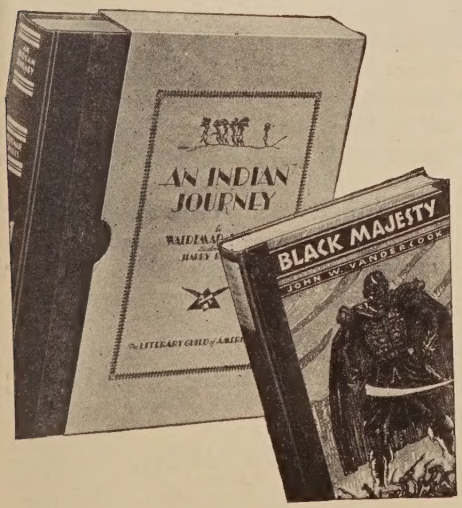

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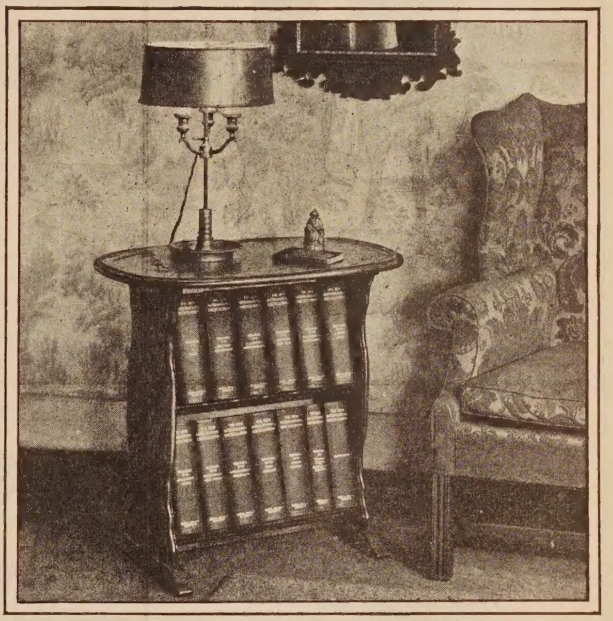

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THEODORE DREISER, Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Glenn Frank, and Robert Frost are among others who will write for *The Nation* during the coming year.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE will be thoroughly considered in a series of articles scheduled for winter and spring. The decline of the family, the effect of divorce on children, the question of alimony and the barbarity of divorce procedure will be dealt with.

LATIN-AMERICA, its life, its art, its customs, as well as its politics, will receive special attention in the next twelve months. For early issues we have scheduled *New Music in South America* by Carlos Chavez, Director of the Mexican Symphony Orchestra, *Maya Ceremonies Practised Today* by S. K. Lothrop, Director of the Peabody Museum, *Women of Revolution by* Anita Brenner.

Fearless comment on what lies behind the reticence of the daily press will of course be *The Nation's* chief contribution to its readers during the coming year.

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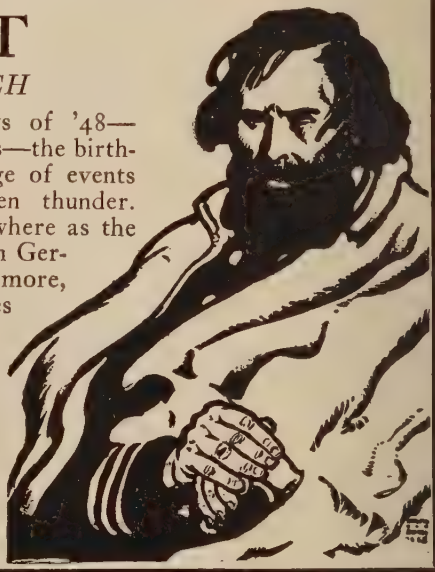

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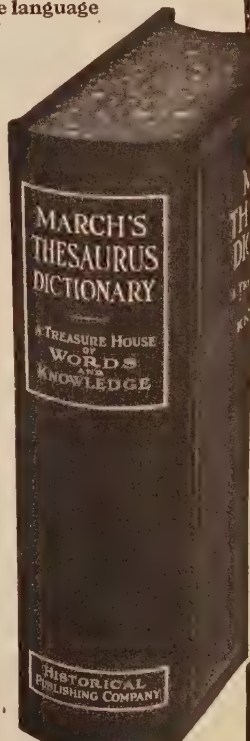

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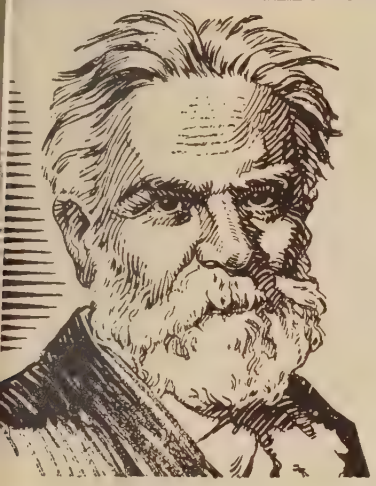

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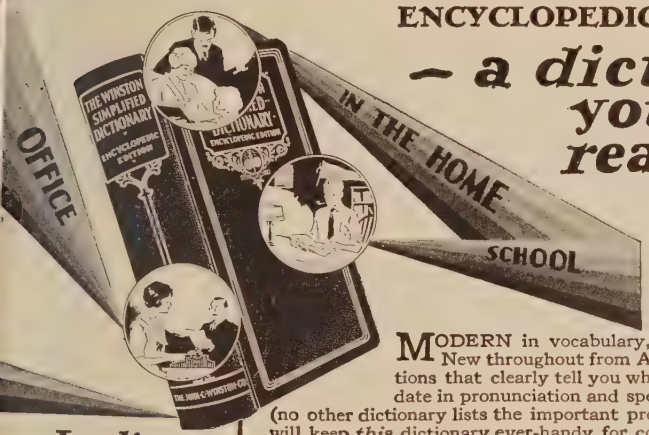

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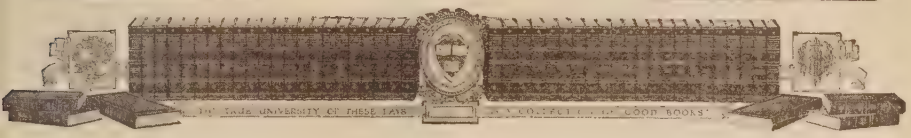

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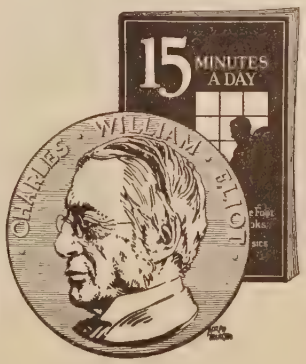

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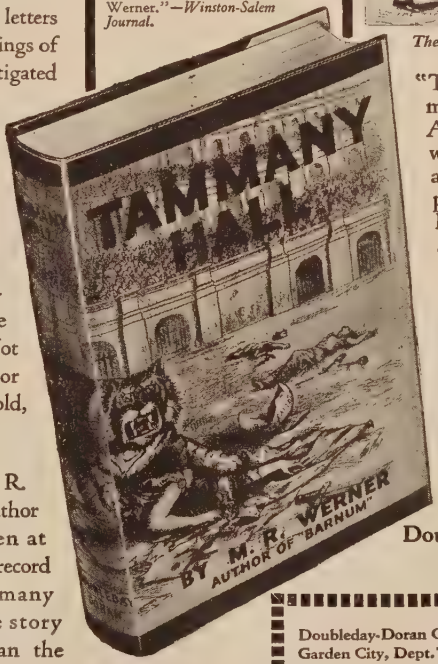

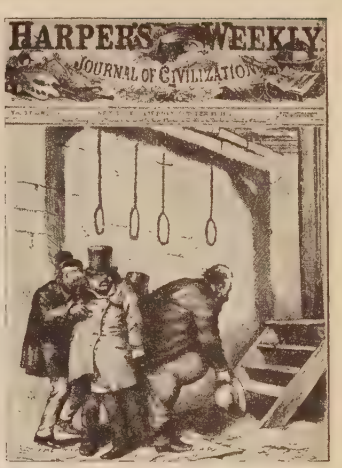

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BIOGRAPHY

NICOLO MACHIAVELLI, *the Florentine.*
By Giuseppe Prezzolini. *Brentano*
$3.50 8¼ x 5⅜; 257 pp. *New York*

Mr. Prezzolini is one of the foremost critics of present-day Italy, in exile now because of his politics. In this volume, competently translated by Ralph Roeder, he presents a vivid and glowing portrait of the great Florentine. Machiavelli is remembered by the world only as the author of "The Prince," but in his time he was also an active politician, and, strange though it may seem, an ardent Italian patriot. But his patriotism was too intelligent to please his countrymen. When, in 1527, he was proposed as secretary of the Florentine Republic, his free criticism of the local statesmen cost him the office by a vote of 555 to 12. The accusations levelled at him have a curiously modern ring. To Councillor Fortunato Bozzachini he was anathema because he found fault with his native city and its people: "If he is so fond of foreigners, let him go and live with them." When Councillor Leone delli Albizzi discovered further that he was an intellectual, dissent rose to a roar. So Machiavelli went off to die. "He had never found men good, but it had seemed to him an ideal worth fighting for to make them so." But now he knew better. His life, indeed, was a lesson in cynicism vastly more eloquent than any he wrote into "The Prince." Mr. Prezzolini has done a brilliant portrait of him.

THE AMERICAN HERESY.
By Christopher Hollis. *Sheed & Ward*
8s. 6d. 8 x 5⅜; 368 pp. *London*

The reason for the title of this book is something of a mystery. It is actually made up of four biographical studies: of Jefferson, Calhoun, Lincoln and Wilson. They are all done with skill and knowledge, though the ones on Jefferson and Lincoln suffer somewhat from Mr. Hollis's religious orthodoxy and prudishness. He finds it difficult to forgive Jefferson for his infidelity, and Lincoln for his liking for racy stories. The essay on Wilson stands out. It is one of the best studies ever made of that immortal fraud.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.
By A. A. W. Ramsay. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$5 9 x 6; 385 pp. *New York*

This biography is frankly a piece of whitewashing, but of a high order. It is ably written and well-documented. To the most common charge made against Peel, that he was a hypocrite and a double-crosser, Miss Ramsay answers that he was really no more than an opportunist, in the best sense of the word. "He valued his political consistency as highly as other men; but he valued his private honor above it. He would rather lay himself open to any accusation of political treachery than be false to his inward conviction of the truth." He was a distinguished patron of the arts and an able classical scholar, but what is of greater importance, "more than any other individual man, he helped to raise the tone of [English] political life." There is a good bibliography.

THE CRUCIBLE.
By Burns of the Mountains. *William Edwin Rudge*
$3 9 x 6; 125 pp. *New York*

Mr. Burns was born in a log cabin on a West Virginia mountain, and was raised in what was practically a frontier settlement. Later, his family moved to Kentucky, and there he became involved in the feuds of the region. Escaping with his life, he returned to West Virginia, where the Baptist Education Society sent him to Dennison University. Then he became a teacher, as the most efficacious way of combating the feuds among the mountaineers. "The work was encouraging at first," he says. "Young people flocked to my schools. . . . But when I left it and crossed the mountain into another valley, the old trouble would break out afresh. Some reckless boy would start a fight and the feud would rage again. Gradually I began to see that there must be a permanent school." This school, Oneida Institute, Burns founded eventually at Oneida, Ky. His story of his struggles there, and of his experiences with the raw Kentucky hill-billies, is an interesting one, despite his oratorical and difficult prose.

ROSSETTI. *His Life and Works.*
By Evelyn Waugh. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5¾; 232 pp. *New York*

Mr. Waugh presents no new biographical material about his subject; he attempts rather a reëvaluation of the Rossetti *opera*, and is more interested in the paintings than in the poetry. Rossetti, he says, was not incapable of exquisite beauty, as his celebrated "Beata Beatrix" shows, but on the whole he was a failure. "There was fatally lacking in him the *essential rectitude* that underlies the serenity of all great art. The sort of unhappiness that beset him was not the sort of unhappiness that does beset a great artist; all his broodings about magic and suicide are symptomatic not so much of genius as of mediocrity. There was a spiritual inadequacy, a sense of ill-organization about all he did."

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Just Off Press

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Count Ilya Tolstoy: "I will be glad if your play will be produced on the stage. It will make people think and will remind them once more of the great message of my father."

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Continued from page xxiv

A DOG-PUNCHER ON THE YUKON.
By Arthur Treadwell Walden.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3.50 8 x 6; 289 pp. *Boston*

For years the author freighted supplies and passengers by dog-team from the Alaskan ports to the mining camps in the Klondike region. His book is packed full of yarns about the bad men of the district, the hardships of the Gold Rush, and the lawlessness of the gold seekers.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH & THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.
By Carrie Thompson Lowell. *John W. Luce & Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 238 pp. *Boston*

A sound biography of John Wilson, who, as "Christopher North," beginning in 1822, contributed to *Blackwood's* the delightful "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and was the most prolific magazine writer of his time. Mrs. Lowell describes him as student, as sportsman, as poet, as friend of Walter Scott and intimate of the Lake Poets, and as professor of morality at the University of Edinburgh. Two interesting chapters, "Political and Literary Backgrounds" and "Characters and Setting," constitute an introduction to the admirable selections from the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Unfortunately, the book lacks a bibliography and an index; it contains, however, numerous notes.

ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER.
By Theodore Canot. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$4 9 x 6; 376 pp. *New York*

"The character of Theodore Canot was that of an Italian *condittiero*, born four centuries out of his time," says Malcolm Cowley in his introduction. "Like his great prototypes, he was wily, suave, ambitious, politic, and unforgiving. He had no religion, many vices, and few weaknesses. His feelings, usually repressed, broke forth in terrible rages. The natives called him Mr. Gunpowder." This account of his adventures, as first told to Branz Mayer in 1854, deals for the most part with his exploits in Africa, where he landed penniless from a slaver to seek employment, and where, in the course of time, he became a petty king, with his stores crowded with Negroes, gold and ivory. He received and paid visits to neighboring monarchs, witnessed cannibal orgies, raided villages, brought his own slaves out of the jungle, and fought incessantly with his rivals. An engrossing book, containing a vast amount of detailed description of native life and the slave trade. Miguel Covarrubias has done some interesting illustrations for it.

SIR THOMAS MALORY. *His Turbulent Career.*
By Edward Hicks. *The Harvard University Press*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5⅜; 118 pp. *Cambridge*

Extremely little is known about the author of "Le Morte d'Arthur," and most of it, curiously enough, has been dug up by American scholars. The world's greatest acknowledged authority on the subject is Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard. And the most recent contribution to it has been made by another American, the author of this book, the first connected biography of the man to appear anywhere. Malory comes out of it an even worse rogue than legend has hitherto pictured him—one of the worst, in fact, in the entire history of English literature. There are eight excellent illustrations, and an introduction by Professor Kittredge.

THE DIARY OF DAVID GARRICK.
Edited by Ryllis Clair Alexander.
The Oxford University Press
$8.50 8 x 5¾; 117 pp. *New York*

This little notebook, in which Garrick scribbled an account of his first trip to France in 1751, is presented in this charming edition for the first time. The diary, in so far as possible, has been reproduced exactly as it was written: Garrick's punctuation and spelling have been preserved. The notes are often mere jottings, but delightfully characteristic and vivid: "In our walk we saw two *very pretty french women* unpainted, which was a greater curiosity than any I have yet seen at Paris. . . . *Grandval* play'd this Night, but he did not touch me, he has a manner, & some affectation—*ill-dress'd*. . . . Molier's Comedies scarcely bring a house & are generally acted by ye inferiour Actors; Novelty is ye greatest incitement to fill ye house." There are excellent notes by Ryllis Clair Alexander, and many illustrations. Of this edition, printed upon Milton laid paper, there are 575 copies.

BRYAN. *The Great Commoner.*
By J. C. Long. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5; 422 pp. *New York*

When William Jennings Bryan was fifteen years old and a student at Whipple Academy, in Jacksonville, Ill., he forwarded his first expense account to his father, Judge Silas Bryan, back in Salem. It read: "For blacking, bay-rum, candy,—40c. To the church, —5c." Judge Silas, Mr. Long records, regarded this account somewhat quizzically, and wrote to his son, "It seems to me that this is traveling toward the Dead Sea pretty fast." On another occasion, when William wrote home for money for a new pair of pants, the judge remonstrated, adding, "My son, you may as well learn now that people will measure you by the

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Continued from page xxvi

length of your head rather than by the length of your breeches." William was eager by this time to excel in his classroom work and in extra-curricular activities. Oratory was the fashion of the day, but his first attempts in that field were very discouraging. He entered the first-year oratorical competition with the Patrick Henry masterpiece, "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death." He did not win any place and was criticized because his selection was not sufficiently dramatic. Thus began the career of one of the strangest of Americans. Mr. Long jovially calls him "a cross between St. George and Don Quixote." This biography of him, is notably impartial and thoroughly entertaining. There are numerous illustrations, a lengthy bibliography, and an index.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

WE FIGHT FOR OIL.
By Ludwell Denny. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8⅝ x 5⅜; 297 pp. *New York*

Despite the fact that the American oil industry is now depressed by over-production, an oil shortage is in the offing, and American and English companies have already begun a desperate struggle for new fields. Mr. Denny describes this struggle in great detail, with heavy documentation. He believes that it is destined, soon or late, to make bitter feeling between England and the United States. "What will happen," he asks, "when the enraged force of [American] public opinion is added to the commercial motives of the oil companies and the defense incentives of the government?" If "such a popular movement," he says, "coincides with the anticipated scrapping of the Washington Naval Treaty, the international situation will be grave," and he adds the opinion of the late General Obregon, of Mexico, that "the possibility is not remote of there being a new world tragedy over the petroleum dispute." The book has statistical appendices and elaborate notes, but lacks an index.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY UNDER SIR EDWARD GREY.
By Count Max Montgelas. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.25 7⅝ x 5; 142 pp. *New York*

In this little book Count Montgelas undertakes to blow up the myth that Grey was a sincere friend of peace in 1914 and eager to avoid entering the war against Germany. That myth, as Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes shows in his foreword, is still cherished in England, but everywhere else it has succumbed to the emerging facts. Count Montgelas deals with it in small space, but with full knowledge and in a very persuasive manner. His book is competently translated by William C. Dreher. It is copiously documented, but lacks an index.

EUROPE.
By Hermann Keyserling. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$5 9⅛ x 6½; 399 pp. *New York*

This is a "spectroanalysis" of Europe, particularly of England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Hungary, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Sweden, the Baltic States and the Balkans. It is not the result of heavy thinking or laborious studying, such as an ordinary human being would feel called upon to do if engaged upon the same task. "Actually," says Count Keyserling, "these portraits of the nations are the spontaneous formations of my unconscious; the processes of my thinking have had less to say in these than even in the case of 'The Travel Diary'." What comes from the learned author's unconscious is not always intelligible, but it is at least very profound. "The Englishman," he says, "is the animal-man. At the lowest end of the scale he is the horse-man." From this it follows, in some mysterious way, that though he is not much intellectually, he is "more gifted psychologically" than all other Europeans. As for the Frenchman, he is "a synthesis of volatile mind and steadfast nature." In some very deep sense, says the distinguished philosopher, he is a gardener. Maybe that is why "Paris is Europe's foremost teacher of rhythmic gymnastics." The book is full of just such brilliant observations. For example: "Nations are nothing else than various embodiments which the soul chooses in accordance with its special character." "In any case one thing is certain: love, no less than other things, calls for talent." "Every nation has its good points. . . . Everywhere the advantages are compensated by correlative disadvantages."

A WAY OF ORDER FOR BITUMINOUS COAL.
By Walton H. Hamilton & Helen R. Wright.
The Macmillan Company
$2.50 7½ x 5; 365 pp. *New York*

A companion study to a former book, "The Case of Bituminous Coal," by the same authors. It argues for a definite scheme of social control of the industry—"a unified corporate control of bituminous mining by consumers and workers" which, they believe, would insure greater efficiency and profitable ends for employers, employés and consumers, and a constant supply of good, cheap coal. The book is one of the publications of the Institute of Economics; it has numerous appendices and an index.

Continued on page xxx

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A THEORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT.
By Selig Perlman. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.25 7⅜ x 5; 321 pp. *New York*

Dr. Perlman, who is professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin, is a Russian and started out upon his academic career as a believer in the Marxian gospel. But experience and reflection convinced him that it had no roots in the actual facts of the labor movement. He now sets forth the results of twenty years' study of that movement. He is convinced, he says, that what the workers of the world think and want is immensely different from what the labor intellectuals and other such visionaries allege that they think and want. They are not in favor of blowsy revolutions, but seek simply to safeguard their jobs and better their wages and the conditions of their employment. Unfortunately, most of the writing about labor is still done by the intellectuals, and not many efforts have been made to deduce a theory of labor from the facts. Dr. Perlman's book is well documented and clearly written. It has an index, but no bibliography.

THE REAL SITUATION IN RUSSIA.
By Leon Trotsky. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7¼ x 5; 364 pp. *New York*

This book contains, in Part I, the speech of defiance delivered by Trotsky to the Central Committee that expelled him last October; in Part II, an extensive treatise on the subsequent situation in the Soviet Union, and the problems confronting the present régime; in Part III, documents of the campaign in which Stalin is still opposing Trotsky; and in a series of supplements, chapters on the "Testament" of Lenin, the last words of Adolph Joffé, the part played by Stalin in the Chinese revolution, a commentary by French Communists on the situation in Russia, and an appeal of the Russian Opposition to the Communist International. Max Eastman, who has made the translation, has contributed an informative introduction. There is an index.

REPUBLICAN GERMANY.
By Hugh Quigley & Robert T. Clark.
Dodd, Mead & Company
$5 8⅛ x 5¾; 318 pp. *New York*

This is a comprehensive account of what has been going on in Germany, politically and economically, since the abdication of Wilhelm II. It is very well written, and full of many helpful maps and diagrams. As for the future of the country the authors are very optimistic. Indeed, they think that it has progressed so far economically that it will survive and prosper no matter what disposition is finally made of the reparations problem.

THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST SCHOOLBOY.
By N. Ognyov. *Payson & Clarke*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 288 pp. *New York*

An amazing picture of a communist school—its characters, imbecilities, bravadoes and demonstrations. The author, a boy of fifteen—writing in 1923–24—has a good style and considerable humor. "The *Reel* (one of the school papers) has published a list of 'favorite school words' ", he records in one place: "—fool, blockhead, snot-nose, son-of-a-bitch, sneak, mug, and many others. This is followed by a remark to the effect that there are some other words which the sheet cannot publish, as the paper itself would turn red. . . . We were looking at the paper when Nikpetozh [one of the teachers] asked us, 'How do you intend to tackle the swear-word problem?' . . . We laughed, and agreed that words like 'cow, pig, fool, blockhead, and hell' could be used, while the others would already be 'beyond hell.' " The excellent translation is by Alexander Werth.

THE WARS OF THE GODLY. *The Story of Religious Conflict in America.*
By Reuben Maury. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5¾; 318 pp. *New York*

For the first 115 years after its discovery, Mr. Maury points out, America was wholly Catholic. Then the Protestant church arrived in Jamestown in 1607, and the battle was on. It has continued to this year of our Lord, through a lurid history which records in its higher moments such flowerings as the Know-Nothing party, the American Protective Association, and the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Maury argues that the results have been beneficial to the nation: they show the horrors that might be anticipated if ever one side gained the ascendancy, and they provide unbounded entertainment. A vivid and enlivening book. It has many illustrations and a bibliography, but an index is missing.

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM.
By Bernard Shaw. *Brentano's*
$3 9¼ x 6¼; 495 pp. *New York*

For more than six years Mr. Shaw has been laboring on this volume, which he calls his last will and testament and which he believes is his greatest work. Conventional economists, no doubt, will quarrel with some of his theories, though as a matter of fact he contributes few new ideas either critical or theoretical; but, however that may be, the book is most interest-

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ing as a summing up of his philosophy, for he has characteristically introduced into the play of his argument his views upon every conceivable subject: democracy, the law, education, taxation, politics, prostitution, religion, Mussolini, medicine, parents and children, Russia, marriage, divorce, and the British army and navy. In spite of its brilliance, however, the book is dull at frequent moments during the course of its 470 closely printed pages.

THE STUPID XIXTH CENTURY.
By Léon Daudet. *Payson & Clarke*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 333 pp. *New York*

The "stupid century" was stupid because of its hallucinations concerning democracy (chapter one); because of the romantic aberration (chapter two); because of the degeneration of philosophy (chapter three); because of the gradual degradation of the family, manners and the arts (chapter four); because its science was dogmatic and faddish (chapter five). The cure for the evils into which not only France but the whole world has fallen is a return to the earlier disciplines and orthodoxies.

TRAVEL

AN INDIAN JOURNEY.
By Waldemar Bonsels. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$4 9 x 6; 273 pp. *New York*

Mr. Bonsels spent more than a year in India, living for months at a time in country dwellings which he left only at intervals for journeys into the jungle. His descriptions of his travels, and the life about him are leisurely, and have a strange, reverential serenity. Three chapters, especially—"Valarpattanam Lagoon," "Jungle Folk" and "The Throne of the Sun"—are invested with a thrilling sense of beauty and awe. The book is beautifully printed, with eight full-page illustrations by Harry Brown.

UNDER TURQUOISE SKIES.
By Will H. Robinson. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 8½ x 5¾; 538 pp. *New York*

In this comprehensive volume, Mr. Robinson describes the settlement and civilization of the Southwest from the days of the cliff-dwellers, the earliest inhabitants, through the Spanish conquest and colonization, the wild days of the '40s and '50s, when Yankee trappers and traders caroused in the old towns, to the Southwest of today, a land of broad ranches and great agricultural opportunities, excellent roads and stupendous beauty. A convenient book, especially for its descriptions of plant and animal life, but not felicitously written. It has many illustrations and an index.

AMERICAN TRAVEL CHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS.
By Frederick L. Collins. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 387 pp. *Indianapolis*

A superficial but convenient survey of eight Eastern cities, eleven mid-Western, five Western, and four vacation lands, the latter including New England, Florida, and the West Indies. In discussing each city Mr. Collins gives a brief account of its environs and a chart showing the historic points of interest. Then he deals with eating and sleeping accommodations, and amusements, and gives an estimate of the cost of a visit. The book is attractively illustrated with pen and ink drawings by Howard W. Willard.

"OH, RANGER!" *A Book about the National Parks.*
By Horace M. Albright & Frank J. Taylor.
The Stanford University Press
Stanford University, California
$2.50 8¾ x 5¾; 178 pp.

The story of the national parks told with very little distinction, but with a wealth of anecdotal and informative material. The sections on the National Park Service and the National Monuments should be of value to the tourist. The book is profusely illustrated with sketches and photographs.

THE SCIENCES

ADULT LEARNING.
By Edward L. Thorndike and others.
The Macmillan Company
$3 7¾ x 5¼; 335 pp. *New York*

Dr. Thorndike and three of his associates at Teachers College, Columbia, here report the results of an inquiry into the differences in the rate of learning in children of fifteen and adults between twenty-five and forty-five. They find that these differences are inconsiderable, despite the widespread impression to the contrary. The adult learns quite as quickly as the high-school student. The authors believe that the effort to lengthen the early school years is unwise—that it is better to let children go to work in their middle teens, and then make up for the deficiencies in their education later on. Adult education, they say, has many plain advantages. A better selection of the persons to be taught is possible, and it is easier to frame curricula of certain and immediate value. As things stand, children are taught their rights and

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THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, *Publishers,* 25 W. 45th St., New York

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxii

duties as voters "seven years before they can vote," and much of the science and technology expounded to them is out-of-date by the time they attempt to apply it. Worse, large numbers of them, by being forced to study things that do not interest them, are inculcated with a hatred of all learning. The book presents a great deal of new material and is heavily documented. It has a useful bibliography and an adequate index.

ARCHIMEDES, *or, The Future of Physics.*
By L. L. Whyte. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6 x 4¼; 83 pp. *New York*

"Physics is now studying light," says Mr. Whyte, in his conclusion. "The radiant influence of light nourishes life and within the human body forms the fabric of consciousness. . . . It is certain that light, life, and consciousness are bound together by some undiscovered law. This secret of nature's alchemy is still hidden from us within our own bodies. By revealing it physics will create a new hope for man." The volume belongs to the To-day and To-morrow Series.

GALLIO, *or, The Tyranny of Science.*
By J. W. N. Sullivan. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6 x 4¼; 57 pp. *New York*

"In view of our increased knowledge of its aims and powers," concludes Mr. Sullivan, "science can no longer be presented to us as a tyrant. Science assumes certain fundamental principles and entities, and there is an arbitrary element in these assumptions. . . . It gives, and it appears that it must forever give, a *partial* description of the universe. The fact that the elements of reality it leaves out do not come in to disturb it is no presumption against the existence of these elements. . . . The teachings of science, so far as the spiritual problems of men are concerned, need no longer be regarded as stultifying: they are merely irrelevant."

MAN AND CIVILIZATION. *An Inquiry into the Bases of Contemporary Life.*
By John Storck. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.75 8½ x 5⅜; 449 pp. *New York*

This is a revision of a work first published two years ago. It is described by the author as an attempt "to present a non-technical yet sufficiently dignified interpretation of human activity in fundamental agreement with the results of recent study in the fields of psychology, anthropology and sociology." To that enterprise the author brings a wide knowledge, a thoroughly scientific habit of mind, and a considerable capacity for clear exposition. The result is a book of high use and value, not only to the college student at whom it is directly aimed, but also to the more mature reader who finds it difficult to orient himself to the immense mass of new facts which the sciences have been pouring into the stream of consciousness in late years. The chapters on man as an economic animal, on the family, on language and on theology are of especial merit. At the end of each chapter there is a bibliography. There is also an index.

THE TECHNIQUE OF CONTROVERSY. *Principles of Dynamic Logic.*
By Boris B. Bogoslovsky. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$4 8½ x 5½; 266 pp. *New York*

Dr. Bogoslovsky believes that the traditional Aristotelian logic is based upon an outworn law of thought, to wit, that A is either B or non-B, and that modern man needs something better. What he proposes is a system of dynamic logic, taking in the concept of continuity and based upon the assumption that A may be B and non-B at the same time. To show the difference between the old logic and the new he makes a detailed analysis of the logical structure of Dr. John Dewey's pamphlet, "Interest and Effort in Education."

RETROSPECT. *Reminiscences and Impressions of a Hunter-Naturalist in Three Continents. 1851–1928.*
By Abel Chapman. *Gurney & Jackson*
25s. 8¾ x 5¾; 353 pp. *London*

Personal observations of wild life in England and abroad, including studies of wildfowling on the British coast and overseas; the hunting of big game in Spain, Norway, the Bush-Veld of North-East Transvaal and Kenya Colony; and salmon-fishing at Border Esh and Liddel Waters. Mr. Chapman writes in a picturesque manner and records with a detailed exactness the haunts and habits of his wild animals both by night and day. There are particularly illuminating chapters on color-protection, thirst, scent and communism in wild nature. The book has many illustrations, including twenty in color by Joseph Crawhall and W. H. Riddell and admirable field sketches by the author.

THE FINE ARTS

FIFTY PRINTS.
Edited by Rockwell Kent. *William Edwin Rudge*
$10 12⅛ x 9¾; 58 pp. *New York*

The fifty reproductions are of prints exhibited by the American Institute of Graphic Arts in 1927. They

Continued on page xxxvi

The Dutton Book of the Month for October

THE AMERICAN OMEN

By Garet Garrett

America's World Supremacy—How did she achieve it? Many have struggled to give expression to this thought. We have had America coming of age, our processionals, our American caravan—Mr. Garret, the literary barometer of American life has struck a new note which vibrates with real tonal value. He makes a brilliant contribution to the world in general showing the significance of the gigantic force which has made America a Titan among nations. $2.50

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By Maurice Renard *and* Albert Jean

A macabre tale that baffles the intellect, confounds the reason. Futuristic and modern in design this pseudo-scientific theme takes you into the realm of mystery and horror. By a curious process of multiplication, the living and the dead become involved in a series of complexities. A Deus Ex Machina—a new god—exclaims "Vita Fiat!" Let there be life! And was there life? $2.00

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By Oscar Wilde Illustrated by John Vassos
Popular Edition $3.50 Limited Edition $10.00

INEXHAUSTIBLE CUP
By Ivan Shemlov $2.00

NEW GRUB STREET
By George Gissing $2.50

FLORENTINE NIGHTS
By Heinrich Heine $7.50

AS THEY SEEMED TO ME
By Ugo Ojetti $2.50

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York City

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxiv

vary greatly in medium, style and merit. "There are a few," says Mr. Kent in his candid introduction, "that I would love to possess, many that I like, some that I'm indifferent to, and several that to me are dreadful. There has been no intention, I must believe, on the part of the judges to present their choice of prints as being in any absolute sense the best prints of the year. The groups stand as an expression, within prescribed limits, of the judges' taste. They are submitted for the personal reëvaluation of everyone who sees them."

A HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.
By Douglas Percy Bliss. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$10 9¾ x 7¼; 263 pp. *New York*

Mr. Bliss is himself a wood-engraver of considerable attainment, and his book is written from the standpoint of the artist rather than from that of the connoisseur. There is a great deal of interesting matter in it about technique, especially in the discussion of such salient and influential men as Thomas Bewick and William Blake. Unfortunately, Mr. Bliss has a violent prejudice (perhaps only natural) against reproductive engravers, and gives them short shrift. Thus there is nothing in his book about the two Ungers, nor about the Americans, Timothy Cole and Henry Wolf. His illustrations are chosen discreetly, and most of them are reproduced effectively. He appends a useful bibliography, and there is a good index.

ANTHOLOGIES

REJECTIONS OF 1927.
Edited by Charles H. Baker, Jr.
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 304 pp. *Garden City, L.I.*

"Every writer," says Mr. Baker, "believes that his most unusual stories are the ones refused by magazine editors." It was "to tap this wealth of unpublished material that the 'Rejections' series was begun." Unluckily, the stories presented only prove that magazine editors are rather more competent than writers think they are. Most of these "unusual stories" are drivel, and even among the relatively good ones there is none of any conspicuous merit.

NORWAY'S BEST STORIES.
Edited by Hanna Astrup Larsen.
W. W. Norton & Company
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 474 pp. *New York*

Specimens of the work of Björnson, Jonas Lie, Kielland, Garborg, Skram, Jacob Bull, Hamsun, Thomas Krag, Kinck, Aanrud, Hilditch, Egge, Bojer, Scott, Dunn, Falkberget, Fönhus and Undset, together with biographical sketches and an introduction by Hanna Astrup Larsen. An interesting collection; it is Volume XXIX in the Scandinavian Classics series, fostered by the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

SWEDEN'S BEST STORIES.
Edited by Hanna Astrup Larsen.
W. W. Norton & Company
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 365 pp. *New York*

A companion volume to "Norway's Best Stories," containing selections from the works of Topelius, Strindberg, Ahlgren, Geijerstam, Heidenstam, Levertin, Lagerlöf, Hallström, Molin, Söderberg, Bo Bergman, Enström, Nordström, Elgström, Siwertz and Sillen, together with biographical sketches and an introduction by Charles Wharton Stork.

THE FIFTEEN FINEST SHORT STORIES.
Chosen and edited by John Cournos.
Dodd, Mead & Company
$2.50 7⅝ x 5¼; 343 pp. *New York*

The fifteen short stories which Mr. Cournos considers as "the finest ever published" are "Boule de Suif," by de Maupassant; "The Hidden Masterpiece," by Balzac; "The Procurator of Judæa," by Anatole France; "The Overcoat," by Nicholas Gogol; "Bontzye Shweig," by Isaac Loeb Perez; "The Tell-tale Heart," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Torture by Hope," by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam; "Twenty-six Men and a Girl," by Maxim Gorky; "Abyss," by Leonid Andreyev; "The Phantom Rickshaw," by Rudyard Kipling; "The District Doctor," by Ivan Turgenev; "Four Days," by Vsevolod Garshin; "The Triumph of the Egg," by Sherwood Anderson; "The Funnel," by A. E. Coppard; and "A Lodging for the Night," by Robert Louis Stevenson. There is an inconsequential introduction by the editor.

CRITICISM

VALUES IN LITERATURE.
By Edward Wagenknecht.
The University of Washington Book Store
$1.25 7⅜ x 4¾; 96 pp. *Seattle*

The author is a teacher at the University of Washington. He discusses the nature of literature, the function of criticism, the purpose and value of reading, and the relations between literature and morality. His last chapter is entitled "Has Literature a Practical Utility?" He concludes that it has, and presents the following reasons: "1. First of all, literature leans to a wise and fruitful use of leisure . . . ; 2. Again, liter-

Continued on page xxxviii

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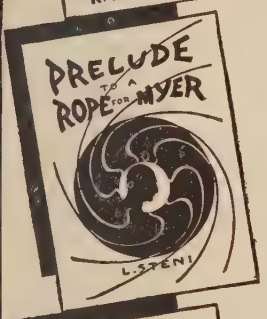

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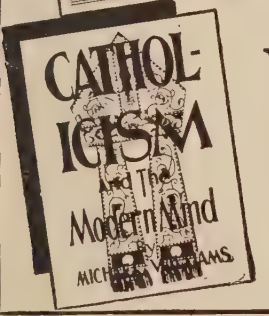

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Anthony Gilbert

By the brilliant author of "The Tragedy at Freyne." $2.00

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Some Books *for* Fall Evenings

SAMSON

By Robert Collyer Washburn

We are here concerned with Samson's love for three women, (wife, harlot and mistress,) with whom he acquitted himself not wisely nor too well. For he did not know how unrelated are the lips with which they speak to the lips with which they kiss. And he never learned. *$2.50*

ANOTHER COUNTRY

By H. Du Coudray

The Oxford-Cambridge Universities Prize Novel

The year's most significant literary find. Astounding in its depth and drawing of human character. In England the novel has gone into four editions and critics hail this young writer, just eighteen, as a new Charlotte Bronte. *$2.50*

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

By "Janitor"

This is a clever, satirical picture of Lady Astor and others who are upsetting the conservative subjects of King George by the thumping of their feet upon the world's political stage. *$2.50*

MEMORIES

The Sporting Reminiscences of a Gallant Gentleman

By Harry Preston

"The Two best loved men in England," says a distinguished British author, "are the Prince of Wales and Harry Preston," and they are the best of friends. His recollections of the sporting fraternity are full of humor and anecdote. *$5.00*

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J. H. SEARS & CO., Inc.

114 East 32nd St. New York City

Check List of NEW BOOKS

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ature is often a refuge from life . . . ; 3. Literature helps to destroy race prejudice . . . ; 4. Literature, destroying race prejudice, helps, too, to foster world-peace . . . ; 5. Finally—and this is implied in everything I have said already, yet it sums up everything I have said—literature leads to an emphasis on spiritual rather than on material values."

CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN WRITERS.
By William A. Drake. *The John Day Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 408 pp. *New York*

Mr. Drake, who was until recently editor of Books Abroad in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, has chosen forty-one of the outstanding Continental writers in the present and recent past, and here offers brief but excellent critical essays upon them. "I present this volume with a diffidence which the reader will, I think, understand," he says in his foreword. "The intellectual atmosphere of our epoch is so extraordinarily fecund and willful, and the hitherto well-marked frontiers of our social order are extending themselves with such impatient audacity into strange and uncharted provinces that the task of pronouncing upon those manifestations of the modern spirit which are the hope of our tomorrow is one only to be approached tentatively, and in the desire of understanding. . . . I have therefore chosen rather to err on the side of confidence than on the side of denial." His discussion includes studies of such figures as Proust, Giraudoux, Cocteau, Werfel, Croce, Mann, Morand, Undset, Apollinaire, Wassermann, Valery, Mauriac, Bourget, Pirandello, and others, less familiar: Maurras, Capek Mostes Palamas, Robert de Montesquiou, Sibilla Aleramo, Chaim Nachman Bialak, Guiseppe Antonio Borgese, Francis Jammes, Henri de Regnier, Anna de Noailles and Detlev von Liliencron. The book contains admirable bibliographies and an index.

DOSTOEVSKY. *The Man and his Work.*
By Julius Meier-Graefe. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$6 10¼ x 6⅝; 406 pp. *New York*

The greater part of this book is devoted to a detailed analysis of Dostoevsky's works, but the few pages which deal with his life are by no means negligible. In them Dr. Meier-Graefe points out facts which have been overlooked by nearly all previous students: Dostoevsky's life-long interest in journalism, his tremendous reading, and his almost insane love for the people and land of Russia. Of his novels Dr. Meier-Graefe thinks that "The Brothers Karamazov" is unquestionably the greatest, and of his place in world literature he says this: "In the near future Dostoevsky will exert as much influence as

Continued on page xl

New HARPER Books

The Buck in the Snow

by EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Author of "The King's Henchman," etc.

This first book of poems in five years by Edna St. Vincent Millay will give lasting pleasure to all who care for real poetry. No living writer occupies a position comparable to Miss Millay in the affections of a great reading public and in the esteem of critics of literature. The fine quality of "The Buck in the Snow" will serve but to confirm her unique distinction. $2.00

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The Life of Sir Martin Frobisher

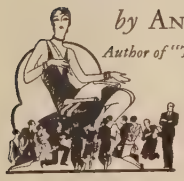
by WILLIAM MCFEE

The long-awaited sea-biography by America's foremost writer of the sea and of the men who sail on it. This is the first complete life of the navigating genius of the Elizabethan navy, whose exciting career included exploring, privateering, soldiering and piracy before he rose to be Admiral of the Fleet. *Illustrated.* $4.00

All Kneeling

by ANNE PARRISH

Author of "The Perennial Bachelor"



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Author of "Lady, What of Life?"

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The Strange Case of "William" Cook
by RICHARD KEVERNE

The Fifteen Cells
by STUART MARTIN

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by ROSE WILDER LANE

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***Published by* THE CENTURY CO.**

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxviii

Goethe or Schiller, if indeed he has not already done so—perhaps even as much as Shakespeare. . . . If it is a matter of psychology one could say that one single book of Dostoevsky stands higher than the whole of European novel-literature since Diderot. Why a book?—a chapter, a few lines suffice: . . ." The writing here makes rather difficult reading, but the fault is not that of the translator, Herbert H. Marks, who states in his preface that Dr. Meier-Graefe's German prose is by no means easy to read, and that he has merely tried to follow the original as faithfully as possible—even at the cost of occasional obscurity.

HISTORY

THE ROMAN WORLD.
By Victor Chapot. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$6.50 9¼ x 6; 444 pp. *New York*

M. Chapot's theme is the organization of the Roman Empire during the time of its greatest power and extension, and to the elucidation of it he brings an immense knowledge and a sharply critical and analytical mind. There are few graces in his book, but it is packed with facts, and covers a large ground. After first discussing the structure of the Roman army and navy, and the financial organization of the Empire, he describes in detail the municipal and provincial governments, and then goes on to a consideration of life in the different provinces, from Britain in the West to Armenia in the East. A great deal of unfamiliar material is woven into the story; the wide knowledge of the author is evident, and his conclusions have a high authority. The volume belongs to the History of Civilization Series, originally a French enterprise, but edited for the English-speaking public by C. K. Ogden, with Harry E. Barnes as American consultant. It has a good index and there are useful maps. A bibliography is confined to works cited in the text.

AMERICAN POLICY TOWARD RUSSIA SINCE 1917.
By Frederick Lewis Schuman.
The International Publishers
$3.75 9⅛ x 6; 399 pp. *New York*

Here is the first comprehensive study of the political relations between Russia and the United States since the downfall of the Romanoffs. It is a thoroughly scholarly job, and based in large part upon hitherto unpublished documents. Dr. Schuman, who is instructor in political science at the University of Chicago, is strongly in favor of immediate recognition of the Soviet government, and raises havoc with all

Continued on page xlii

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

Hendrik Willem Van Loon's

History of the Dutch Colonies

PIETER STUYVESANT

AND HIS TIMES

The story of Pieter Stuyvesant of the wooden leg and the short temper, also a great deal more. The author's investigations for material for this book led him deeply into the history of the United States and Holland. To the story of Pieter Stuyvesant and his times he brings new discoveries and paints a fascinating picture of the early American settlers and their efforts at colonization.

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By Emil Ludwig

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York

Check List of NEW BOOKS

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the arguments against it. There are a long bibliography and a good index. Why all the footnotes are run together in the appendix it is hard to make out; it is certainly an inconvenience to the student.

HEADING FOR THE ABYSS.
By Karl Max von Lichnowsky. *Payson & Clarke*
$7.50 9¼ x 6; 471 pp. *New York*

The greater part of this book is made up of reprints of Prince Lichnowsky's dispatches to Berlin as German Ambassador in London prior to the outbreak of the Great War, and of various of his other writings on the war guilt question. There is also included his celebrated pamphlet, "My London Mission," which was published in Switzerland during the war, and was the cause of his banishment. In the introduction he reiterates his well-known views about Sir Edward Grey, and the opinion that "it was mainly the fatal system of groups and alliances inaugurated by Bismarck that led to the World War." The German edition appeared in November, 1927, and the present translation is by Professor Sefton Delmer, formerly English lecturer at the University of Berlin.

CORN FROM EGYPT: *The Beginning of Agriculture.*
By M. Gompertz. *William Morrow & Company*
$1 6⅞ x 4¼; 88 pp. *New York*

NEW YEAR'S DAY: *The Story of the Calendar.*
By S. H. Hooke. *William Morrow & Company*
$1 6⅞ x 4¼; 78 pp. *New York*

THE GOLDEN AGE: *The Story of Human Nature.*
By H. J. Massingham. *William Morrow & Company*
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ANCIENT MARINERS: *The Story of Ships and Sea Routes.*
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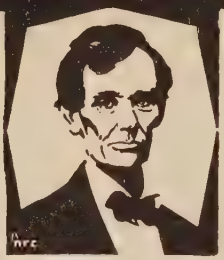
These little books belong to the Beginning of Things Series, first published in England. Further volumes will deal with the origins of pottery, of tools, of the drama, of the dance, and so on. They are well written and present a great deal of unfamiliar matter in small space. Mr. Forde's volume on the evolution of navigation and Mr. Gompertz's on the origin of the common cereals are especially well done. All of the authors, as befits Englishmen, seem to be ardent advocates of the diffusion theory of culture. Sometimes, indeed, they work it very hard. But in the main they set forth the facts competently.

THE AGE OF THE GODS.
By Christopher Dawson. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 8⅜ x 5½; 446 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Dawson here attempts, in one volume, to bridge the immense gap separating Paleolithic man from the

Continued on page xliv



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beginnings of recorded history. The result is a narrative packed with facts and bristling with controversies, but on the whole it is so well done that few will challenge its major conclusions. Mr. Dawson lays great stress upon religious ideas, and accepts them as sound clues to cultural origins. He traces the rivalry between the Earth Mother and the Sky God through history and pre-history, and shows that the cult of the former still survives in many a backwater, even in Europe. He believes that the earliest men were peace-loving, and that war did not come into the world until the rise of the nomadic peoples. He is inclined to accept the shorter chronology of Eduard Meyer for Egypt, and thus brings the chronology of the whole Near East into harmony. His book shows an immense learning, and a high capacity for the orderly presentation of difficult facts. At the end of it there are chronological tables, an admirable bibliography, and a good index. Altogether it is the best work on its subject so far attempted in English.

TEXT-BOOKS

PRINTING FOR THE JOURNALIST.
By Eric W. Allen. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2 7½ x 4⅞; 189 pp. *New York*

This volume is one of the Borzoi Handbooks of Journalism, edited by Nelson Antrim Crawford. It is planned especially to meet the needs of men working for small papers. It describes the various varieties of type, discusses the design and operation of type setting machines and presses, and deals at length with the problems of make-up. There are supplemental chapters on job equipment and printing plates.

ENGLISH LITERATURE THROUGH THE AGES
Beowulf to Stevenson.
By Amy Cruse. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 592 pp. *Boston*

This book leaves much to be desired. First, it is full of amazing, indeed, almost incredible omissions. For example, there is not a word in it about Walter Savage Landor, or John Donne, or Thomas Love Peacock, or Charles Darwin, or John Locke, or Walter Bagehot, or Thomas Huxley. And William Blake is dismissed with a solitary mention! Second, its judgments are often either banal or ridiculous. As witness (*a*) "The last two books of 'Gulliver's Travels' . . . are the product of a diseased mind, and bear about them the marks of disease." (*b*) "'Sartor Resartus' . . . bears tracing of the disturbance of its author's mind in its tumultuous, vehement style. In it he indulged to the utmost his wild and wilful humor.

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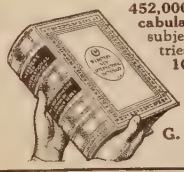

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(*c*) "'Tom Jones' . . . is disfigured by many coarse passages, which, though partly due to the public taste of the time, constitute a real and serious blemish." Third, the writing could be much better.

ELEMENTS OF RURAL SOCIOLOGY.
By Newell Leroy Sims.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3.75 8⅜ x 5½; 698 pp. *New York*

In the preface Dr. Sims, who is professor of sociology in Oberlin, states that his book involves an original concept of society, to wit: "Society is thought of in terms of energy manifest organically, materially and culturally in a unity which we call the human group." If this theory means anything, it is difficult to see of what use it is. Anyway, it does little damage to the book itself, which is a mine of valuable and thoroughly documented information about the physical and cultural aspects of rural life, especially in the United States. In the chapters dealing with the general mentality and religious beliefs and customs of farmers Dr. Sims does something not very common among men of his profession: he states the facts and does not apologize for them. There are many helpful graphs, maps, tables of statistics and bibliographies, and the writing throughout is good.

REPRINTS

THE POETRY OF FATHER TABB.
Edited by Francis A. Litz. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 7¾ x 5¼; 492 pp. *New York*

Father Tabb (John Banister Tabb) was born near Richmond, Va., in 1845, and was buried there in 1909. In his youth he was an Episcopalian, but in 1872 he joined the Catholic church. From then on almost till his death he was an instructor in English and Greek at St. Charles College, in Maryland. During his lifetime he published several books of poetry, and the present volume contains nearly everything in them and much that was discovered after his death in manuscript. He was unquestionably a poet of genuine imagination and power, but Professor Litz, author of the critical and biographical introduction, exaggerates somewhat when he says of him that "he has achieved and secured an immortal place in American literature."

TALES OF THE MONKS.
Edited by Manuel Komroff. *The Dial Press*
$3.50 9½ x 6½; 320 pp. *New York*

This edition of the Gesta Romanorum follows the translation made by Wynnard Hooper in the early part of the last century and later used in Bohn's

Continued on page xlviii

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Library. The outstanding difference between the two is that in the present edition the usual morals appended to the stories are omitted. Mr. Komroff has also taken a few liberties with the paragraphing and punctuation. There is a brief introduction.

FICTION

THÉRÈSE.
By François Mauriac. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 208 pp. *New York*

M. Mauriac begins this story with the acquittal of Thérèse on a charge of poisoning her husband, and then goes back, step by step, to her motives for the crime, and her heredity, and childhood. There is an admirably drawn picture of a bitter marsh country of pines, sandy wastes and mists, in which human beings of the complexity of Thérèse are warped into such a hopeless neurosis that any suggestion acts with the force of a mania. The scene between Thérèse and her husband, when she watches him take an overdose of a tonic compounded of strychnine and other lethal drugs, and first conceives of poisoning him, is terrifically vivid.

WE HAVE CHANGED ALL THAT.
By Herbert Quick & Elena Stepanoff MacMahon.
The Bobbs-Merrill Company
$2 5¼ x 8; 263 pp. *Indianapolis*

Mrs. Krassin, an aristocrat of Kazan, is devoted to her son Ilya. When he is taken by the Bolsheviki, she goes to Commissar Loris to present a petition for his release, taking with her her lovely daughter Musia. Loris sees that Mrs. Krassin is ready to sacrifice Musia to save her son, so he sends Mrs. Krassin from the room. But as he advances toward Musia, she attempts to kill herself, and he promises her to do what he can for Ilya. Despite her mother's scheme, Musia is moved by her suffering. She calls on Loris again, and he asks her to marry him, for he has loved her from the first. Upon Ilya's execution, her mother calls Musia a murderess. Musia then goes to Loris as her only friend, and flees with him.

EARLY TO BED.
By Wood Kahler. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 288 pp. *New York*

An amusing tale of Americans in Paris. Alden Brent, a young bond salesman, lives in a little hotel on the Rive Gauche, takes French lessons from Mme. la Comtesse de Fouette, a brave amiable lady without

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any front teeth, and patterns his life on the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin and Auguste Comte. His daily diversion is a meeting in the Ritz bar with the Countess Olishga Karpovna, a beautiful Russian refugee, and Herman Cunningham, a naïve Babbitt from the Middle West. "There are just two things," says Olishga, "that any woman wants. I should love either to be a famous woman of history like the Queen of Sheba or else I should love to have a baby . . . You don't know what love is, if you think it isn't everything. . . Love is the greatest thing in life. Innocent young girls are no good for love. If they are not passionate they are not interesting. No woman can hold a man without passion . . . I can be bad, because I have two souls, one black and one white. But you have only one soul. If you are bad, you will kill your white soul and then you will have no other." Olishga becomes Alden's mistress, and in order to provide for her he composes a ballet which is to be financed by pawning her jewels. But the Count Nicholas de Monclar Dostrunski, whom Olishga has employed as her secretary, loses the money at the races. She goes to London to sell her sables, and arranges a mock burglary to advertise their value, but a thief disappears with them. In the end the ballet is a failure and Alden returns to the United States on the same steamer with Bijie O'Brien, a Franco-American who is more like the Yale Bowl girls he used to take to the football games. A charming book, gay and sensitive and disturbingly wise.

HER KNIGHT COMES RIDING.
By John V. A. Weaver. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 291 pp. *New York*

Ever since she was a little girl, living in a Brooklyn flat, Fanny Williams has dreamed of knights and ladies and the time her own Galahad will come riding. In high-school she has a crush on Len Marshall, star halfback, but she sees him slug an opponent and is disillusioned. Sick of school, she studies stenography and becomes red-haired Katie Taylor's pal. Then America enters the war, and she meets George Carey, her real knight, a cocky, slick marine sergeant. But Mrs. Williams, Fanny's realistic mother, frightens him away with a picture of harassed domesticity in a flat, and George goes to the war without marrying her. He is reported dead, and Fanny marries Ralph Harley, an assistant in a music store. After six years George comes back and calls on Fanny, but he no longer thrills her. "You're old, George," she tells him, "and not exactly just years . . . I used to think about you as if you were something bright, and shiny, and new. Now—it's like you were second-hand. Shop-worn. Worn out." An amusing and excellent piece of work.

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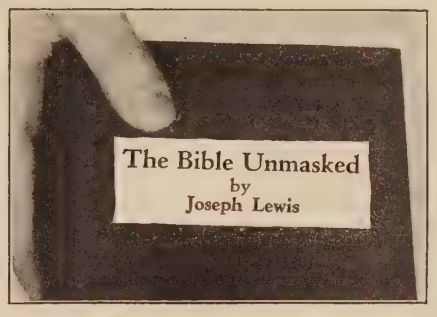

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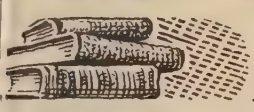

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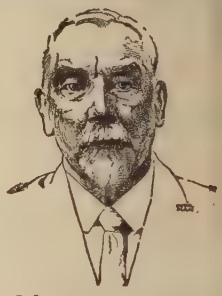

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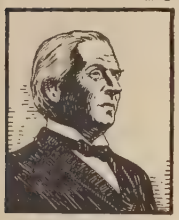

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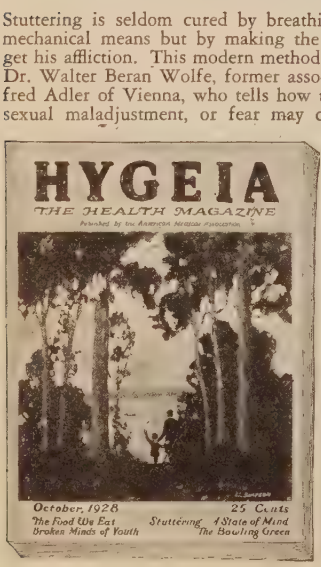

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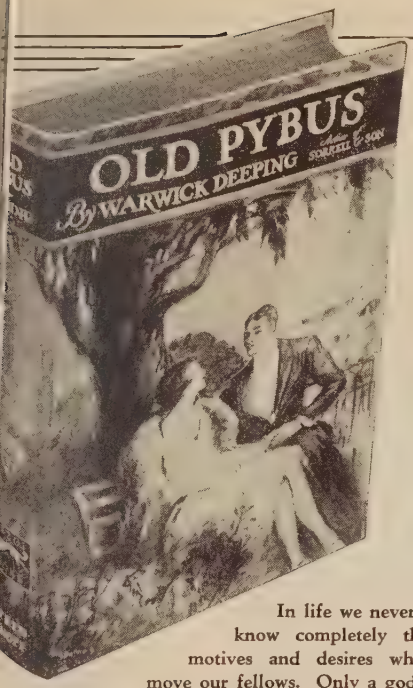

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WHY POKER WAS INVENTED

BY JAMES STEVENS

[T WAS in the Summer of the Long Cruise that Politics swept like a plague through Paul Bunyan's camp. So the ld loggers say, and they are not to be isputed. Only in their histories is there ny account whatever of the measureless easons between the Winter of the Blue now and the Spring the Rain Came Up rom China. In their histories alone sur- ive the records of Paul Bunyan, that ighty boss-logger who combed his beard ith a young pine tree, of Babe the Blue)x, who measured forty-two ax handles nd a plug of chewing tobacco between the orns, of Johnny Inkslinger, the time- eeper who figured with a fountain pen fed y hose lines from two dozen barrels of nk, and of Hels Helsen, the Big Swede and ull of the woods, who muddied the Mis-)uri river forever with one Spring bath.

Long and varied is the history of Paul unyan's camp, as it is related by the old)ggers. And certainly one of its most loving chapters is the account of the sin- ter and astounding events that transpired uring his absence, in the Summer of the ong Cruise.

That Summer marked the beginning of ne second season of logging in the Leaning ine country. Paul Bunyan had good rea-)ns for believing that the time was ripe)r exploration. He had not given an order seven months, for orders were not needed here. The long timbered slopes were as grassy and smooth as a parson's lawn. Every pine leaned gently, almost inviting itself to be felled. There were natural landings all along the burbly river. There were no snags and no tough underbrush; there were only flower bushes—the snowball and the golden pine pansy being the most common—for the swampers' brush hooks. Paul Bunyan would have called it lovely logging, had he used that kind of language. His own term for it was "scallumptious." The loggers called it mighty fine doings, for the first season in the Leaning Pine country had left them sassy and fat.

The second season began gloriously. Babe the Blue Ox smiled all day long, and he often laughed in his softest moo. His hair shone as bright as the sunny sky. His digestion reached its peak. No longer did the Big Swede have to raise Babe's stable sixty feet a day to clear the refuse; the Blue Ox ate his three hundred bales of hay at a meal, wire and all, and that was the end of them. After the Big Swede had taken his Spring bath all the smells in the land were tolerable and many were appetizing. Hot Biscuit Slim had the great cookhouse, with its vast and intricate system of machinery, elevators and conveyors, operating perfectly. Johnny Inkslinger had all of his ledger entries up-to-date. The Leaning Pine country would

provide the same logging for the entire Summer. So Paul Bunyan considered this the best time for his Long Cruise.

For years he had planned to explore thoroughly Real America, the timber country in which he was the one and only boss-logger, and of which, in consequence, he was the supreme exalted ruler. So he fared forth without a doubt that all would be well among his men. He should have known better, for he was a student of history; and history certainly proves that when a nation loses its ruler, or when an army loses its commander, subjects and soldiers are smitten with dreadful doubts and fears. But Paul Bunyan would have said that loggers were better men than subjects and soldiers. This was true, of course, but his loggers were nevertheless human.

They did not plunge into revolution, to be sure, nor did they retreat from the woods in a panic of flight. They continued at their labor, but they were obviously depressed, for the old-time workday whistling and singing daily declined among the Leaning Pines after Paul Bunyan's departure.

At the end of a week, when his footsteps were heard no more, the loggers began to brood over their meals. There were no more high jinks and monkeyshines in the bunkhouses at night. Long before the regular light-dousing time the camp would be wrapped in darkness and in a brooding silence broken only by the lugubrious sigh or the fitful moan of some logger worrying and grieving in his dreams.

At last even Hels Helsen began to fuss and fume. He thought and thought until he had scratched his head raw, but nothing came of it. Finally he went to Johnny Inkslinger.

"Ay tank something gat to be done," said the Big Swede. "Ay tank ve gat to gat busy noo."

Johnny Inkslinger did not hear him. He had not moved from his stool for five days and nights. In all that time he had not once blinked his eyes as they stared over his square spectacles. Nor had he once moved his right forefinger from its reflective posture against the rubber eraser attached to the end of his long nose.

Hels Helsen waited half an hour for a reply before he realized that Johnny Inkslinger was giving birth to one of his grand ideas. Then he solemnly withdrew. He tip-toed through the darkness to Babe's stable and went to bed. When it came to ideas the Big Swede knew that he was entirely out of the picture.

Far out and away Paul Bunyan, the master logger, the hero-leader, strode on through the tall timber, his thunderous footsteps at last beyond the hearing of his men. As he cruised the virgin timberlands for future logging operations he had no intimation of the fact that the bacillus of Self-Bossing, with its attendant germs, was entering his camp through the innocent and inspired mind of his time-keeper.

Little did Paul Bunyan think, else it would have been the Summer of the Short Cruise instead of the Long one.

II

It was Shanty Boy who first suspected that Johnny Inkslinger was up to something. Shanty Boy was chief of the bunkhouse leaders, the bards who had made so many enjoyable bunkhouse nights with their singing, fiddling, story-telling, jigging, and other high jinks and monkeyshines. All of them had fallen so far in the doldrums since Paul Bunyan's departure that they had almost forgotten their pastimes. But one night Shanty Boy called them together.

"Looky here, men," said Shanty Boy seriously, "I got it figgered we're in fer losin' our positions. Yes, sir, that's what I bet. Now, dang it, you all quit yer grinnin'. I order every man to wipe that grin off his face. It ain't nacheral, nor fittin', nor proper, with Paul gone. And the worse is to come."

"Oh, let's be cheerful," protested Little Meery, the fattest and the kindest-hearted

man alive. "Let's look on the bright side."

"I'll tell you why," went on Shanty Boy, ignoring Little Meery. "Johnny Inkslinger ain't moved from his stool since the day after Mr. Bunyan left. Three weeks now he's been a-settin' there. He's havin' one of his grand idies, that's what I bet. You know what *that* means. You know what Johnny Inkslinger thinks of us. He ain't gettin' no grand idy fer high jinks and monkeyshines, I can tell you that!"

"Oh, let's have charity," begged Little Meery.

"Yes, sir," Shanty Boy went on solemnly, "he's figgerin' up something like that census he tried to start once, I bet. I was settin' on Mr. Bunyan's shoulder singin' him a song when Johnny come up about that. He complained that the loggers wouldn't stay put, for in Bunkhouse 76 he'd find maybe a hun'erd and one loggers, then over in Bunkhouse 83,333 he'd find a hun'erd and forty-three, and the next time, like as not, it would all be visy versy. He couldn't keep track of the loggers at all. He declared the bunkhousin' problem had him about run ragged, but fin'ly he'd worked up a grand idy which he called the census.

"Well, sirs, there's no use tellin' you that Mr. Bunyan only grinned through his beard at Johnny.

"'Holy mackinaw, man,' he said, 'when the camp is full of fiddlin', harmonizin', story-tellin', jiggin', and all sech kinds of high jinks ever' night and so many logs are goin' to the landin's, why the hell, Johnny, are you bound to worry, fret, pester, fluster and whee-whaw yourself about figgers? Don't take 'em so serious Johnny! Dod-rot 'em!'

"'Somebody is always dod-rottin' figgers,' Johnny come back peevish-like. 'It makes me feel like I've wasted my whole life. Figgers is all I've ever lived fer. But prob'ly yer right, Mr. Bunyan. I ain't no use. I'm jest a kind of camp ornament, no better'n a bard. I might jest as well be Shanty Boy, a-settin' on yer shoulder and singin' you a dang' song!'

"Well, sirs, if he didn't run on that way right to Mr. Bunyan's face, until I got skeered and yelled to be put down, and when I was you bet I run! I knowed then how serious Johnny Inkslinger took one of his grand idies, and I know now. He ain't meanin' us a particle of good."

"You oughter have charity," insisted Little Meery.

"Now, sirs," went on Shanty Boy, "I've got a notion we oughter take out from camp right now while we got a chance. We oughter foller Mr. Bunyan's tracks until we locate him and tell him how lonesome and sad the loggers are with him gone. We ain't no more use here, and that's a fact. We'll lose our positions sure as shootin', and only the Lord knows what else'll happen. I claim we better git while the gittin's good."

The other bunkhouse leaders were fearfully impressed by Shanty Boy's arguments. They stared woefully at one another and nodded their heads in solemn agreement. All but Little Meery.

"You ain't looked on the bright side yet," he complained. "You oughter——"

Just then Johnny Inkslinger's voice shrilled from the camp office. The bards held their breaths as they listened to the words roll over their heads and up the bunkhouse rows. Johnny Inkslinger was calling for Mark Beaucoup and the other bunkhouse cranks. He was calling them as leaders to the camp office.

"Looks like we're fired, fer a fact," said Shanty Boy grimly. "Well, we'll wait till we know."

Shanty Boy had seen the writing on the wall and read it shrewdly. The bards heard Johnny Inkslinger begin an oration with the announcement that Mark Beaucoup and the other cranks, the serious and sober minds of the camp, were to be the bunkhouse leaders henceforth. The cranks lifted solemn cheers. Then Johnny Inkslinger began to unfold his grand idea. The bards listened until they were addled, and then they gathered about Shanty Boy once more for consolation and advice.

"Well, sirs," said Shanty Boy, "as fur as I can make out this new grand idy of Johnny's ain't no ways loyal to Mr. Bunyan. He's worked up a rig called Self-Bossin' and some kind of mystery he calls Politics, all of which he says will make the loggers their old cheerful selves again. Well, sirs, I doubt it. And I don't see no loyalty in it. I reckon we've got to jest wait and see how it hacks out. Anyway, we're jest common loggers now. We're not leaders no more. Lay low and keep quiet fer awhile, is my advice."

Gloomily and silently the loggers nodded agreement. All but Little Meery. He broke out with rancorous oaths against Johnny Inkslinger.

"You oughter have charity," said Shanty Boy bitterly.

"You go to Hell!" bawled Little Meery. "Damn his eyes anyway!"

III

In a week, so zealous were Mark Beaucoup and his subordinate cranks in instructing the loggers and educating them to be Voters, that the idea of Self-Bossing and the Politics which attended it were dominating the minds of all the choppers, sawyers and swampers of the camp. Johnny Inkslinger smiled to see lights in the bunkhouses all night long. There were no more lugubrious sighs and fitful moans. The loggers would undress for bed, but instead of rolling into their blankers, they would sit in their wrinkled red drawers and undershirts and talk Politics.

At first they were merely curious. They were puzzled by several questions. "Now, jest what the hell *is* Politics, anyway?" "When we get Self-Bossin' will ever' man in camp yell, 'Roll out or roll up!' in the mornin'? That's what's botherin' me." "Say, jest exactly what is a Constertooshun? It shorely ain't something you can eat, now." "Is a Jedge a *thing* or a *man?* You ain't never described a Jedge yet." "What's a Sennit? I ain't askin' now about nothin' but that there." "Yeah, and a Congerse? Sounds tough to me!" "What's a President-Logger like? Is it blue, like Babe?"

The new bunkhouse leaders answered the honest questions with orations which were garbled extracts from Johnny Inkslinger's inspired harangue on Self-Bossing and Politics. But they made it all sound fine and rare, and in the end the loggers succumbed. They began to yield to that perilous intoxication which fancy ideas always inflict on simple men. They began to argue. The bunkhouse roared.

Johnny Inkslinger smiled to hear the loggers. They were no longer sad. Men who made so much noise couldn't be sad.

Noise was the order of the night. Under the old régime every night had been replete with sweet and soothing sounds. Until nine o'clock fiddle music, the patter of jigging feet, the boom of singing baritones and basses, and the laughter and side-slapping of story-telling would sound from the bunkhouses and gladden Paul Bunyan's ears as he sat on his private hill and pondered, the while brushing his beard with a young pine tree. From nine until the inviting clang of the breakfast gong the only sounds that mingled with the wind-whispers among the tree boughs were the sighs and snores of simple men comfortably asleep. In the workday the notes of whistled and sung melodies soared above the ring of axes and the drone of saws. Every so often the gay thunder of Hels Helsen's bellow was heard, or the encouraging roar of Paul Bunyan, or the humorous shrill of Johnny Inkslinger, or the contented moo of Babe the Blue Ox. All the sounds were beautiful and laughable to hear.

It was different now. Paul Bunyan himself could hardly have been heard above the roar of political arguments that resounded in the woods by day and in the bunkhouses at night. The fate of all generalizations was visited on Johnny Inkslinger's creation. That is, every logger dressed it in his own individual notions. Thus a team of fallers called Slab and Slivers argued the

Election of Delergates to a Constertooshunal Convention:

"Looky here, Slab, you can say what you please, but I ain't usin' my vote to send nobody like Luke McGluke as a Delergate to rig up no Constertooshun fer *me!* Not much! And I'll tell you why. Jest a-cause I like pickle' pigs' feet and he don't, why, he's got to set acrost the table from me and snicker and sneer to hisself when I pile up a speck more of knuckle bones than anybody else does? Now, I know that pickle' pigs' feet is as honest and edyfyin' a grub as they is, I know Paul hisself would say as much, and I'll tell you that anybody who snickers and sneers at anybody else havin' a extry likin' fer pickle' pigs' feet has got a dark, furrin' streak in his nacher!

"Speakin' smack out, I don't figger Luke McGluke's to be trusted as a Delergate. He don't chaw terbaccer, neither. Maybe Pitch Pitchersen don't wash his socks often as he ought, but he ain't got no dark, furrin' streak in him, anyhow. I'm votin' fer Pitch. Yes, sir!"

"Well, I'm acshuly s'prised, Slivers, at you comin' smack out and *braggin'* about havin' an extry likin' fer pickle' pigs' feet. If they's sech a thing as disgustin' grub in Paul's camp, it cert'nly is them. I can't abide 'em. Never could. If they's anything that'd make me vote for Luke McGluke, it's the fact he can't, neither. I have an idy he'll fix our Self-Bossin' Constertooshun so's to Perhibit 'em. That's my idy of votin' fer him, anyhow."

"Perhibit? Now what in dangnation's perhibit?"

"Why, didn't you hear Mark Beaucoup explain that the main idy of laws is Perhibitin'? It means to stop something you don't like. Laws perhibit this and they perhibit that. They ain't no good unless they do. And I'm hopin' we get one that perhibits pickle' pigs' feet. They sicken me, acshuly, to even look at."

"By grab, jest let 'em try Perhibitin' pickle' pigs' feet! That's a hell of a kind of Self-Bossin', that is!"

"All right. You see if Luke McGluke don't get 'em Perhibited in the Constertooshun. He'll be Elected on that account, if fer nothin' else."

"The hell he will!"

"The hell he won't!"

The arguments over the Election of Delergates to the Constertooshunal Convention were only the beginning. The Constertooshun itself, when published, caused a small war in the camp. Johnny Inkslinger was swamped by the hordes of wounded, and the stock of alcohol and Epsom salts in his medicine chest rapidly diminished. For ten days little work was accomplished in the woods. No team of fallers could bring down a tree without stopping at least three times to argue about the Perhibitions of the Constertooshun. Instead of sawing felled trees into logs, buckers mounted stumps to orate. Swampers threw down their brush hooks to listen and heckle. Work in the woods was demoralized. Yet the choppers, sawyers and swampers who were unwounded went to the woods each morning, for they still put logs before Votes, and regarded Politics as little more than a new bunkhouse pastime. The old routine of logging was gradually resumed.

IV

The new bunkhouse leaders, however, became more and more presumptuous as the Summer of the Long Cruise dragged slowly on. First, Mark Beaucoup announced that he felt it his duty to devote all of his time to Public Service. Practice had made him perfect, and he easily wheedled the loggers into believing that Public Service was the finest rig yet, that Self-Bossing could never produce anything better than that, no matter how it strained itself. In the Fourth of July celebration Mark Beaucoup strutted up and down the bunkhouse rows in a sash as though he were already President-Logger.

After the Fourth the other cranks quit work for Public Service. Under Mark Beaucoup, they invaded Paul Bunyan's private

hill and made it the seat of their deliberations. It was rumored that the hill was to become the site of a building for the meetings of Congerse after Election.

Shanty Boy and the other deposed bards had watched all these developments with gloomy eyes. They combated them as much as they dared, but they didn't dare much. If they tried to join in the Political arguments they were sure to be kicked out of the bunkhouses, for seriousness was demanded first of all in these arguments, and the bards simply couldn't be serious. If a bard opened his mouth, a crank had only to bawl, "Hare-brained!" and the bard had to hunt a dark corner. The Constertooshun perhibited fiddling and jigging without a license, and there would be nobody to issue licenses until after Election. Finally Shanty Boy called a meeting of the bards to discuss the situation.

"It's shore hard times fer bards," he said mournfully, as he looked over the sea of faces turned up to him in the darkness. "And they're due to get harder mighty soon, what I mean. Election Night's drawin' powerful close, and when it's over Mark Beaucoup and his cranks'll be right in the saddle. They won't give no licenses, I can tell you that! We got to act, and act quick, fer things is comin' to the pass where the loggers wouldn't listen to Mr. Bunyan hisself. The Election's got 'em so wrought up they'd die right now to have Self-Bossin'. Well, what are we goin' to do? Think hard, men, and speak up, fer we've got to the point where Politics is bigger'n loggin' already, and there's a mighty danger of loggin' goin' by the boards altogether. Speak up now!"

"You oughter give 'em the bomb!" snarled Little Meery.

He had the loudest mouth of any man in camp, and he had snarled at the top of his voice. The bards nearest Little Meery tried to hush him up, but it was no use; he was so round, fat and slippery that they couldn't get a grip on him, and he was deaf to their entreaties. He snarled again, in his bawling voice:

"You oughter put the calks to 'em anyway! Walk on 'em! Cave their heads in! Give 'em the bomb, I say!"

Too late Shanty Boy heard a tramp of feet in the bunkhouse rows. The sharp-eared cranks had heard. It was a white-clad host that poured out of the bunkhouses, for red underwear was one of the rigs perhibited in the Constertooshun. The cranks and their hellions came for the bards with shouts of "Self-Bossin' and Liberty!" and with clubs. Three-fourths of the bards went down with broken heads. The others escaped to the bunkhouses and sought sanctuary in their blankets. All but Shanty Boy. He took to the hills.

He ran at a furious gallop through the Leaning Pines. Sorrow and anger thumped in his heart as he plunged on. The good old camp, as he saw it, was ruined. No longer did it have a place for him. He would head for the Kingdom of Kansas, he decided, as he drove on. He would start life anew in that horse-racing land. His steps lagged as he made this decision. Then the renewed uproar of arguments on the approaching Election rolled over the hills from the camp and crashed into his ears. Again Shanty Boy broke into a desperate run. Blindly he plunged on. Suddenly he fell six feet and thudded into soft dirt. He was unhurt but he could find no way out of the pit in the darkness. At last he slept.

When he awoke it was dawn. He sat up, stretched, and yawned. Then he opened his eyes. They blinked, then widened, then shone with joy. Shanty Boy sprang to his feet with a happy yell.

He had fallen into one of Paul Bunyan's footprints, and it was *fresh!*

Eventually he found Paul Bunyan in the great logger's work-cave, which was in a mountain remote from the camp. Paul Bunyan was so busy over his work-bench that Shanty Boy had to pound his toe for half an hour before getting attention. The boss-logger's eyes were sad, but he smiled through his beard as he picked up his favorite and set him in the old place on his shoulder.

"I know all," said Paul Bunyan. "Johnny Inkslinger came after me and confessed everything. I alone am to blame. In the beauty and peace of the Leaning Pine country I had forgotten what poison words may contain and how overpowering are grand ideas to simple souls."

"Yeah," said Shanty Boy encouragingly. "What are you goin' to do about it, Mr. Bunyan?"

Shanty Boy asked the question only to be polite. He knew that all was well now. Whatever Mr. Bunyan did would be right.

"Just you look!" commanded the hero-leader, with pride.

Shanty Boy peered down at the workbench. He saw that fifty-two pasteboards, all shiny and white except in spots, each one a dozen feet in length, were strung out in a row. A few of the pasteboards were still blank, but some had red spots like diamonds, others had red spots like hearts, and yet others had black spots of shapes strange to Shanty Boy. But the ones that really interested him were a number that had colored pictures of people in fancy dress, with such letters as K, Q and J in the corners. Paul Bunyan picked up still another pasteboard.

"Just now invented that one," he said proudly. "I call it the Ace of Hearts."

"What are they all for, Mr. Bunyan?"

"They're for poker," the great logger explained amiably. "That's my latest invention, my antidote to Politics. There'll be two kinds, draw and stud. Both will be played with fifty-two pasteboards, which I call the deck or the cards. There'll be blue, red and white chips to count with. This deck is only my model, of course. I'll strike off other decks small enough to fit the loggers' hands."

Shanty Boy was speechless with joy. Paul Bunyan smiled through his beard some more, and went on.

"I'll make a hundred decks for each bunkhouse and as many sets of chips, while you are learning the game. Then you can hustle back to camp and teach it to the other bards. Election Eve you will introduce stud poker into all the bunkhouses. Election Night you will change to draw. The next morning I'll appear, to call, 'Roll out or roll up!' And I'll bet ducks against doughnuts, by the holy old mackinaw, that my loggers will just about be their old bully selves again!"

"Yore damn' tootin' they will, Mr. Bunyan!" shouted Shanty Boy.

V

The Leaning Pine country had never been more beautiful and serene than it was on Election Eve. There was a fair breeze at sunset and the grass leaves waved softly before it on the gentle slopes. The September sun sank from sight with a mellow smile and its rays faded from the land like a caress of kind farewell. The purple and velvety twilight drifted down and in it the bunkhouse lights appeared like friendly winking eyes. The night that saw the birth of stud poker was a beautiful night indeed.

But first of all it was Election Eve. After supper the beauty of the land and the time was violated by brawls and battles over Politics. Twilight had hardly given way to actual darkness before Slab and Slivers were laid out in their bunks, bundled in bandages and doctored with alcohol and Epsom salts. In every other bunkhouse fractures and lesser injuries were already in evidence. The uproar was head-splitting. Shanty Boy knew that many loggers had brought axes into camp and hidden them in their bunks. Now was the time to act, else bloody murder would ensue.

Shanty Boy stepped out before the star bunkhouse, threw back his head, and then the signal rang out in the beautiful, troubled starlight.

"Deal the cyards!"

The cry was passed on from bard to bard, while the bunkhouse leaders, assembled in Caucus on Paul Bunyan's private hill, were roaring so at one another that they could not hear.

The first intimation that Mark Beaucoup had of the presence of an antidote to Politics in the camp was upon his return from the Caucus. He noticed that the uproar of argument was broken by lulls here and there, and that in the star bunkhouse it was utterly hushed. An appalling quietness met him as he stepped into the doorway. A frightful sight met his eyes. The loggers of the star bunkhouse were *amusing* themselves!

Each of the sixty-three bunkhouse tables had seven men around it in a ragged circle. There was a feverish flush on every face and a hot glow in every eye. The objects at which all the loggers were staring with such intensity were repellent to Mark Beaucoup, though he had no idea what they were.

He did not know those slick pasteboards which shone in such gay colors under the suspended lanterns. He did not understand the nature of the round blue, red and white chips which clicked musically in pitch-stained hands. More incomprehensible still were the motions of the loggers, as one at a table would pass some cards around, the red backs up, then pass others that revealed vivid faces and spots; while every logger peered eagerly at his first card, concealing it between his paws, and then stared with an air that was innocent and yet mysterious at the next four as they were passed around between tosses of chips into the center of the table. Even more baffling were the words muttered by the loggers:

"Yore anty." "Bet a blue on his nibs." "Tilt you a red one on a red ace." "By me." "Call 'er." "Check 'er to you." "You're high with the K-boy." "I'm up." "Runnin' a whizzer, huh?" "Bet 'em high and sleep in the streets." "I lay down." "Got a ace in the hole." "I've straightened." "That's good, dang the luck."

All was incomprehensible and baffling to Mark Beaucoup, until he observed Shanty Boy marching up and down, pausing here and there to answer a question, congratulating this winner, consoling that loser, and all the time keeping that blank countenance and the reticence in speech which were to become as much a part of the game of poker as the cards themselves.

In this recovered dominance in the life of the star bunkhouse by Shanty Boy, Mark Beaucoup saw the glory and profit he had imagined for himself completely obliterated. Suddenly he felt himself flushed with rage. Serious and sober political arguments put aside for the frivolities of the bards, and, of all times, on Election Eve! It was outrageous! The voice of Mark Beaucoup thundered indignantly into the quiet of the stud poker game:

"Looky here, men! This ain't nothin' but plain out and out Reverlooshun! That's the dahgundest thing alive, and I ain't a aimin' to have it! You all know infernal well that there truck you're messin' with ain't got nothin' to do with Self-Bossin'! You-all quit it right now! If you don't, you'll git yer Votes tooken away, that's what'll happen, and then where'll you be? I'm a-orderin' you in the name of Self-Bossin' to quit this yere here and now! I *perhibit* it, by doggy!"

To emphasize his bellowed words, he reached over the shoulder of the player nearest him and swept cards and chips to the floor. Mark Beaucoup's eyes popped with surprise as he saw the player's face.

"Why, Pitch Pitchersen!" he yelled. "You, of all! You, a Cannerdate fer the Sennit! You, a framer of the Constertooshun! You, *amusin'* yerself——"

Pitch Pitchersen was usually a man of few words. But now he rose up roaring.

"Cannerdate fer the Sennit, hell!" he bawled. "Mark Beaucoup, you ruint my hand! Here I had a straight flush a-comin' up, and there was Luke McGluke a-settin' with two aces in sight and prob'ly another in the hole, and I'd made maybe a straight flush, a filled somehow anyway, and cleaned him! The first decent hand I've held yet. And you ruint it, Mark Beaucoup! And this is what yer goin' to git fer doin' it!"

He started an uppercut from his boot top, but the hand of Shanty Boy gripped his arm.

"This ain't Politics, Pitch Pitchersen," said Shanty Boy. "It's poker. There'll be no fightin' where I'm runnin' the game."

Pitch Pitchersen growled and swore, but he yielded and returned to the table. Shanty Boy brushed his hands.

"Deal 'em up agin," he said.

VI

Muttering threats, the political leader retreated into the darkness of the beautiful night. Shanty Boy smiled after him. He was too confident in the power of poker to enchant all the loggers of the camp. He had forgotten that there were other bunkhouse bards who did not have his own superb mastery of the game. There was Little Meery, for example, who had got the habit of being pessimistic and discontented to such a degree during the Summer that he was even pessimistic and discontented with poker. Despite the beating he had received, he had not given up his faith in the bomb. As he half-heartedly dealt the cards in his bunkhouse now, the loggers there gave him only a few curious and hostile glances. They were still arguing the Election. They had no time for the fat bard and his cards.

Mark Beaucoup peered into Little Meery's bunkhouse, and he felt immensely cheered. He still had a few tricks to play. He'd strike at the weakest point now, and leave the star bunkhouse to the last. In most of the other bunkhouses the sounds of clicked chips and riffled cards were ominously increasing, while the Political bawls and yells were dying down. Quick action was needed to save the situation.

Mark Beaucoup swung bravely into Little Meery's bunkhouse. The quarreling loggers hushed when they saw him, for they still regarded him with reverence and awe. He dispatched some of them to notify the most trusted cranks to gather here in the new night uniform of white cotton flannel drawers and undershirts. Then he folded his arms and waited. His eyes narrowed to slits as he stared at the bard who had once been the kindest-hearted man alive and was still the fattest one. Mark Beaucoup gloated as he visioned the larded back of Little Meery stripped for the whipping party. But he did not gloat long.

Specks of red began to snap in Little Meery's blue eyes as he returned Mark Beaucoup's stare. The change in his disposition was reaching its climax and an unreasoning fury began to blaze in every bulge and fold of his round form. Suddenly he bellowed, in a voice that thundered all through the camp:

"Poker, hell! I'm goin' to try the bomb anyways! Mark Beaucoup, I'm goin' to blow you into the middle of next week!"

While he bellowed Little Meery waddled with amazing speed to his bunk. With a hand like the bottom of a red plush chair he reached under his blankets and hauled forth a sackful of bombs. Mark Beaucoup turned to run, but he was too late. He had not taken one step outside the bunkhouse before a bomb had struck the ground directly behind him, exploded with a blaze and a roar, and hurled him high into the air.

The bunkhouse cranks, already gathering in their white underclothes, held their breaths as they watched a black streak fading against the stars. Little Meery had fulfilled his promise. Mark Beaucoup was blown into the middle of next week, and tomorrow night was Election time. The cranks sighed hopelessly as they realized that until next Wednesday their political chieftain was gone.

"And that ain't all!" bellowed Little Meery from his bunkhouse door. "You're all goin' to be blowed after him, damn yer eyes! Poker, hell! Me fer the bomb!"

He drew his arm to hurl the first one at the cowering, white-clad crowd, when the bomb was jerked from his hand and a heave from behind knocked him off his feet. Shanty Boy, alarmed by Little Meery's

resounding bellow, had run over and crawled through a bunkhouse window. In the desperation of the moment he had heaved too hard. Little Meery began to roll.

He was the fattest man in the world and he rolled down the bunkhouse row like a huge round rock bounds down a mountainside. From bunkhouse to bunkhouse Little Meery bounced, until he began to curve, and that sent him at last through the yawning door of the star bunkhouse. He thudded to the floor, bounced again, and chanced to light bottom down on a bunk facing the first stud poker table. The players there were so immersed in their game by now that they had heard nothing. At the next deal it was observed that another face was at the table, and that was all. When Shanty Boy, red-faced and panting, appeared on the scene he saw Little Meery gazing with eyes that had the old-time cheerful shine. And he was chortling.

"Lookit!" he sighed blissfully. "Two aces back to back! Yes, sir, I got an ace in the hole! Talk about lookin' on the bright side! If this ain't it, what is?"

"You hadn't oughter tell yore hole card," admonished Shanty Boy.

"Oh, let's have charity," pleaded Little Meery. "I ain't got the heart to fool anybody."

Shanty Boy smiled indulgently. It was beautiful to see that Little Meery was again the kindest-hearted man in the world. And it was beautiful to gaze out into the starlit night and hear the last of the political arguments subsiding, while the musical click of chips and the riffle of cards mingled with the wind-whispers in the boughs of the Leaning Pines. All was beautiful to see and hear this night, thought Shanty Boy. All was well.

Yes, sir, Politics was licked. It was Election Eve no more. The cranks would never try to hold Election, with Mark Beaucoup blown into the middle of next week, and with the loggers enchanted by poker. If they did try to hold it, they wouldn't get out more than one-half of one per cent. of the vote, he could tell 'em that!

There'd be high jinks and monkeyshines again in the bunkhouses. And the beautiful games of stud and draw beside. . . . Yes, sir. . . .

Shanty Boy's kind thoughts were interrupted by a sight that looked like a cloud rising rapidly from the starry horizon. It had the shape of a mighty hand. It waved toward the fast fading black streak that was Mark Beaucoup headed for next Wednesday, then it was flourished toward the camp in a wide and lordly gesture of benediction.

It was the hand of the good and great Paul Bunyan. Shanty Boy knew peace at last. Truth and beauty had prevailed. The good old times were back.

WOMEN AS JURORS

BY H. H. SAWYER

With the enfranchisement of women have come many changes in our civil and political life, as well as in our domestic and commercial life. Nowhere are these changes more marked and striking than in the courts. Formerly juries were made up entirely of men, and a woman's presence in the court-room was a novelty. From time immemorial the court-room had been a loafing place for all the neighborhood male hangers-on and derelicts. It furnished free entertainment and amusement, to say nothing of scandal, and it also offered an opportunity for learning a smattering of law; in addition, there was a chance of being called as a talesman, juror or witness in a case and thus picking up a few dollars.

Women seldom came to court unless they were litigants or subpœnaed as witnesses. When they did come, the atmosphere was so strange and uncongenial that they left at the earliest opportunity, and in their excitement and fright took away with them only a hazy and indistinct impression of what it was all about. A large percentage of American women had never been in a court-room at all, and when woman suffrage came they were still more dismayed at the prospect of being called for jury service. The average woman's idea of a court was a place to be shunned like a pest-house. This feeling was so prevalent throughout the country that literally thousands of women in those States where they became liable to jury duty at first refused to vote for fear of being called.

In such States, when jury summonses were sent out at the beginning of each term of court, women called in person, telephoned, or wrote asking to be excused. Any requests with valid reasons were granted without question or quibble—sickness, small children, work that would be seriously interfered with, and so on. One excuse offered by women, and nearly every woman summoned made it, was: "I cannot serve, I don't know how, I don't know the first thing about a court, I have never been in a court-room in my life, I would not know how to act, I am just scared to death of a court." And they were in deadly earnest. The Iowa courts early adopted the rule of suggesting to all these women that they serve two days and get acquainted with the work, and that if at the end of that time they still desired to be excused, they would be allowed to go. Hardly a woman has asked to be excused after the second day without a very good reason. On the contrary, many women have lamented the day when the term was completed and the jury panel had to be dismissed.

Conditions, indeed, have so changed in the seven years that women have served in the Iowa courts that today we usually have more women anxious to serve than we can use and keep any semblance of a balance between the sexes. On some occasions we have had to draw lots to determine which women to excuse. In other States where jury service for women is mandatory, courts seem to have had about the same experience and have adopted similar rules, and with about the same results.

Prior to the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution in 1920 the question of women jurors had

hardly been raised, the suffragettes and devotees of equal rights and privileges being occupied in promoting Votes for Women. Even those few States which had extended the franchise to women did not permit them to sit on juries. In the four original woman suffrage States, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, women do not sit on juries to this day. Washington, the fifth suffrage State, did not permit women jurors until 1920. In the sixth, California, an amendment to the State constitution was adopted in 1911 permitting woman suffrage, and for a time women sat upon juries, but in 1917 the District Court of Appeals ruled that women were ineligible to serve on juries, and that a conviction, in the case before it, could not be sustained because women served on the grand jury which returned the indictment. Montana granted woman suffrage in 1914, but in 1923 a bill to permit woman jurors was defeated by the legislature.

Wyoming, which in 1869, while still a territory, had granted woman suffrage, and which was admitted to the Union as the first suffrage State in 1890, has this clause in its constitution:

> The rights of citizens of this State to vote and hold office shall not be abridged or denied on account of sex. Both male and female citizens of this State shall equally enjoy all civil, political and religious rights and privileges.

In the case of McKinney *vs.* State, the defendant, a man who had been convicted of larceny, appealed on the ground that he had been deprived of his constitutional rights because women were not permitted to sit on juries the same as men. The Supreme Court avoided the issues of the right or duty of women to serve on juries, and said:

> We decide but this, and that is sufficient: that the plaintiff in error, a man, cannot claim that any civil, political or any other right or privilege of his or of his sex is infringed, invaded or annulled by a statute excluding members of the other sex from the jury which tried him, or which by its terms confines the selection of jurors trying him to those of his own sex. He has not been discriminated against because of sex.

The conviction was sustained on the ground that the question could only be raised by a female who had been denied the right to sit on a jury.

II

Since the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment the question of whether women have the right to sit on juries the same as men has been raised in several States. Most of the test cases have been fought out on the theory that jury service was a privilege of citizenship, and that to exclude women from juries was an infringement of the guarantees of equal rights and privileges contained in most of the State constitutions. The courts have quite uniformly held that jury service is not a privilege of citizenship, but a duty imposed upon citizens, and of the same nature as military service, that the legislatures have the right to provide any reasonable qualifications for jurors, and that a sex qualification is as reasonable as an age qualification, voting qualification, and many others. Notwithstanding the fact that most of the State constitutions and laws provide that jurors shall be taken from the "lists of voters" or "from those eligible to vote," and notwithstanding the additional fact that most of the States have laws and rules of interpretation providing that, "words used in the masculine gender shall include the feminine and neuter," the great weight of authority is to the effect that it requires legislative action to permit women to sit on juries. The majority of those courts which have passed upon the question have agreed with the New Jersey Supreme Court, which held in State *vs.* James:

> The organic law makes no provision whatever about jurors. It emancipates women only so far as the right of suffrage is concerned and leaves no impediment in the way of the legislature clothing them with the capacity to become and serve as jurors; and it may well be that the legislature possessed that power before the adoption of this amendment. That, however, is a question with which we do not deal. But the amendment itself does not operate in terms or by implication to qualify women as jurors. It required legislation to do that.

Probably the climax of conservatism was reached in Massachusetts. Its law provides that "all persons qualified to vote for representatives shall be liable to serve as jurors." This statute has been twice reenacted, with amendments, since women began to vote for representatives in that State. However, in 237 Mass. 591, the State Supreme Court ruled that while there was no constitutional objection to women serving as jurors, they could not do so without legislative authority because, "trial by jury, both at common law and in the American constitutions is held to mean a trial by a jury of twelve men," and "it cannot be thought that the General Court [the legislature], by reënacting the descriptions of those eligible to be drawn as jurors in words previously used and without change, intended to include women." The legislature thereupon defeated a bill to permit women to sit on juries.

The Supreme Courts of a few States, including Indiana, Maine, Michigan, Nevada and Pennsylvania, reached a somewhat different conclusion, holding that by abolishing the word "male" from the qualifications of voters by amendment to the constitution, all disabilities of women were abolished, and that they had the same right as men to act as jurors, notwithstanding that the statutes still prescribed that a juror should be "some male person."

Up to the time of this writing twenty States and two territories have made women eligible for jury service, either by legislation or by court decisions. They are Alaska, Arkansas, California, the District of Columbia, Delaware, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Nevada, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Washington and Wisconsin. About half of them provide that women may be exempted from service if they so desire, while only seven or eight hold that they are liable to jury duty the same as men, and with the same rights of exemption. In several States, while there is no legal disability to act, yet because of the statutory exemptions, women's names are excluded from the jury lists the same as those of doctors, lawyers, ministers, etc. In Louisiana women are ordinarily ineligible to sit on juries, but any woman may place herself within the eligible class by filing a written declaration of her desire to serve. In Rhode Island, the latest State to accept women jurors, a special act recently made women eligible only in those counties where the court-house is properly equipped to accommodate them. Women do not serve as jurors in any of the Federal courts.

In only eighteen or twenty States do women actually serve upon juries, and in about ten of them their serving is purely voluntary, and therefore not much done. In those States where women are not exempt by law, the courts generally are quite liberal in excusing them on request. It seems to be the concensus of opinion of those who have studied the subject in the States where women are eligible, that the provisions which make for voluntary service on the part of women are wrong, because the State is entitled to the service of all its citizens, and if women are as good, or better jurors than men, then it should not be left to the whim of any woman to say whether she will or will not serve. The tendency is, as soon as the newness wears off, for women jurors to sink to the level of men jurors, the better fitted and more competent claiming their exemptions and remaining away. The large proportion of women jurors will in the long run be those to whom the jury fee and the amusement of the court-room appeal strongly. As suggested by Professor R. Justin Miller, of the University of Oregon Law School: "When the novelty wears off women will be as hard to secure as men, and the ones who remain will be the scandal-loving type."

Thus far women jurors have fully met all the expectations of their sponsors. In the States where women have served it is

the general opinion of lawyers, judges and litigants that they have made as good or better jurors, on the whole, than men. A long list of authorities could be cited on this point. The reasons are obvious. In these days the school education of the average woman is fully equal to that of the average man. Women are becoming as familiar with the practical affairs of life as men. They participate to some extent in almost every profession and every line of business. More than one half of the female population of the United States is engaged, for part or whole time, in some sort of gainful occupation. Generally speaking, women still have fewer business and political prejudices than men, and are therefore less likely to let such prejudices become factors in the verdicts they render. Ordinarily, they are less prejudiced against large corporations, such as insurance companies, railroads, street railways, street cars, and telephone and telegraph companies.

III

Women by nature seem to be less stubborn than men; they have learned to make concessions to reach agreements. Stubbornness has wrecked more juries in their deliberations than all other causes combined. Verdicts are nearly always reached by compromise, though they be reasoned and logical compromises, and one obstinate and perverse juror can usually cause a wrong verdict in some respect. Then, too, women are more careful and conscientious in their new-found duties than men, and are particularly anxious to learn and make good in their new field. Because of their inexperience they pay closer attention to the lawyers, the witnesses, and the instructions of the court.

One of the most surprising things about women jurors, commonly commented upon by lawyers, judges and the public generally, is that, contrary to the general expectation, they are not easily influenced in their verdicts by their sympathies and emotions, nor by the appearances of handsome men and comely women litigants, witnesses or lawyers. To cite a few examples: In one case a husband and wife had bought a home on contract from a wealthy real estate broker. The husband died and the widow got in arrears on her payments, and the broker brought suit to dispossess her. According to law he was entitled to the possession of the property, but a stronger case for the sympathies of a jury for a poor widow could hardly be imagined, and her lawyer did not neglect his opportunities. The jury, consisting of four women and two men, promptly brought in a verdict for the broker. In discussing the case afterward one of the women was asked if she did not sympathize with the poor widow more than with the wealthy broker. She replied that she did, and so did every other woman on the jury, but that under the instructions of the court her sympathies had nothing to do with deciding the facts, and according to the evidence and the instructions, the broker was clearly entitled to the possession of the property.

In another case the defendant was on trial for first degree murder. His guilt was clear and the only real question for the jury was the punishment to be meted out. Under the Iowa law in first degree murder cases the jury determines whether the punishment shall be hanging or life imprisonment. The jury readily agreed on a verdict of guilty, but when it came to fixing the punishment all the men on the jury held out for a long time for life imprisonment, while all the women were firm for capital punishment, and finally persuaded the men to their view, and the sentence was fixed at hanging.

Mr. Albert F. Pratt, assistant attorney-general of Minnesota, has said, "In a murder case in which I recently assisted, the jury was half and half. The wife of the defendant had a small baby in court, of which much was made. I noticed that the women jurors were visibly affected by the exhibition, and their emotions and sym-

pathies were strongly aroused and engaged. At least two were in tears when they retired. But a verdict of guilty was promptly returned."

All of this goes to show that women on the whole are as well equipped as men for jury service. Women at the present time make better jurors than men not because of their intrinsic superiority over men in any way, but because those of them that serve are generally more intelligent than their male colleagues. The better class of men, as I have said, are exempted from service by law, or excused by the courts because of business, political or other reasons, thereby greatly lowering the general average of male jurors. The same kind of exemptions take from among possible women jurors only a small percentage of the educated ones, as comparatively few of them are engaged in business or the professions. They are thus left free for jury duty, while the women of least education and least experience are excused on account of work, large families, sickness, etc., which greatly raises the average of women jurors. The women who serve are for the present, at least, quite largely from among the wives and daughters of the men who are exempted and excused. These have been willing to serve up to the present time, and they make the very best kind of jurors.

IV

When women were first drawn on Iowa juries I noted that the lawyers were skeptical of their ability to perform the functions of jurors, and that they used every opportunity that presented itself to challenge and strike women from the juries they drew. Men, even of low intellect, were often chosen in preference to women of intelligence and refinement. But gradually this attitude changed, first to an interested tolerance of one or two women on a jury, and then of six, eight and even twelve women jurors, until today the majority of the practicing lawyers in Iowa courts prefer women to men jurors. It is a cause of remark in the State courts if women do not predominate on any jury drawn. Typical cases are as follows: In one case, fourteen men and ten women were drawn, and when the strikes and challenges were exhausted the jury consisted of ten women and two men. In another, that of a jury of six, out of six men and six women drawn, the six women were retained and all the men excused. In a first degree murder case, after examining sixteen men and thirty-four women, the jury finally selected consisted of eleven women and one man.

There are certain kinds of cases in which the presence of women, and especially of sympathetic motherly women, is of inestimable value in the administration of justice, especially trials for crimes against women and girls, and also when women and girls are the accused. It is well known that in such cases the court-room is usually crowded with leering, sensual men. It has been difficult, if not impossible, to get women and girls to repeat the revolting details of such crimes before such a crowd, and hence convictions were often impossible. With a jury of women, or partly of women, the witnesses generally tell their stories with conviction. Judge Florence E. Allen of the Ohio Supreme Court has said:

> Although women and girls will give a clear statement of fact outside the court, they are abashed when on the stand. The presence of women jurors in such cases has stopped the sneering of the unfeeling, and the kindly motherly sympathy of several women in the jury box drew from the witnesses the necessary details of testimony which made possible conviction.

It is now generally conceded in those States where women have served upon juries for some time that their presence has had a salutary effect upon the administration of justice. What the ultimate effect will be upon the women themselves and upon the body politic is still an open question. Women jurors are still an experiment. Less than one half of the States permit them even now, and in most of these their service is purely voluntary, and those

States which were the first to grant woman suffrage seem to be the slowest in requiring women to serve as jurors.

The experience of women on jury panels and in and about the courts has been educational in many ways, having a general broadening influence, which has tended to make a more intelligent and useful citizenry. It has given them a new conception of government and of their rights and privileges, as well as of their duties and responsibilities under it. It has also taught them the methods by which such rights and privileges are protected, and such duties and responsibilities are enforced. One of the more noticeable results has been to arouse political aspirations in a large number of women. They have not only learned how the government works, but they have been lured on to enter the political field, both as seekers for political office themselves and as workers for other candidates. Whether one considers this a forward or backward step depends upon one's views as to women in politics.

If the laws exempting women on request remain as they are now, it is very probable that business and professional women and women of leisure will be less and less willing to serve, as the novelty wears off and the discussion and agitation of jury work in women's clubs and societies dies down and jury service becomes a task instead of a lark. As more of the uneducated and poorer classes of women, to whom the jury fee appeals as an easy way to make a few needed dollars, accept jury service, and as more women with political ambitions come to the front for the use they can make out of juries, it is extremely likely that women jurors will decline to the level of men jurors.

The fact is that many women are becoming professional jurors, and as harmful to the processes of justice as have been professional male jurors. Because of the repeated service of the latter, the lawyers soon came to know them and their particular slant on most questions, and knew exactly what would appeal to them and whether to keep them or challenge them on the juries which they drew. And because of their past experience, the professional jurors tended naturally to take the lead in the jury room; they knew how to manipulate the discussion to reach the verdict they desired, very often with little or no consideration of the evidence and instructions of the court.

Everything tends to show that there is no essential difference between the sexes as to their merits as jurors. There are good, bad, and indifferent among both sexes, and the probabilities are that the proportion is about the same in each. What difference there is, and there is a difference so far, is largely due to those exempted by law and excused by the courts, and to the novelty of the work among women, as already shown. Certainly, we are not warranted in believing that as more and more women take the places of men in politics, business, and in the professions, as they are rapidly doing today, they will be any more willing to do jury duty than men are, or that the kind of women who will then serve will be any better jurors, on the whole, than men are. Already the change is apparent in those States where women have served on juries longest. To what extent this will grow, and whether or not all the evils of the old man-jury system will return with possible new ones, only time will tell.

HEALTH AUDITS

BY LOGAN CLENDENING

The gist of these remarks may be put into simple form by saying that according to my observation as a medical man most people are a good deal healthier than they think they are, and that things are not nearly as bad as they seem.

It is with some humility that I venture to lay before the public so cheerful a conclusion. In this hour when the average magazine article opens with "We are hanging over an abyss which at any moment threatens to engulf us," such a belief as mine savors of a heart unacquainted with the facts of life. The doctrine which has been dinned into all our heads for a quarter of a century is that we are walking storehouses of latent disease. From every third advertisement insinuations as to why we have no pep are whispered. We seem never to be able to get on the right kind of diet —the kind, that is, which satisfies all the experts. Solemn warnings about the accumulation of fat, and arguments for regular medical examinations emanate from all the life insurance companies.

Perhaps the most far-reaching of the current schemes to save us is that promulgated by organizations of which the Life Extension Institute is a type. Their doctrine is that the diseases which shorten life after middle age are often silent, without symptoms, and insidious in their onset, so that when detected they are usually too far advanced for successful treatment. They propose therefore that regular bodily examinations be instituted on the entire population, and declare that by that means such conditions may be detected in a stage so early that death can be prevented. The very name of the Life Extension Institute indicates that it believes it can prolong the average span of human life beyond its present limits in middle age. This is the doctrine which I propose to examine.

Presumptuous as it may seem to differ from the massed authority represented in the other viewpoint, I must still maintain the position outlined in my first sentence. I have examined, in some detail, all the evidence which has been presented by the health auditing institutes, and my conclusion is that, while the good faith of the promoters thereof may be assumed, there is nothing resembling scientific proof that annual physical examinations in adults result in any extension of life whatever. On the contrary, I believe that they may result in a great deal of unhappiness, mischief and harm.

Perhaps it will be advisable to approach the matter by parable. They say in Poictesme, then, that there was once a captain of industry who arrived at the age of fifty-eight. He was active, healthy, happy and contented. He played golf every day without effort and with enjoyment. When the weather was too hot or too cold in his own vicinity he moved to a more comfortable climate. After golf he bathed in hot and then in lukewarm water, drank from three to five cocktails or highballs, and went to dinner. He ate, with relish, meat, vegetables, vitamins, sweets, salt and fats, as he did at breakfast and lunch, after which he smoked from two to five heavy cigars. Later in the evening he either danced or played cards or went to a musical comedy or a movie. In short, as I have said, he was healthy, normal and

happy. And then, one fatal day at his club, he heard of the Health Audit.

The idea (I fall into the lingo of Service) Appealed to him Instantly.

He was going to have his Health Audited.

Would he let his business go a year without having an Audit? He would Not!

Would he let his automobile run three months without an Overhauling? No.

Was his Body less important than his automobile?

If there was anything the matter with him he wanted to know it, So He Could Watch Himself.

If his Kidneys Needed Watching he intended to Watch Them.

If that Heart was in a threatening condition he intended to take up a Position of Vantage where he could Watch It.

If his Blood Pressure was Rising (though he guessed it wasn't) it would claim his Undivided Attention.

He was going that very afternoon to the Health Audit Company.

Of course, the captain of industry had a private or family physician. This worthy leech was not a general practitioner, because there are no such things any more. But he was a general internist who had frequently advised and attended the captain and his family. He had once saved the captain from an unnecessary operation for removing his thyroid gland, and, what the captain forgot, did not even send a bill for this trifling service. When the captain was contemplating a trip to Egypt he had called him up and advised typhoid and smallpox vaccination, which seemed sensible and thoughtful.

The physician had played golf with the captain, and though the captain did not know it, estimated from the fact that the captain walked along vigorously without shortness of breath or other effort, that his heart, blood-pressure and kidneys must be in very good shape for his age. He merely remarked afterward that the captain appeared to be in good physical condition, which was encouraging. But on this occasion the captain wanted something different from anything he could get from the physician, who had so many sick people in his office. The examination he sought, as it had been explained to him, was to be preclinical—before symptoms or sickness. He wanted to consult some expert with a lot of instruments, who knew nothing about him and would deliver an unbiased opinion.

So he went to the Health Audit Company. When he arrived at the office he slapped himself on the chest and said he guessed this was all foolishness, for he felt fine. The examination certainly was thorough. It took three days. He described it in detail to his cronies at the club. The number of stunts they put him through was a caution. It took three days to examine him. They had a kind of electrical machine, and they made him take off a shoe and stocking and the prettiest nurse you ever saw washed his foot so he could have the electrode strapped on, and then this machine told all about his heart. They certainly drew lots of blood from him. The examination took three days.

When he went to have the report explained the doctor was not as cheerful as he had expected. In fact, it shortly developed that things were pretty serious. His kidneys were not acting so good. The blood test showed that they did not throw off poisons very well, and these poisons had become damned back in his blood. The electrical apparatus turned up the fact that his heart was fibrous and that he should not have played golf for the last seven and a half years. His arteries were hardening to beat the band, and he had a lot of infection in his teeth. Also, he had flat feet, a beginning umbilical hernia, and a slight secondary anemia. The report filled six pages of typewriting. The doctor said that the New York office would send him some courses of diet and some bedroom exercises, and that he was to go easy, watch his kidneys, get his bad teeth pulled, and consult an orthopedic surgeon.

In the elevator, on leaving the audit office, the captain became nauseated and

vhen he reached the lobby of the building
ıe had to vomit, a thing he had not done
or years. It showed how those dammed-
›ack poisons were working. When he
ırrived at his own office he felt faint, and
iis partner remarked that he looked pale.
He replied that he was far from a well
nan. He went home and stayed in bed
several weeks, eating only soup. For six
months he abjured meat, salt, golf, alcohol,
obacco and laughter, and changed his
vill three times. At last he was forced by
ı rebellious family to see the family phy-
ician, who, after demanding to know if
nd why he expected to have the body of
ı boy of twenty, induced him to return to
ı moderate enjoyment of activity. Now he
nsists in conversation that the health
udit lengthened his life ten years, though
ıe has only lived two and a half since it
vas made, and he intends to be audited
gain next year.

II

The morals of this modest fable are numer-
›us, but one or two are worth empha-
izing.

First, it explains why the American
Medical Association has persistently re-
used to give its official approval to the
vork of institutes devoted to this form of
ife-saving, but has recommended that all
›eriodic health examinations be conducted
›y the private physician. The private phy-
ician may appear to be unsympathetic and
narticulate at times, and given, as one
›itter director of a health clinic puts it, to
"woefully misleading" slaps on the back,
›ut he has a kind of wisdom, and it is the
ind which pays in the long run.

Secondly, the story reminds us that the
›uman body is not like a gasoline or steam
ngine. Naturally, I would be chagrined
ven to mention this matter except that it
s a favorite figure of speech among many
esponsible doctors of medicine, when
hey address the public. The poster of a
ıational medical association shows a young
nan being examined by a physician with
a stethoscope and under the picture is the legend, "Have you a body squeak?" A title proposed for discussion by the medical profession at an open meeting for the public is, "Looking the Old Bus Over." And an insurance company issues an advertisement showing an ocean liner headed out for sea with the caption, "Ship-Shape Condition."

Either the physicians who advance such ideas do not know any better or else they feel that when addressing people who have had no medical training and are therefore presumably incapable of exercising a critical judgment, they are under no obligation to make rational statements. In case they should fall into the first division let them be informed that the body is different from a machine in these respects: (1) having been planned by human brains, the machine can be taken down and re-assembled by human hands; (2) when a part of the human body wears out it cannot be replaced, the teeth alone excepted; (3) the body is a living, growing organism and by its nature makes automatic and effective adjustment and compensation for defects as they arise.

The most important of the lessons which my fable points to is this: that a diagnostician labors under an enormous disadvantage when he cuts himself off from a patient's symptoms. Let me quote some words of the most inspiring physician of the last generation, Sir James Mackenzie:

> We who have had experience in general practice know quite well that the vast majority of patients complain of ill-health long before there are any physical signs or signs detectable by mechanical aids. . . .The bulk of the most instructive phenomena produced by disease is incapable of detection by mechanical aids. . . . Still more valuable signs are only revealed by the sensations experienced by the patient.

A disbelief in the efficacy of periodic health examinations is constantly interpreted as a lack of faith in the effectiveness of medical treatment. No such implication is fair. When actual disease arrives it produces symptoms. When a patient has a pain under the ribs, or blurred vision,

or a shortness of breath on moderate exertion, or a hemorrhage from a body cavity, or an unexplained loss of weight, these symptoms point the way to methods of relief. Not many diseases are symptomless, even in their early stages.

A few, to be sure, do advance insidiously and silently. One of these is tuberculosis: for many years all tuberculosis societies have urged the public to be examined with a view to its early detection, and with this programme I have no quarrel, merely remarking that thirty years of such organized effort has, according to the latest and best informed opinion, hardly accelerated perceptibly the waning of the death-rate from tuberculosis, which had begun its down grade long before any tuberculosis society was in existence. Diabetes, too, in many cases, is almost unnoticed in its onset, but in few instances can the delay be said to be detrimental. The arterial and vascular degenerations of middle age—high blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, Bright's disease,—are admittedly subtle in development, but I know few clinicians widely experienced in their management who feel very hopeful about their treatment in any stage. Heart disease has now a society devoted to its prevention, and I have recently examined with much care and a great deal of conscientiousness the propaganda of that society: in fact, I was invited to write a book on the subject for the general public. I was forced to conclude that the scheme was utterly impractical. Cancer in the first stages is often without symptoms: it, too, is the crystallization point of society. Their discussions are invariably vitiated by the assumption that the most important factor in the curability of cancer is the time element; in other words that if every cancer were removed early enough none would recur; whereas the opinion of the most enlightened pathologists stresses the view that the type and typography of all involved are the major determinants in prognosis.

That about exhausts the list of diseases with symptomless onset. As to their prevention—and it is prevention which this campaign stresses—nothing is known. The prevention of disease, so far as any scientific basis has been established for it, is confined to a few infectious diseases and a simple form of goiter. Since infectious diseases, especially the infectious diseases which can be prevented, particularly attack the young, periodic health examinations in children have a rational purpose and are generally approved. I wish to make it plain that I refer here only to periodic examinations of adults.

III

When we come to examine in a critical and scientific spirit the contention that human life can be prolonged by periodic examinations and the resultant advice, we must first clearly define the nature of our inquiry. There is a general supposition that the project appeals to rugged common sense: that, obviously, by attention to ordinary matters such as diet, habits, and exercise, with a few more complicated procedures, a man can escape the company of the angels for a long period. But in this case common sense is really on the side of the angels. One need only ask where the men and women are who were born in 1828 to see that in the proposal for the arbitrary prolongation of life we have a biological chimera quite as full of unrealities as the physical chimera of perpetual motion. True, the difference in the span of life of different individuals allows us to investigate the minor problem of whether the short-lifers can be turned into long-lifers, but the endurance of human protoplasm, it must be recognized, has very narrow limits. Our first thought then should be that, rather than attempting a natural and facile accomplishment, we are setting ourselves an extremely perverse and arduous task.

But, it is said, conditions have changed: modern medicine has means at hand to hold back the processes of disintegration, and the terms of the problem are not the

same as in 1828. This is debatable, but we have a right to ask for the data which supports so revolutionary a conception. In examining this data it is well to keep clearly in mind the exact terms of the problem. We are inquiring into the span of human life; nothing else. It does not advance our inquiry the least bit for us to hear evidence to the effect that changing an individual's habits has made that individual feel better or improved the chemistry of his secretions, for it is common knowledge that people who feel perfectly well may die at very early ages.

The only question we ask ourselves is whether a group of adult human beings can prolong their lives. In other words, it is a question in biometrics, and it can be solved only by the statistical method: a few single life histories cannot possibly be convincing. It is manifestly impossible for a physician to say in the case of a single individual that his life has been prolonged by a certain procedure; for all that anyone knows his life might have been prolonged if no such procedure had been instituted. But when ten thousand instances have been accumulated such objections automatically disappear.

Now biometrics, at least human biometrics, is one of the most exasperating branches of science for the propagandist. He likes his conclusions hot, here and now, but the biometrician may not be prepared to do any concluding for several hundred years. If we lay down fairly and honestly the method and the only method by which the problem proposed by health examinations can be solved we are forced to conclude that we need the following data: We must observe two groups of adult human beings, sufficiently large numerically to allow of fair conclusions. They are to be observed over the period of time from the year they arrive at a certain age to their deaths. I suggest twenty thousand as the number and thirty as the age at which to begin observations. One of these groups is to follow the average course of life, calling in medical counsel only when symptoms demand it; the other is to submit to a definite procedure, an annual medical examination, even when no symptoms call for it, and to undertake such curative procedures as that examination indicates. When every individual in both groups of twenty thousand shall have died we may be allowed to estimate the results. If work is begun immediately conclusions will probably be available about 1988. I am perfectly aware of the piquant nature of these terms. It will be said that a reasonably workable answer can be obtained with less complete data. For purposes of debate I am willing to acknowledge this temporarily.

With the problem and its means of solution thus definitely settled, we cast about for the evidence to advance our inquiry. As we do so it begins to be borne in on us that, like the wine at the Mad Hatter's tea party, "there isn't any." At least there is very little. For my sins I have been forced to examine nearly all the literature dealing with the subject which has accumulated since 1915. Beyond any other respectable literature of which I am aware, it is distinguished for its habit of making flat statements about matters in the highest degree debatable, without undertaking to furnish any substantiating facts. The devotees of this new religion now publish a magazine, the *Physical Examinist*. From Volume 1. Number 2, I cull the following written by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, director of the Health Service Clinic of the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital in New York City:

> It is indeed absorbingly worth while to discover and uproot the first signs of danger and illness, to set the client's feet on a path of enthusiastic health accomplishment, postpone death, and save from early wreckage.

Absorbing indeed, if accomplished! But a careful search through the rest of Dr. Crampton's article fails to reveal even one case report, let alone one comparative table, which indicates that any death has been postponed. What a further reading does disclose is that this affecting sentiment was committed to paper a year and a

half after the Health Service Clinic was opened, and at once there arises the disconcerting question as to how a biologic experiment conducted for that limited period of time can possibly throw any light on the postponement of death in human beings.

IV

The only collection of data which satisfies the terms of the demands laid down above is that assembled by Augustus S. Knight, M.D., and Louis I. Dublin, Ph.D., and published by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. This report was conceived in a scientific spirit and furnishes the facts frankly, completely and honestly. I do not entirely subscribe to the conclusions which seem warranted to Doctors Knight and Dublin, but no traveler in the desert of life prolongation literature can arrive at their oasis of fact without experiencing a feeling of relief. The authors point out that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company began to offer the periodic health examination made by the Life Extension Institute to its policy-holders in 1914. In that year 6000 persons availed themselves of the opportunity, and in 1920 the investigators studied the experience of this group during the six-year period since they were first examined. They found that there had been 217 deaths among the 6000 in the period from 1914 to 1920. Compared with the deaths the company expected during the period in a group of that size the saving was computed at 28%.

Doctors Knight and Dublin seem certain that the examinations and counsel of the Life Extension Institute alone produced these favorable results. But a number of considerations have failed to convince such medical directors of life insurance companies as I have talked to about the matter. First, it should be pointed out that the 6000 persons, when originally examined, constituted a highly selected group—they were, by the terms of the case, without symptoms and therefore considered themselves well. Surely no one already under medical care would be likely to apply for a pre-clinical examination in order to obtain advice of the sort that the Life Extension Institute dispenses. Therefore, it was assumed to begin with that this group would have an extremely low death rate. All young insurance companies, as everyone interested knows, have low death-rates: their applicants have been examined and accepted too short a period of time for anything but accidental or infectious deaths to operate: it is when the policies have been in force ten, fifteen or twenty years that the degenerative diseases which could not be detected at the time of examination begin to kill the policy-holders. This group of 6000, I submit, was certainly analogous to the accepted applicants of a young insurance company.

To go further, Doctors Knight and Dublin report that when they re-examined the death-rate among the original 6000 from 1920 to 1924, they found that the percentage of improvement had fallen so that it was then only 18% below the experience of the company. Moreover, the announcement that the difference between actual and expected deaths during the first six years, from 1914 to 1920, was but 28% loses some of its impressiveness when it is remembered that all insurance companies have a smaller number of deaths annually than the tables which they use predict. The first mortality tables constructed were found to show a much larger number of deaths than the companies actually experienced when they got into operation, and after a period of years had passed and this increase was proved to be constant, other tables were constructed. Since then several successive ones have been adopted, each setting up a lower death-rate than its predecessor. Obviously, however, it is a matter of conservative business, the premium rate of the company being based on the mortality expectancy, to keep a safe margin between the expectancy table and actual experience, as no one can predict what will happen in any given year. (For

instance, during the influenza years 1918–1920, the mortality experience of American companies, for the first time in their history, reached and sometimes went beyond their expectancy).

At the end of the year insurance companies compute their saving on the basis of their expectancy and return the difference to the policy-holder in the form of so-called dividends. With this in mind, note that while the favorable difference in death-rate in the group under consideration was 28% on the basis of the company's *expectancy*, Doctors Knight and Dublin report that it was only 24% on the basis of the company's *experience*. Well, in the "Gain and Loss Exhibit" (a report of insurance companies published by the Spectator Company, Chicago), it is shown that, in 1926, 221 American companies had a percentage of actual to expected mortality of 53%. This clearly is a better result than any of the figures reported for the group under consideration, and was accomplished without benefit of periodic health examinations.

V

Soon or late the adventurer in the literature of life prolonging hears of another report —that of Dublin, Fisk and Kopf. Several witnesses have testified that they were skeptical of any benefits resulting from the work of life extension until they read this report. It was published in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* for October, 1925, page 576. It tabulates the defects found in 16,662 men policy-holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, as revealed on examination by the Life Extension Institute. It contains tables showing the food habits and hygienic habits, the weight, the circulatory, renal, digestive and respiratory impairments of all these men; then, under conclusions, is found this magnificent assumption:

> Hygienic advice and prompt treatment of both the major and minor defects thus discovered may lead to the prevention of serious consequences to these individuals later on.

How, may one ask, did that get to be a conclusion? Not a word is in the body of the report to show that any of the defects had been corrected or that any "serious consequences" had been averted thereby. The only conclusion really justified by the report is that on examining some 16,000 men certain defects were found.

A study of these defects makes sprightly reading. It appears that 37% of the persons examined were on too high a protein diet. But how was the amount of protein in any person's diet determined? According to my understanding, the examination of a client by the Life Extension Institute is made by an examiner who does not get paid a very high fee and therefore would not be justified in spending a great deal of time on any one case. Presumably then, the estimate of the amount of protein in the diet is mainly made by asking the client questions. Is one justified in doubting whether this method results in any very dependable data?

For comparison, I myself have become fairly familiar with the methods of dietetics: every year it has been my habit to weigh out a balanced 24-hour ration of food for an adult before senior medical students; and I have repeated this for ten or more years. In this way and by other means in the routine discharge of my duties, I have become accustomed to estimate by sight the approximate weight of such articles as eggs, rations of meat, etc. Yet I doubt if, off-hand, I could give even a reasonably accurate calculation of the amount of protein I myself ingested last week. To come to a figure having an error of less than 20% for my average daily protein intake for the last twenty years would cost me an hour's arithmetic. How many clients of the Life Extension Institute are in better condition than I am to give accurate information?

But even this is not the end of one's incredulity concerning that phrase "too much protein." Who says what is too much protein? I know of no competent bio-chemist prepared to venture an opinion. Physiologists have made experiments

which indicate that an adult can exist on a daily minimum of one gram of protein per kilo of body weight. This, however, has nothing to do with the matter of a dangerous *upper* limit of protein consumption. So far as such standard works on nutrition as those of Lusk and Sherman refer to the subject at all, they state that while many experiments indicate that man can maintain his equilibrium on much smaller amounts of protein than are found in average dietaries, there is no evidence to show that a high protein intake results in any bodily harm.

Other items in the list of physical impairments found are merely suggestive. Sixteen percent of the clients had flat feet, 17% had frequent colds, 22% had deflected nasal septa, 41% had heavy dentistry, 8% had varicocele, and 10% had chronic skin affections, such as acne. This seems strange material with which to do life extending. Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not from flat feet.

Diagnosis alone will do no life prolonging, and attention is therefore invited to the counsel which the Life Extension Institute furnishes its clients.[1] Of course, the client's diet is usually changed. Here I am in a humble mood. There is one little simple piece of wonder-working I would like to have some of these gentlemen explain to me. I won't ask anything more. I just want to do a little elementary life prolonging. I'll try it out on myself first till I get the hang of it, so as not to injure anybody. It's this: when you get down to advising the prospective immortal about his diet, which of the latest ideas do you recommend?

Shall we have him abstain from meat to prevent arterio-sclerosis and risk pernicious anemia, or eat meat to prevent pernicious anemia and chance the arteries? I know this must seem terribly stupid to the great gentlemen up there, but then that is what I want to know. In this connection they might also enlarge on a topic which even the title of a recent article in a medical journal suggests: "The Development of Deficiency Disease on Therapeutic Diets."

But the Institute is concerned not alone with the flesh; it attends also to the cure of the soul. The counsel on mental hygiene has a noble ring. There are sixteen rules, of which the sixteenth is: "Keep serene and whole hearted." That's all; no comment appended. But in case you do not get sane by following the first sixteen rules, a second list is recommended. In this you are advised to "make clean-cut, practical decisions." Do that, and you will always be mentally sound.

The counselling goes on to bedroom exercises, and reverential menus, and platitudinous bathing schemes. You go out of life with your habits as carefully ordered as when you came in. But surely all this, even when sound, is redundant. By the common suffrage of mankind excess after the age of forty is dangerous, and is instinctively avoided. However it may be elsewhere, in my neighborhood there are few gentlemen of fifty leaping hedges. I more often see them sipping a glass of milk than gorging themselves with meat, and only occasionally do I encounter one thumping the table with his flagon and shouting for a wench.

Here, somewhat abruptly, all the positive evidence comes to an end.

VI

There is a considerable body of negative evidence. Two easily accessible articles are those by Pearl[2] and Earp.[3] Dr. Pearl conducted his research by having a clipping bureau furnish him with the name and address of anyone celebrated in the press

[1] "How to Make the Periodic Health Examination," by Fisk, Crawford, and collaborators; New York, 1927.

[2] Pearl, Raymond: "Preliminary Account of the Investigation of Factors Influencing Longevity," *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Jan. 26, 1924, p. 259.

[3] Earp, J. Rosslyn: "Health Examinations and the Physician," *Journal of American Medical Association*, Feb., 1928, p. 383.

for having lived to a ripe age. On sending these people questionnaires he received a large number of answers and on assembling them he concluded that the most potent factor which influenced length of life was a family history of longevity. Dr. Earp presents an unconsciously humorous account of the woes encountered by a thorough going periodical examinist in dealing with his group of examining physicians and his clients: his most moving plaint appears to be that after the physician examines the client he seldom desires to offer any advice.

On the negative side, too, may be classed the following excerpt from a report in the *Lancet* for February 18, 1928, of an address delivered to a society of life insurance physicians of London by their president, Dr. H. G. Turney:

> *Periodic Health Examinations.* In England it is doubtful if this scheme would be a success because we have not that large class which is found in America who have made a fortune in strenuous business and have retired while still in the prime of life, casting about for any hobby to occupy their minds. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company found that of a number so examined one-third ate too much meat; another third too little water and, horrible to relate, nearly half the whole number committed other errors in diet. One might be led to infer that a rigid observance of all these hygienic prescriptions would insure complete immunity from all bodily ailments except those of old age, which would be deferred to a remote epoch of time. Unfortunately, every doctor knows that the people who enjoy the best health are often those who take no heed of what they eat or drink. The introduction of a system of examination would concentrate people's thoughts on their internal processes and tend to perpetuate what is morbid. The second fallacy . . . is that a slight bodily disturbance will if neglected lead to serious disease.

Many wise persons do not agree with the doctrines I have here advanced, and some of them may believe that I am in opposition because the sight of men and women advancing to their doom gives me a kind of satisfaction. Nothing could be further from the truth. I have by several years now passed that age where I have come to learn what is the most ironical of life's tragedies. This world and universe seem most happily suited to my nature, and I find myself leaving them with a bitterness which I am under no obligation to dissemble. I would very gladly make considerable sacrifices in order to prolong my stay. But I feel it only just that if I make these sacrifices, I shall be assured of the validity of the promises held out in their name. I do not care to be kidded, even by experts. The conclusion to which I have come after examining the evidence for health audits is that it has the same general character as that submitted to Ponce de Leon.

FOUR POEMS

BY CARL SANDBURG

Destroyers

GRANDFATHER and grandfather's uncle stand looking at the harbor. "Look there," says grandfather, "and you see a torpedo-boat. Next to it is a torpedo-boat destroyer. And next to the torpedo-boat destroyer is a destroyer of torpedo-boat destroyers."

And grandfather's uncle says, "I heard my grandfather's uncle say every echo has a destroyer and for every echo destroyer there is a destroyer of echo-destroyers."

And grandfather's uncle says, "I remember hearing my grandfather's uncle say every destroyer carries a pocket of eggs and the eggs wait and when they are ready they go blooey and the works of the destroyer blow up."

So they stand looking at the harbor, grandfather a grand old grey-whiskered monochromic sea-dog and grandfather's uncle a grand old grey-whiskered monochromic landlubber.

"Columbus," says grandfather, "Columbus was only a little dago, a ginny, a wop, and he changed the shape of the earth; before Columbus came the shape of the earth in the heads of men was square and flat and he made it round and round in the heads of men."

"Yes," says grandfather's uncle, "He was bugs, he was loony, he saw things in a pig's eye, he had rats in his garret, bats in his belfry, there was a screw loose somewhere in him, he had a kink and he was a crank, he was nuts and belonged in a booby hatch."

And the two grand old grey-whiskered monochromic men, one a sea-dog, the other a landlubber, laughed, laughed, laughed in each other's sea-green, land-grey eyes.

II

Foolish About Windows

I was foolish about windows.
The house was an old one and the windows
were small.
I asked a carpenter to come and open the
walls and put in bigger windows.

"The bigger the window the more it costs,"
he said.
"The bigger the cheaper," I said.
So he tore off siding and plaster and laths
And put in a big window and bigger windows.
I was hungry for windows.

One neighbor said, "If you keep on you'll be
able to see everything there is."
I answered, "That'll be all right, that'll be
classy enough for me."
Another neighbor said, "Pretty soon your house
will be all windows."
And I said, "Who would the joke be on then?"
And still another, "Those who live in glass
houses gather no moss."
And I said, "Birds of a feather should not throw
stones and a soft answer turneth away rats."

III

Epistle

Jesus loved the sunsets on Galilee.
Jesus loved the fishing-boats forming silhouettes
against the sunsets on Galilee.
Jesus loved the fishermen on the fishing-boats forming
silhouettes against the sunsets on Galilee.
When Jesus said: Good-by, good-by, I will come again, Jesus
meant that good-by for the sunsets, the fishing-boats,
the fishermen, the silhouettes all and any, against the
sunsets on Galilee: the good-by and the promise meant
all or nothing.

IV

Boy Baby

The baby picked from an ash-barrel by the night police
came to the hospital of the Franciscan brothers
in a diaper and a white sheet.

It was a windy night in October, leaves and geese scurrying
across the north sky, and the curb pigeons more ravenous
than ever for city corn in the cracks of the street stones.

The two policemen who picked the baby from the ash-barrel
are grayheads; they talk about going on the pension list
soon; they talk about whether the baby, surely a big man
now, votes this year for Smith or Hoover.

EDITORIAL

CONGRESS *shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting* . . . But you know the rest of the First Amendment—that is, if you are not a Methodist bishop or a Federal judge—quite as well as I do. The purport, though not the letter, of its first two strophes is that every free-born Americano shall stand clear of ecclesiastical domination, and be at liberty to serve, dodge or bamboozle Omnipotence by whatever devices appeal to his taste, or his lack of it. As the common phrase has it, church and state are separate in the Federal Union, with the province of each plainly marked out, and each forbidden to invade the province of the other. But in the common phrase, as usual, there is only wind.

The fact is that the United States, save for a short while in its infancy, while the primal infidels survived, has always diluted democracy with theocracy. Practically all our political campaigns have resolved themselves into witch-hunts by the consecrated, and all our wars have been fought to hymn tunes. It remains so to this day, despite the murrain of jazz and gin. The event of November 6 will be determined, not on political grounds, nor even on economic grounds, but mainly if not solely on theological grounds. The chief figures in the combat, for all the roaring of politicians in the foreground, are bishops and presbyters, and they have at their opponents with all the traditional ferocity of ambassadors of Christ. The thing to be decided by the plebiscite, as the typical American voter is taught to see it, is whether one gang of these holy men shall continue to run the country, or whether they shall be unhorsed and another gang put in their place.

All this, it appears, is deplored by the judicious. There are many demands that the chief sacerdotal whoopers lie down and be still. Even in the Hookworm Belt, where skeptics are as rare as monogamists on Long Island, the Baptist pastors are being urged to abate their fury, and consider the nigger question and the Beatitudes. And on the other side, unless circumstantial evidence is worthless, there is a powerful effort to hold hot-blooded young priests in check, and so prevent them making a bad situation worse. But why should it be considered bad? What is the objection to religious men taking religion seriously? I can find none in the books. Why should they not prefer, when a free choice is before them, to be governed by men holding to their own peculiar comforts and certainties, and doomed to sweat with them forever in the same Hell?

Is it a trivial matter? An irrelevant matter? Surely not to true believers. Surely not to earnest Christians. Myself completely neutral in theology, and long ago resigned to damnation, I can afford to treat it with easy philosophy. I'd as lief vote for a Catholic as for a Presbyterian; I'd as lief vote for a Quaker as for an Episcopalian—though Quakers, I confess, are almost too much for me: it takes nine Jews, six Armenians or two Greeks to undo one. I'd call it a red-letter day if the chance ever offered to vote for a Moslem, a Holy Roller, a Spiritualist, or a worm-feed, caterpiller-tread, chigger-proof, poppet-valved Lutheran of the Missouri Synod. Even my objection to Baptists is not theological. They have John the Baptist on their side when they duck their customers: the thing I object to is their doctrine that what is good enough to purge the soul is good enough to drink. (What a sect they

would be if they abandoned creeks and cow-ponds and set up vats of Pilsner!) But though I am thus happily neutral and lost, it seems to me to be quite clear that the average American remains a partisan. The theological inclinations of his forebears linger in him, though they may be buried in his unconscious. He distrusts all revelations save one. Even when, debauched by reading Tom Paine, Ingersoll and Haldeman-Julius, he comes out boldly for evolution and boasts that his grandfather was a chimpanzee, it is with reservations. Hating all the warring sects, he always hates one of them more than the rest. And to the extent of that superior hatred he remains a faithful and orthodox Christian.

Four Americans out of every five fall under this heading—perhaps even nine out of ten. The proof of it lies in the fact that every American community, large or small, continues to have its local *shaman*, admired, deferred to and revered. His pronunciamentoes are heard with grave respect. The town newspapers treat him politely. He is to the fore in all public orgies. His moral ideas, though they may be challenged, prevail. In the South he is the Baptist parson; in the Middle West he is the Methodist or some other. Coming to big towns, he is commonly a bishop, and hence able to bind and loose. Nowhere in this great land is he missing. Do I forget such Babylons as New York? Specifically, I include New York. Where else (save maybe in Boston) do all the high dignitaries of the local government drop to their knees to kiss an archepiscopal ring?

II

Thus it must be plain that the United States remains a realm of faith, and that religious questions belong properly to its public life. If they are discussed hotly, then it is only proof that Americans hold them to be important. If they smother and shut off the discussion of other questions, then it only shows that no other question is so well worth discussing.

I can see no possible objection to estimating a man by his religion, or by his lack of it. We all do it every day, and experience supports the soundness of the test. There is in all Jews, despite a great play of variation, a common quality, universally recognized. There is a like common quality in all Catholics, in all Presbyterians, in all Methodists and Baptists, in all Lutherans, and in all skeptics. Relying upon its existence, we are seldom disappointed. It would be as shocking for a Catholic to react like a Methodist as it would be for a Jew to react like a Holy Roller. When, as happens rarely, God sends the marvel, it always draws a full house. I point to the case of my old friend, Col. Patrick H. Callahan, of Louisville, Ky., a Catholic Prohibitionist, *i.e.*, a Catholic with a Methodist liver. More than once, encountering him in palaver with his fellow drys, I have observed their uneasiness. They welcome his support, and that of his 234 followers, but they feel that there is something unnatural, and hence something a bit sinister about it. They half expect him to produce a bowie knife and begin slitting their throats in the name of the Pope. If, suddenly turning Methodist altogether, he were to loose a hallelujah, nine-tenths of them would run.

The religious label, in truth, tells more about a given man than any other label, and what it tells is more apposite and momentous. All the other classifications that the art of politics attempts are artificial and unsound. The difference between honest politicians and those who have been caught is no more than a difference in bookkeeping. Plutocrats and proletarians are brothers, pursuing with equal frenzy the same dollar. Even the gap separating city men from yokels is easily bridged, at least in one direction: half the bootleggers of New York, like half the bank presidents, were born on farms. But it takes a tremendous rubbing to get the theological label off, and even then its mark remains. Convert a High Church

Episcopalian to baptism by total immersion, and he still revolts queasily against going into the tank with his fellow Baptists. Turn a Jew into an Episcopalian, and he becomes five times as Jewish as he was before. Make a Catholic of a Methodist, and he has a dreadful time keeping quiet at mass.

These differences ought to be acknowledged, taken account of, and even encouraged, not denied and concealed. They help to make life various and amusing. If Al and Lord Hoover were both sound Presbyterians, the present campaign would be as dull and witless as a love affair between a deaf girl and a blind man. It is their irreconcilable differentiation that now makes the Republic roar, and entertains a candid world. For religious disparities and enmities, being real, cannot be disposed of by weasel words. They crash through the thickest ramparts of politeness, and set off lovely sky-rockets. They have caused all the bloodiest wars of the past, and, properly encouraged in America, they will make for bigger and better campaigns. I protest formally against every effort to dispose of them.

III

Even those idealists who conscientiously deplore them—and for such opponents I have all due respect, as I have for psychic researchers, theosophists and believers in international peace—even sincere lamenters of the current fuming and fury must admit that the combat between the Ku Klux clergy and Holy Church may well achieve some salubrious effects. Each side indulges in arguments that have a pleasing persuasiveness to neutrals. On the one hand the Baptist and Methodist brethren seek to prove that a church pretending to secular authority is dangerous to free government; on the other hand the spokesmen of Holy Church argue that intolerance is a villainous pox, and discreditable to civilized man.

I can only say that I hope both sides prevail, up to and including the hilt. If they convince everybody, then there will be an uprising the next time a Catholic archbishop orders the police to put down birth-controllers, and another and greater uprising the next time a Methodist bishop attempts to blackjack a State Legislature. The antagonists argue well, and especially the Ku Kluxers. Their proofs that it would be impolitic to let the College of Cardinals run the United States are logically unanswerable. But the more they prove their case against the College of Cardinals, the more they raise up doubts about the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and all the other bands of prehensile theologians who now impose their superstitions upon the rest of us.

Thus good may flow out of what is deplored as evil. I insist, however, that it is really good. In a country so hag-ridden by fraud and bombast as this one, *any*thing is good that makes for an honest and unfettered exchange of opinion. Men are surely not at their worst when they say what they actually think, even when it is shocking to their neighbors. Our basic trouble in the United States is that nearly all our public discussion is carried on in terms of humbug, and by professional hypocrites. The typical American statesman for a decade past has been a Prohibitionist with a red nose. Certainly it can do no harm to go behind that obscene imposture to the fundamental realities, and trot them out for an airing. So I rejoice to see men deciding against Al on the frank ground that he is a Catholic, and I rejoice even more to see other men preparing to vote for him on the frank ground that they are tired of being ruled by a rabble of Baptist and Methodist witch-burners. H. L. M.

PSYCHOLOGY AS FORTUNE-TELLER

BY ARTURO F. RATTI

Choosing a job in the old days was about as simple as finding a saloon and getting a drink. All that one had to do was to pick out the particular brand of work one desired, and then go out on the prowl and fetch it. If a man didn't like what he finally landed, he was under no obligation to keep it. He simply started on the hunt once more and roamed till he found something that satisfied. And if he couldn't quite make up his mind whether God had intended him to be a Baptist preacher or a labeler of vaseline jars, he could always make sure by consulting, for a small fee, the phrenologists, physiognomists, astrologists, palmists, and fortune-tellers. Today, all these ancient vocational helps, while still frequently encountered south of the Potomac and west of the Ohio, have for the most part been shoved into the museums. In their place the New Psychology has been harnessed, and as a result job-choosing is now a science, almost as involved and intricate as differential calculus or chiropractic. Commonly referred to by its learned practitioners as Vocational Guidance, the new science of job-choosing is also known as Vocational Analysis, Personnel Research, Occupational Guidance, Occupational Direction, Vocational Enlightenment, Moral and Career Guidance, Life-Career Direction, Human Engineering, Manhood Engineering, and Manpower Research.

Courses in Manpower Research are now on sale at all the better institutions of higher learning. Usually the research is in the hands of the regular professors of psychology, though at Columbia it is being cared for by the masters of pedagogy employed at Teachers' College. At Boston University and New York University Human Engineering already fills its own private department with full professors at the wheel. At Harvard there is a Bureau of Vocational Guidance with brand new offices on the second floor of Lawrence Hall, the seat of the Graduate School of Education. In a separate room there is a special Library of the Bureau of Vocational Guidance, and in addition there are a Director, an Editor, and a workroom for Secretaries. Out at Wisconsin, while conditions aren't quite so grand, there is nevertheless a great deal of actual research plus "annual conferences of women students, and the dean of women holds daily office hours for counsel." But for the most up-to-date features one must hie to wide-awake Stanford. There Manhood Research is being pushed, not only by the psychology professors, but also by the Committee on Vocational Guidance, "which has prepared a bulletin on Vocational Information." The *chargé d'affaires* of the committee is the Appointment Secretary, who, in addition to giving guidance and mailing out the bulletin on Vocational Information, is also pledged to hand out "accurate information regarding actual opportunities," and to grind out annual "statistics covering the work accomplished."

The science of Manhood Engineering, true to the spirit of the age, is highly organized. For one thing it has scores of monograph journals, such as the *Vocational Guidance Magazine; Industrial Psychology;* the *Magazine of Manpower;* the *Vocational Library;* the *Personnel Journal;* and most recently, *Character Reading*. In addition

there is the usual constellation of learned *Vereine*, such as the American Association of Vocational Counselors, the American Institute of Vocational Guidance, the Personal Analysis Bureau, Inc., the Merton Institute, Inc., the Boston Vocational Bureau, and the National Vocational Guidance Association. Of all these the latter is the *haut monde*. It has several thousands of members, dozens of Branch Associations flung throughout the Republic, and a scintillating annual convention. Its war-cry is "Harnessing Guidance and Personnel for Service." Working hand in hand with all these high powered associations are hundreds of private Vocational Guidance Bureaux operated by the scientific Y. M. C. A., Rotary, and Kiwanis.

Service, however, is not the only goal of the New Science. Says Dr. Holmes W. Merton, V.C. (Vocational Counselor):

> The ever-increasing demand of this decade is for individual efficiency. Everywhere there is greater intensity of effort. . . . Before anything like the highest efficiency of men and women can be developed vocational training must be supplemented . . . by *vocational guidance*.

And Dr. Harry H. Balkin, a "vocational counselor and employers' advisor for ten and a half years," sometimes also known and advertised as the "Success Doctor," urges that

> you apply the principles of this New Science to your own life so that you need never be A Square Peg in a Round Hole.

According to Dr. Balkin, "the amazing new science of vocational analysis" also enables you to "size up other people at a glance." Somewhat more detailed, but also much more vivid, is the following pronuciamento by M. G. Frederickson, a V.C. from Cameron, Wis.:

> This is the Age of New Discoveries; of discarding the old for the New. Life is ever advancing, creating and expanding. This is the Natural Law. . . . Have you ever stopped to consider; that you spend the majority of your waking hours in some form of service to humanity; that the performance of this work is either tasteful or distasteful to YOUR particular Nature? Does it not then become an ALL-Important question, as, to which type of work will allow you Full Expression of Your Particular Nature; thereby producing those All-Essential elements of a harmonious Life—Happiness, Contentment, Self-satisfaction and Enthusiasm. . .? YOUR Vocational Problem CAN be solved! I am in a position to assist YOU in solving this Vital Problem—"The Choosing of a Life Career."

Beside Choosing the Life Career and producing the Harmonious Life, Manpower Research is also striving to Get It Done, as witness the following dithyrambs, plucked from the *Vocational Guidance Magazine*, organ of the N. V. G. A., and published with the imprimatur of the Harvard Graduate School of Education:

GET IT DONE

It isn't the job we intended to do
Or the labor we've just begun,
That puts us right on the balance sheet,
It's the work we have really done.

Our credit is built upon things we do
Our debit on things we shirk,
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.

Good intentions do not pay our bills,
It is easy enough to plan,
To wish is the play of an office boy,
To do is the work of a man.

II

The scientific V.C. must be *par excellence* an Expert Analyzer. Two sorts of analyses are now available—the Human Analysis and the Job Analysis. Of the two, the latter is probably the more important to the V.C., since without it he wouldn't be able to make a Human Analysis. Job Analysis, as its name indicates, is a scientific dissection of a given job. There are two distinct methods in it. The original one was applied by the celebrated Prof. Douglas Fryer, A.B., Ph.D., now gracing New York University, when he was Director of the Vocational Department of the World's Largest Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn. According to the Fryer Method, the Job Analysis is made by some high *eminentissimo* in the particular field to be analyzed. In a brief talk such an authority will naturally reveal everything that can be told. Here, for example, are a few words culled from a Job Analysis made by the Hon. W. R. Bush, one of Dr. Fryer's lecturers at the

aforementioned Brooklyn Central Y. M. C. A.:

> Salesmanship offers you a chance to attain high ideals; it will bring out the best that is in you because it demands the best of yourself. . . . The study of salesmanship will teach you to get somewhere, and how to arrive.

The next one is from the Job Analysis of Secretary Hugh Grant Straus of Abraham and Straus's, and also a Fryer co-worker:

> The department store offers the greatest opportunity in the world for the man with ideas and originality. . . . You don't have to be a man of extraordinary mental capacity to achieve success in the department store. . . . It is the man who is willing to work and make sacrifices who gets there.

And this one comes from the renowned Ivy Lee, the world's greatest authority on the science of public relations, and also a Fryer Lecturer and Y. M. C. A. Job Analyzer:

> If you undertake it [*i.e.*, public relations], you will be devoting your life to action upon the belief that the safety and the future of the world is dependent upon the carrying out of the command: "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

While this method of Job Analysis is still employed at the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., and also at Rotary and Kiwanis, its popularity seems to be skidding. The fact is that despite the scientific coolness of the several Job Analyzers, their enthusiasm for their own particular jobs always seemed to get the upper hand, and so in the end the person seeking guidance was still in doubt whether he ought to go to the department store and make sacrifices, or whether he ought to take up public relations and know the truth.

As might be expected, however, Manpower Research has risen to the occasion, and has now completely wiped out this deficiency. This was achieved by the colossal effort of Rutherford H. Platt, Jr., and Rebecca T. Farnham, who together adjusted their microscopes to determine just "what 3,000 American Occupations have to offer." I append a partial list of the 3,000 Job Analyses:

Muskrat trapper
Snake charmer
River diver
Hog raiser
Goat keeper
Rat culturist
Puffer boy
General repair blacksmith
Senator
Rough emery grinder
Bond salesman
Refrigerating oiler
Medical missionary
Clinical psychologist
Consulting dietician
Assistant superintendent of mails
Speaker of the House
Branch librarian
Cartoon maker
Dark room operator
Anesthetist
Balloon observer
Tuberculosis nurse
Soft drink manufacturer
Candlepower man
Ammonia still operator
County clerk
Tar dehydrator
Mackerel killer
Inspector of elections
Meteorological statistician
Ambassador
Bishop
Track watchman
Evangelist
Papal delegate
Gag man
House detective
Hand washer
Assistant butcher
Assistant to the commissiner of reclamation
Caddie master
Chiropodist
Chiropractor
Y.M.C.A. secretary
Animal trainer
Chewing gum manufacturer
Deputy sheriff
Dramatist
Editor
Sardine fisherman

Here is a close-up of a few jobs when viewed through the Platt-Farnham microscope:

> (5) W *Girls' Protective Officer*
>
> Attempts to protect girls from sex delinquency by bringing home runaways, showing joys of straight, narrow path to stubborn, wayward girls, keeps vigilant eye on future development of past offenders, in schools, employment or social life. Employed by protective leagues for girls in coöperation with or directly under the courts of city government; Church Mission of Help of Episcopal Church also has openings. $1,200–$3,500 a year.

(2) MW *Church Soloist*

Where many *concert singers, opera singers* began their vocal career. Small, if any remuneration, but good training, good publicity for concert work.

10 M *General Y.M.C.A. Secretary*

Manhood engineer. Chief executive over staff of from three to thirty men; organizes them so that he may turn most of his attention to larger religious, educational, social problems; makes public contacts. . . . Should make himself community leader, adapting use of his Association to particular problems of its community. . . . $2,000–$5,000.

That the New Science is not without the spirit of the uplift is clearly evident in the Job Analyses turned out by the Hon. Matthew Hale Wilson, S.B., B.D., A.M., professor of psychology at Park College, Parkville, Mo. They are based primarily on the scientific questionnaire method. Here are just a few of the hundreds of questions listed by Prof. Wilson in his *magnum opus*, "Vocational Guidance." Each question, as he says, concerns a Major Profession:

Should a farmer loan a set of harness to a neighbor?

Is it right for the hired man to eat at the table with the rest of the family?

Why is it unfair to grow a hedge fence by the road?

If the constable is of an inferior character, will he lessen the respect of the children for the law?

If a hog shows signs of cholera, is it right to sell the others?

Is the postman entitled to a place . . . to eat his dinner?

Where are the best baseball teams, and why?

Where are the greatest criminals generally found?

What men are prominent in the Anti-Saloon League?

What is the attitude of the Y.M.C.A. toward the use of liquors?

Does modern business unfit a woman for motherhood?

Ought business women to form trade unions?

What women have gained prominence through the W.C.T.U.?

What is the place of Service in business?

Is honesty with a banker an abstract principle?

Are your funds safe with a heavy drinker?

Why are the editorials in a newspaper so important?

Are there many times when the wife of a reporter has to trust him implicitly?

Are there peculiar reasons why editors should speak the truth?

Does the minister do right in abstaining from smoking?

What should a minister do in case a majority of the members of this church favor saloons?

When should another doctor be called?

Why are specialists needed in charity work?

Can you give good reasons why a young husband should carry insurance?

Not all Job Analyses are concerned with the Job itself. Here, for example, are a few of the Research Topics in the New Science, as thought up by Vocational Guide John M. Brewer, B.Sc., A.M., Ph.D., author of "Oral English," and "The Vocational Guidance Movement," and also associate professor of education at Harvard:

What kind of work do young children do?

Can destiny be changed?

How can the blind alley be opened. . .?

Interview secretaries of associations or pastors of churches, to find out what work in vocational guidance they are doing.

Prepare plans for using history for vocational guidance purposes.

Investigate the books in the library. Are enough of them related to occupational life?

Outline a plan for a vocational-guidance survey of your community.

Propose a valid test to determine a pupil's ability to follow directions.

Outline plans which you intend to try to carry out as your contribution to the cause of industrial betterment.

The most recent bit of Job Analysis Research, however, comes not from the Harvard laboratories, but from those of Michigan. It was turned out and fully described by Dr. Grace E. Manson. Its title is "What Can the Application Blank Tell?" Here is the doctor's answer for those seeking guidance who are "aged twenty-five and under:"

It is favorable:

(1) To be married.
(2) To have one or more dependents.
(3) To carry $5,000 or more of life insurance.
(4) To belong to three or more different clubs.

Above thirty it appears to be fatal "to carry less than $5,000 of life insurance." Also for vocational success one should "join five or more clubs."

Human Analyses vary somewhat, but they all start out the same way, *viz.*, by a Human Analysis Test. Of these several hundred have so far been manufactured. They all work on the same principles as the celebrated tests of the MM. Binet and

Simon except that they don't reveal an individual's hidden I. Q. but his "success prospects in a given job." Here are a few of the latest Human Analysis Tests available for a few cents at the Bureau of Public Personnel Administration, Washington, D. C.:

Food Inspector
Patrolman
Senior Library Assistant, Circulation Department
Plumber
Female Playground Supervisor
Vegetable Gardner
Private Branch Exchange Operator
Automobile Driver
Pathologist.

All of these tests are furnished with "stencils for scoring." The most recent Human Analysis Test is the one invented for nascent Federal dry agents, but, unfortunately, it has not yet been made public.

III

Though these Human Analysis Tests are all strictly standardized and guaranteed to produce the same magical and unfailing results whether applied in Port au Prince or in Yonkers, N. Y., the Human Analysis art as a whole is by no means so rigid. Indeed, for a science, there is here an astonishing amount of discrepancy. But such variance, of course, is found in every great branch of learning. As in medicine, Human Engineering must have its specialists, who, while they accept all the general axioms of their profession, nevertheless are privy also to some private tricks of their own. Such a man is Joseph William Lerman, "Mentologist and Vocational Counselor," of Brooklyn, N. Y. Here are a few of this V.C.'s specialties as advertised on his professional stationery:

Scientific analysis of character and capability.
Advice regarding vocational fitness and child training.
Delineations by appointment.
Lectures.

His extra specialty is the "graphological analysis":

If you want to improve yourself and learn for what work you are best fitted, have a graphological analysis made. . .

As the physician recognizes a disease by its symptoms, such as fever, eruptions, swellings, inflammations, irregularities, etc., so the graphologist recognizes mental traits by handwriting symptoms or the peculiarities discernible.

This always seems to put the candidates for bigger pay on the right track:

The graphologist who is skilled in his art can determine the dominant elements in a given specimen of penmanship, interpret therefrom the character and capabilities of the writer and offer suggestions for self-improvement and valuable advice on vocational ability.

Curiously enough, all these marvels are not beyond the average pocketbook:

If you desire a typewritten analysis of your mental and moral traits, together with advice regarding the trade, business or profession you are best adapted for, send $5 with a letter of at least 100 words (the more the better) in your usual handwriting, telling age and whether married or single. Use unruled paper. Write anything—some anecdote or experience—real or fancied, in short paragraphs, but do not quote or copy.

Specializing along a different tack is Vocational Counselor M. C. Frederickson, of Cameron, Wis., whose work in Manpower Research I have already mentioned. A member of the American Association of Vocational Counselors, this V.C. takes great pains to warn prospective customers against such decadent vocational helps as astrology and palmistry which, as he says, "have been found UNRELIABLE as to principle, and UNSATISFACTORY as to results." In their place he has invented his own, or the M. C. F. System of Vocational Guidance. He says:

My System of Vocational Guidance—YOUR VOCATIONAL INDICATORS—will enable you to discover the peculiarities of YOUR Emotional Nature, so that you may KNOW in just which Field of Activity this Nature desires expression and development. . . . I realize the IMPORTANCE of employing RESULT PRODUCING Methods in determining upon your Life Career; therefore I feel certain that you will make no mistake enrolling for this system.

To make his counsel available to faraway customers, Mr. Frederickson makes "Vocational Guidance by Mail a Specialty." And, strangely enough, he charges even less than does the altruistic Mentologist Lerman:

> Many courses in Vocational Guidance cost five to ten times as much as my fee, and still they do not produce satisfactory results. It is my wish and desire that every Individual seeking Vocational Advice obtain this Course; and I have made this possible by reason of my nominal charge for this Service—$2.00 postpaid!

In return for this sum, "the Lessons come to you, printed in manuscript form, and neatly bound." Thrown in free is an iron-clad Money-Back-If-Not-Satisfied Guarantee.

Greater even than Mentologist Lerman and Counselor Frederickson is Vocational Guide Katherine M. H. Blackford, M.D., who with Arthur Newcomb serves up the New Science in Greater New York. By writing several books on the subject Dr. Blackford has clearly proved that she knows all about the New Vocational Guidance. In one of them, "The Right Job," there is a foreword by no less an authority than Dr. Charlie Schwab. Though the Blackford *chef d'œuvre* lists only some 1400 vocations, these "are subdivided according to types, so you can see in what vocation your boy (or yourself) will find the greatest success." Analysis is the doctor's specialty. Her precise *modus operandi* is fully described in a little brochure known as "Frank Answers to Straight Questions." Herewith I list a few of the Frank Answers with the corresponding Straight Questions:

> *Q.* Of what does an analysis consist?
>
> *A.* A detailed description of your physical organization, intellectual traits and talents, disposition, faults, weaknesses, deficiencies, special abilities, social nature, and vocational aptitudes; advice as to health, self-improvement, education, training, social and domestic relations (if desired), and vocation; together with answers to your own questions.
>
> *Q.* Why shouldn't I know my own talents better than anyone else?
>
> *A.* Because you are too close to your problem. . . . Suppose Mischa Elman had never even seen or heard of a violin. He would have had no way of even suspecting his genius.
>
> *Q.* Granted that I do need vocational advice, why should I consult Dr. Blackford?
>
> *A.* Because she has spent more than twenty years in study and experience on this one problem; because she is recognized, internationally, as . . . *the* authority on this subject; because her knowledge and judgment are so highly regarded that large corporations retain her to advise in the selection of their executives and other important employés; because the majority of her clients come to her as the result of enthusiastic urging by those who have tried her advice . . .; because thousands of men and women are successful and happy through following her advice.

Guidance may be given through a personal interview, or in the case of remote customers, from "photographs and data." In either case, however, the fee is only $25. The age of the person to be guided apparently makes little difference:

> A new-born babe can be analyzed. . . . A child of seven can be analyzed in much more detail, and counsel can be given . . . in a broad general way as to vocation. A youth of fourteen to seventeen can be analyzed fully . . . with fairly definite counsel as to vocation. At any age above seventeen the best time is immediately. However, many of Dr. Blackford's clients consult her for reanalysis and more advice every two or three years—and say that they find it beneficial.

Dr. Blackburn's only rival in Manhattan is Dr. Holmes W. Merton, V.C., president and dean of the Merton Institute, Inc., with an advisory committee of thirty-six, including such dignitaries as M. L. Havey, vice-president of the Celluloid Company, D. L. Hedges, advertising manager of *Good Housekeeping Magazine*, N. L. Scofield, Treasurer of E. R. Squibb & Sons, and the Rev. S. Taggert Steele, Jr., of Grace and St. Peter's Church, Baltimore. The Manpower Research of Dr. Merton is strictly up-to-date. It is even advertised daily in the eminent New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*. The Merton Method is also called Scientific Vocational Analysis. It is guaranteed to "show you how to win success by making use of your neglected talents."

> Not one person in ten is engaged in the kind of work he or she ought to be doing! . . . The trouble lies in the fact that few of us are really *acquainted with ourselves!* That is what a Merton Reading does for you—makes you *know yourself*. . . . Very often our readings disclose astonishing abilities in our subjects—talents that have never developed because the subjects themselves were not aware of their existence! Who knows but what you have similar endowments, requiring only cultivation in order to make you a conspicuous leader?

The Merton Method is the very latest in the New Science. It is

based on the age-old principle that the face reflects the character and abilities of the individual. A person's "mental habits" and relative position in the human scale are very clearly indicated in the features. . . . You recognize the "strong mouth" or the "weak chin" instantly. These are quite general signs. But only through the Merton Method are you able to read the face scientifically—to determine accurately the aptitudes of the individual.

Dean Merton has compiled more than 38,000 delineations, and spent "more than forty years in scientific research." His Merton Charts, it appears, are also the very latest applications of science to Vocational Guidance. They "prove conclusively that the local regions of the face are under a constant mental influence, which controls their size." These the Merton staff analyzes, and thus "the vocational counselor is able to determine the vocation for which that person is best fitted." Besides the Merton Charts, Dr. Merton has created an up-to-date Vocational Service Department. Here the customer gets not only his Vocational Analysis, which "is a cold, analytical examination," but also obtains a "report of the consultation." This "includes the chart which contains the rating of his abilities and weak points, and a typewritten synopsis of the main points of vocational advice and directions." In addition, Dr. Merton altruistically throws in "*free vocational counsel* for a year in the solution of new problems." Like Counselor Blackford, Counselor Merton has made provision "for those who live at distant points," by making analyses from their photographs. This is known as the photo-analysis:

It is not necessary to have an expensive photograph taken. Our best analyses are made from post-card pictures (two views, full face and profile) measuring about two inches from crown of head to chin. Your local post-card photographer will make these pictures at small cost. Tell him to omit the retouching.

Naturally, there is a great demand for the Merton Service. True, there are always some doubting Thomases "who find it difficult to believe that the Merton Method really accomplishes the things we claim." But these ignoramuses, as President and Dean Merton has pointed out, were the people who "formerly doubted that the earth was round . . . and later on questioned the practical utility of steam and electricity." Fortunately, however, the doubting scoffers are in a minority.

Executives and successful men in all lines of activity avail themselves of our Service Department. Many of these men have earning capacities ranging from $8,000 to $25,000 a year. They come to us, not with a view of changing their vocations, but merely to get an inventory of their limitations and weak points. The more high-powered a man is, the more concerned he is with regard to his abilites, and knowing these, he is better able to develop them to his own advantage and profit.

In addition to the high-powered men, Counselor Merton has guided college graduates, insurance agents, administrators, clergymen, salesmen, sociological students, engineers, business executives, business counselors, authors, portrait painters, detectives, parents, lawyers, and physicians. The doctor also gives lectures on guidance to great corporations and executives. These talks, it appears, "can unfortunately be enjoyed only by the few." But under very special conditions copies of some of the lectures are given away free to regular matriculants in the Merton Vocational Guidance Service. Dr. Merton's price is the same as Dr. Blackford's—$25. Those clients who don't want the year's free vocational counsel can have the analysis for $15, which is also the price charged for the photo-analysis. Every reading is guaranteed to have been made by Dr. Merton himself, who, again like his competitor, Dr. Blackford, is "recognized as the leading authority in vocational matters."

IV

The real center of the New Science, however, is not New York, but Chicago. This is the home of *Character Reading*, which, though a newcomer among magazines, is already doing for vocational guidance

what *Psychology* is doing for the improvement of the mind. Its editor is Edna Purdy Walsh, who with a staff of assistants, among whom there are an M.D. and a V.C., is always ready to give you an Exhaustive Analysis. This, it seems,

> will save you thousands in securing your right work. . . . It will show you your natural *talents* which you should develop further. . . . There is no such thing as failure. It seems that that is when you are doing other men's work—that is all. A man's true work is heaven on earth. His wrong work is illness, poverty, and discord.

For the Exhaustive Analysis, Editor Walsh and her staff must know certain things about you:

> We are not tailors. We want facts and we want to give YOU facts. . . . Vocations cannot be trifled with. . . . We want to hear from you at length. Sit down and write eight or ten pages. Do not leave out your exact name at birth or your exact year and date of birth. Be sure your dates are correct and your figures clear. Photographs should be front and side view, if possible a snapshot of your clothed figure taken outdoors. A sample of hair, thirty lines of handwriting on *unruled* paper. If possible the hour of birth and a list of your different names should be . . . given. An account of one or more dreams which stand out in your memory. Give a brief account of your early life . . . state of nerves, etc.

So that the candidate for the right job will not omit anything important a questionnaire is also included. I append a few of the questions:

> Name?
> Address?
> Age?
> Height?
> Weight?
> Present Occupation?
> Full name at birth?
> Color of eyes?
> Complexion?
> Length of index finger?
> What work have you done in the past?
> Have you any physical defects?
> Do you feel rested after sleep?
> Have you various pains which come and go?
> Have you any teeth with dead nerves?
> What is your chief recreation?
> Do your palms perspire when you call on people?

There are several more titillating questions, but unfortunately they cannot be cited here. The correct answer to every one of them gives an idea of what the candidate is best fitted for in life.

Beside editing her magazine and running her guidance bureau in conjunction with her staff, Counselor Walsh also gives private analyses. These, obviously, cannot be as detailed as those just mentioned. But apparently they are guaranteed to be just as infallible as even the most comprehensive Human Analysis. They are based on the well-known fact that the human clay can be sliced into chemical elements. Says Counselor Walsh:

> There are chemical reasons why we like our work. . . . While each chemical type has ability to succeed in many directions, there is nevertheless a chemical "affinity" for certain kinds of work.

All that the Vocational Chemist has to do, therefore, is to determine the chemical type of his customer. There are twenty-one different chemical types. Here are some of them, as ascertained by the Walsh research methods:

> The potassium man is a born salesman.
> The quick sodium man, if of large build, has a genius for work with lumber.
> The airy oxygen man finds his genius in talking and promoting.
> The hydrogen woman has an affinity for fine needlework.
> The charming sulphur woman knows the right china for every occasion.
> Carbon types not only know their candy, but are successful in business handling carbon in cakes, foods, etc.

Chicago is also the home of the Vibration System of Vocational Analysis.

> What is music—but vibration? What is the hum of the factory—but vibration? What is the hurry of the business office but vibration? What is everything in life? IT IS VIBRATION.

The Vibration System "points unerringly to your life work." All that is needed is an analysis:

> Your name! Your handwriting! Your birthday! are no exceptions to this great law. They reveal the self you may try to hide. They tell of the hidden beauty in you, you may not realize. They tell of your purpose here.

A Vibration Analysis is a "guide for your entire life to the fulfillment of its purpose on earth." Apparently such an analysis will always lead the right man to

the right job. Curiously enough, it's not at all difficult to get a Vibration Analysis:

> Tell us in your own handwriting your name, just as your mother gave it to you, the names you have used since, your nick-names, and your exact birthday.

The price of this magical analysis and guidance is only one dollar—and this includes a free duplicate copy of all the tests.

The most recent development in the New Science is also indigenous to Chicago. It is known and advertised as the Personal Analysis Bureau, Inc. Though still in its swaddling-clothes, the Personal Analysis Bureau is already on the way to Big Things. Fully cognizant of all the latest developments in Manpower Research, it is ready to render service, for an inconsequential fee, at a moment's notice. Its specialty, of course, is Human Analysis. Its job, however, is thorough, for it strives to interpret all the available data, as witness:

> First—what you think of yourself. Second—what your most intimate acquaintances think of you. Third—what the trained psychologist thinks of you.

All this is done *via* the questionnaire method and the United States mail. The Bureau "gives you the results." In addition, it gives to the candidate for the Right Job "a series of carefully prepared tests." As might be expected, the new movement is in the hands of scientific and competent counselors, such as Dr. Forrest A. Kingsbury of the University of Chicago, "one of America's leading applied psychologists;" Counselor John L. Stenquist, Ph.D., director of educational research in the Baltimore Public Schools; and Counselor Edward K. Strong, Jr., Ph.D., professor of psychology at Stanford.

V

But great as are all the Vocational Guides so far mentioned, their achievements become dim, indeed, when compared with the colossal work of Alfred Ernest George Hall, M.D., Ps.D., LL.D., D.H.L., M.Sc.D., F.Ps.A., and C.P. While Dr. Hall is not a regular citizen of Chicago, one of his main offices is located in that eminent town. Beside devoting himself to the pursuit of scientific knowledge, he also finds time to do his bit for the *intelligentzia*. He is advertised as a

> physician, psychologist, editor, author, lecturer, honored by universities the world over, dean of the American Academy of Psychological Research, international president of the International Society of Mental Light, London, England, and a fellow of medical and psychological societies on three continents.

Since the doctor is a medico as well as a psychologue, he naturally knows a great deal about Human Engineering. For those who seek his guidance in vocational matters he has written a brochure which he poetically calls "Real Living." This costs only $1, but it gives more than a generous dose of vocational counsel. For those who can afford to invest $5, he has flung on paper his "Letters of Advice and Direction." This is destined

> For those who are failures.
> For those who desire success.
> For those who want to know their right vocation.
> For those who feel the need of guidance.

Naturally, the Letters reveal much more about the New Science than does "Real Living"—loaded with knowledge as the latter may be. The doctor's transcendental contribution to Vocational Guidance, however, is a keen analytical discussion of man's "thirty-two definite and distinct mental manifestations." This gigantic *opus* may be had *via* the correspondence method. Its cost is only $15. It is dedicated to "the thinking American public," which, he is convinced,

> is willing to accept a real opportunity. The thinking people of today desire to know more of themselves, more of their mental equipment, more of things to make use of for the benefit of themselves.

In the thirty-two "definite and distinct mental manifestations," Dr. Hall considers such vocational indices as

> The 4 wishes of man.
> The 8 characters of man.

The 7 wills.
The 4 interests.
The 3 instincts of life.
The question of birth.
The problem of sex.
The problem of success.
The power of pleasure.
The problem of living.

Should the candidate for vocational guidance have some doubts about the helpful qualities of the doctor's counsel, he is advised to get another book:

> For those who would know more of this service and a brief description of this most advanced and completely proved scientific foundation . . . write for "The Thirty-two."

This costs only a quarter.

There used to be a time when the man without at least a little cash had to forego the beneficient help of a professional analysis. Those days, however, are now over, thanks to the much-needed research of Counselor Douglas Fryer, Ph.D., who, as I have said, was once director of Vocational Guidance at the Brooklyn Central Y. M. C. A., but who is now active at New York University as professor and executive head of psychology. Dr. Fryer is plainly a man of great learning. He studied under the late President G. Stanley Hall of Clark, in the days when it was a real university and not the combination penitentiary and high-school that it is today. Then he is an associate editor of *Industrial Psychology, the Magazine of Manpower*, and, finally, he is one of the few vocational guides who has actually studied the American at close range. This he did as a Red Cross captain in the recent war to end war. With such advantages, and with the help also of Harry Dexter Kitson, Ph.D., professor of education at Columbia, of his wife Lorine Pruette Fryer, Ph.D., and of twenty-one leading business specialists in New York City, he has perfected the Vocational Self-Guidance System. In this system the first thing to do is "to choose a personality." To help the candidate analyze himself Dr. Fryer has thoughtfully supplied a few questions:

Am I a student of myself?
Am I temperate in eating?
Do I seek advice as to color, style, fit of clothes, etc.?
Have I a gracefulness suiting my physique?
Do I frequently smile?
Has my bearing a dignity suiting my build?
Do I systematize my life by scientific methods?
Am I able to "drive"?
Do I find myself optimistic?
Is my life planned so that I feel I am controlling my destiny?
Do people seek my society? Do I make them feel comfortable and happy?
Am I a good sport?
Can I be a good fellow sometimes?
Have I the service idea as well as the self idea?
Can I manage people?
Can I tell when a lady's hair is arranged becomingly?
Can I smile when people differ from me?
Am I at ease in meeting people?
Do I know a refined person from a boor?
Have I a cultivated and pleasing voice?

After the Personality Analysis comes the Vocational Analysis. Then comes a hunt for the candidate's I. Q. with the standard Binet-Simon yard stick. So that the candidate may do all the analysing himself, he is supplied with the right answers. The next step is to listen to some authoritative Job Analyses, preferably of the Y. M. C. A. brand. The final step in Self-Guidance is known as "Sales Methods." Says Dr. Fryer:

> Hard work and pep are required to run any sales campaign, and the selling of one's own qualifications is the highest type of service selling. . . . *The first principle in running this personality sales business of ours is to know the product.* . . . We must be prepared to take *without hesitation* general intelligence tests, aptitude tests, or trade tests. To express an opinion derogatory to their value would be fatal. . . .
>
> *The second principle in running our personality sales business is to use the best methods for selling the product.*

And the last principle, of course, is to be the Right Man in the Right Job. Such a man is the one who has been either analyzed or self-analyzed. He is the one who

> will never set out upon his vocational voyage in an unseaworthy vessel. . . . He will then seek out for himself the compass of a determined purpose. . . . Having found the compass of a purpose which will point to his vocational ideal, he will take the wheel and steer his course by the chart of his enlightened self-interest. Equipped with chart and compass, with full steam ahead, through the langorous Summer days or against the "north easter," he will steer for that distant port which represents his vocational achievement.

MID-WESTERN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

The motor lights spin out in a long, stabbing, shimmering line that disappears beyond the farthest hill. If your speed is too slow they rush by with a raucous, insistent honking, a whir of noise and a rush of air, a sudden moment of clamorous voices and high-pitched laughter. Along the concrete highway at intervals are signs: "Fred Schultz Post of the American Legion—Dance Sunday Night—The Altoona Opera House." An arrow points the way, but it is unnecessary, since you are inevitably caught in the noisy stream that converges on a crude, frame building that bristles with light and sound, the shuffle of many feet over a floor none too smooth, the strangled cacophonies of a rustic jazz orchestra. From the groups around the nearby parked cars comes loud, unSabbath-like laughter; the crude, warm smell of raw alcohol is in the air; and the glare from the dance-hall glints on upturned bottles.

Scarcely two blocks up the street, in the gloomy sanctuary of the First M. E. Church, a noble little band engages in a defeatist retreat from the Devil, seeking to raise their voices in solemn song above the penetrating strains of "Maybe Not At All." Of late years this heroic band has tended to grow smaller and smaller, despite the fact that its pastor still presents impressive statistics as to the increase of his flock at the District Conference. Flank movements and night attacks against the encroachments of Satan have been left more and more to the stern and faithful elders, while spryer, less docile souls have toyed with the new sins. Everywhere there is growing discontent with the thundered dogmas that were formerly the principal beguilements of the mid-Western night. The denizen of the hinterland exhibits an increasingly restless eagerness for diversion. He has looked upon the celluloid fleshpots of Cecil B. DeMille, and now the yearly spectacle offered by the brothers Ringling is a mere palliative, whereas once it satisfied his every demand for the bizarre and the exotic, the strange and the adventurous. He yearns today for the very latest in wicked entertainment, and great industries have grown up to give him what he wants. There are cabarets in Kansas City, Kansas, and Davenport, Iowa, and the Varsity Drag reaches Little Rock about as soon as it does Philadelphia.

The prairie clergy try hard to explain away this growing antinomianism in what was formerly their Eden. Henry Ford and the crime wave receive about equal shares of the blame. The movies are excoriated. At one time there was also a great deal of talk about "post-war hysteria," and when this hypothesis grew slightly shopworn, the gentlemen of the cloth announced that the fever had been allayed, that the long coveted normalcy of the late Warren Gamaliel Harding had at last been reached. Having uttered this pronouncement, they presently found themselves facing a new and worse revolt, and it continues to alarm and engage them to this day.

Thus the Middle West plunges on in its relentless search for bigger and better ways to have fun. It rides always, as fast and as far as possible; it never walks. The flivver has long since usurped the rôle of the old homestead in melodramas of the

farm. When every other form of diversion fails, you can always "just go riding." It is a common phrase on the prairies: "just riding." The highways are crowded; a plague of gaudy hot-dog stands panders to the passing thousands; a scrofulous rash of ice-cream igloos and gasoline cathedrals has become epidemic and is apparently inescapable. It doesn't matter in the least where you go. In Summer you can circle the park, drive out to the end of the paving, and then start all over again, and you can do this ten, twenty, thirty times, just so you keep moving.

This, say the pastors, is innocent enough diversion, commendable even. They see hellish portents, however, in those dark and shrouded cars that are parked along the outskirts of town and in the distant country lanes. If you are "just riding" it offers a slight variation to pass as close to one of these parked cars as safety permits and flash your spotlight into its dark and mysterious interior, often with the satisfaction of calling forth shouted curses from the enraged occupants.

Again, the car itself—any car—is an inexhaustible subject of conversation: its perfections, its eccentricities, its special capacities. Let no one suppose that the motor-car has yet become a commonplace of mid-Western existence, even though the *per capita* ownership steadily mounts. So long as the manufacturers obligingly offer new models, it will remain an engrossing toy. The latest compilation of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce shows that of the 23,000,000 cars in the United States 56% are owned in towns of less than 10,000 population or on farms, and it may be safely hazarded that the bulk of these are in the Middle West.

II

Your true Middle-Western rustic never balks at a little hardship or inconvenience in his search for pleasure. A drive of seventy, eighty, even a hundred miles is nothing if at the end there is a promise of agreeable sin. Around the larger towns and cities a complexity of allures has sprung up, ranging from open-air dance pavilions to greyhound race-tracks. The latter have had a vast vogue about certain centers, drawing the yokelry in for miles about, and their profits are amazing. Whole families swarm over the grandstand while timorous husbands wager the egg money. Numerous other sporting spectacles are offered. A majority of the wheat and corn States have laws against prize-fights, but they are evaded by technicalities. The combats are called boxing-matches and thus come within the law, or they are given under the auspices of a club, or more commonly, by the American Legion and so dodge prosecution.

There is scarcely a town of any size in the Middle West that does not have its municipal bathing-pool or public beach on lake or river. Here the crowd disports itself of hot Summer nights beneath the white glare of overhead flood lights, and the sinful one-piece bathing suit is as glaringly in evidence and as irrevocably revealing as at Coney Island or Atlantic City. Often the pool is scarcely more than a bathtub, but again it may have an almost Roman splendor of green and white tiles, with elaborate steel diving-towers and colored lights that play beneath the waters. In several instances ambitious entrepreneurs have gone far afield to create new appetites. An attempt has been made to popularize the Basque game, *jai alai*, as a commercial spectacle. Seductive awards for idiotic competitions are offered by dance-hall proprietors; cars and even made-to-order bungalows are raffled off.

Behind all these new forms of entertainment is the never-failing resource of the movies. They flicker on forever in converted opera-houses and dingy auditoriums to the accompaniment of vigorously thumped pianos, mainly out of tune. They are cheap—the admission charge varies from fifteen to forty cents, rarely more—and in the majority of small mid-Western towns the bill is changed nightly

here is scarcely a citizen, even in the most emote fastness, who is not within conenient flivver distance of one or more of nese palaces of art. A picture may be a mplete failure in the big cities and yet raw well for one night stands in the small wns. In many instances, the shows seem o have an almost narcotic effect. There re men and women in every town, and ften a considerable number, who go night fter night, year in and year out, barring cts of God and the failure of the afternoon ain to deliver the film in time for the vening performance. Others, slightly ore critical, wait for the appearance of neir favorites, of Tom Mix or Clara Bow.

It is a curious fact that before the advent f Elder Hays, when the State censorships ere still lax, the rustic audiences often ot the full savour of Hollywood's lusts scenes eliminated by zealous local upfters for the moral good of metropolitan udiences. Naturally, the bucolic clergy lewed all this with a fine professional arm. In instances where their own censorhip could not be made effective, they ought gently to guide erring souls away om the more lascivious offerings of the reen. Some years ago, for example, the *pworth Herald*, the official organ of the Epworth League, published in Chicago and ad all over the Middle West, sought to t up a guide to pictures that the editor nsidered "clean, entertaining, and inpiring." "Movies are sometimes degradg; the same can be said for pianos and rinting presses," was his profound anouncement. "But by the same token, these achines may become mighty weapons for olift," he added optimistically. Twelve ctures were given editorial approval in he first of these attempts to purge and enoble the cinema. Of this number, one dealt ith the activities of the Methodist Book oncern, two with Biblical subjects, two ere of the type called "educational," one as a comic cartoon, and the others were drama." The latter included "Black eauty," "The Courtship of Miles Stansh," and "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." But Elinor Glyn's "It" still has the edge over "Black Beauty" in the prairie towns, and all forms of sin continue to be commercially profitable.

In a past, not so far distant, when the path of the mid-Western reformer was bestrewn with obstacles, he could always turn to the American home as the everlasting rock of all things holy and good. True enough, the saloon, the brothel and the gambling hell also existed, but in the Middle West they were remote, and did not compete with the home. As the moral guardian over this inviolate sanctuary stood the lovely figure of American womanhood.

But now, young Mrs. Babbitt ignores her rôle. She declines to be a symbol of wooden respectability. This revolt had its beginning—there are many who defend the theory—when young George began making homebrew in the basement. The noxious fumes of alcohol, so the theory goes, pervaded the entire sanctuary, and inevitably corrupted the pattern and guardian of mid-Western virtue. But however you may regard this fall, it is undoubtedly true that young Mrs. Babbitt is a more enlivening companion than her mother before her. Today, indeed, a party at the Babbitts' differs from one in Greenwich Village only in the quality of the drinks.

For such a party, and they are not infrequent, the more perishable bric-a-brac is put away and the rugs in the living-room are rolled back. The curtains are discreetly drawn, little Annabel is safely immured in her room at the rear of the house, and George descends to the basement immediately after dinner. There, in a labyrinth of rubber tubing, jars and bottles, capping-machines and tea-kettles, in what was originally intended as a room for storing fruits and vegetables, the final labors of the vintner are performed. There are delicate rites of measuring, pouring and testing; fat bottles of pale and rather cloudy looking beer are brought forth from dark cupboards; as a matter of precaution, the white grape wine is restrained.

With the arrival of the guests, the line of cars in the side driveway lengthens. Mrs. Babbitt gives boisterous greeting and sends the men down to join George in the basement. But they are not long allowed to enjoy that cool and gloomy retreat. "What are you boys trying to do," Mrs. Babbitt calls down, "drink up all of George's homebrew? Bring it up!" The radio blares on and there is dancing of a sort. The more ardent bridge-players organize a game. The one maid having been given the evening off, George is put to work in the kitchen. Someone has brought a quart of gin, and the sound of the cocktail-shaker blends with the clink of glasses and the pop of George's very potent homebrew, which has been known to explode on occasion with thunderous violence and must be handled with extreme care. Ed Slater's wife tells the one she heard at her sister's in Omaha the day before and the party is in full swing.

George's father has got into the habit of dropping in, alone of course, on these little gatherings, as though just by accident to pay a call, and he enjoys them hugely, although, if you draw him aside, his face will lengthen, and he will tell you that he is really not a little worried about all this drinking. But then, he adds philosophically, what are you going to do about it, now that there is Prohibition? The party breaks up at one o'clock or not long after, with nothing more serious to record than a cigarette burn on the white enamel mantel, three broken wine glasses, and an unconfirmed rumor that Ed Slater kissed Mrs. Hodges in the upstairs hall, leaving George and his wife to clear away the débris lest the maid get an exaggerated idea of the night's entertainment.

III

This, of course, in the parlance of the Middle West, is the Younger Married Set. The gaiety at their table at the country club is always a little shrill and dominant, their dancing slightly uncertain. The women smoke, drink, and even, the rumo is, play bridge for money. In age they a anywhere from twenty to forty. If it virtue you are definitely bent on findin of course, you will still be able to find in large chunks. The fact is, howeve that it is this same younger married s that fixes the pattern, that sets the styl and establishes the vogue for more sophi ticated peccadilloes. Young George mother has of late contented herself wit the resigned declaration that, "Well, yo father and I, when we were first marrie didn't need those things to have a goo time." She smoked a cigarette the othe day, too, with a kind of bravado, just t show George and his wife that she reall wasn't afraid. Her time is quite taken u with bridge. The women of her club mee one night a week to play, and usually, o two or three other evenings, there mixed bridge. Work and Whitehead hav become her major prophets. She still balks however, at mixed drinking. She like to believe that the young people are no really given to tippling quite as much a is made out. This is one illusion to whic she clings tenaciously.

Dry parties, parties that do not begi with cocktails, are very rare in the Middl West of today. Heavily loaded punch i almost essential at weddings, and to re main sober during a convention, say, o on New Year's Eve would certainly caus gossip. This latter fact the worthy elder of the Epworth League discovered to thei own confusion so long ago as 1925, whe they met at Dallas to discuss the state o the nation.

The New Year's Eve revellers i wicked Dallas offended the brethren, wh denounced the revels in the time-wor phrase, as an insult to American woman hood. Men and women it appeared, wer intoxicated, used profanity, and engage in obscene dancing on the streets, an some sort of official censure for the city o Dallas was hotly advocated. But other more realistic worthies called attentio to the lamentable fact that similar carnal

ies went on in practically every other own in the land and advised the dele- ates to set their own houses in order. When the issue was brought to a vote, a e resulted, with many tactfully refrain- ng from voting.

Meanwhile, there is much talk in the Middle West about drinking among the oung—the very young, that is.

These flaming youths share the vast urplus energy that finds its outlet in so any fantastic and almost incredible activ- ies. To generations wrestling with a ecalcitrant prairie the setting sun signaled release from labor and the beginning f a profound rest, unbroken except by ertain bucolic diversions indulged on aturday nights, or by procreative urges. Now, however, it merely announces the eginning of a new and feverish activity, release for the energies unexpended dur- ng the day.

Out of this excess of energy has grown a ewildering complex of clubs, lodges, and randiose orders of every sort, with as- ounding parades, processions, and initi- tory orgies, and butchers and automobile echanics arrayed in plumed hats and lver-gilt swords. The motor-car has given new impetus to these activities; it has rought remote towns and even States into ontact. Neighboring lodges of Odd Fel- ows unite in pontifical rites; the Ottumwa lks journey by motor cavalcade to put on n initiation in Oskaloosa; boosters from he capital tour the State in emblazoned ars.

In the secret shrines of many club ouses, particularly those with a social urpose more exclusively, there are bars, n connection with which, not infre- uently, a more or less indigent member as taken over the bootlegging conces- ion. These bars are centers of roistering hat frequently breaks over into open rawling.

They take the place of the speakeasies of he larger cities. Such phenomena of fan- astically released energy never fail to im- ress the foreign visitor to the hinterland. He stares at the long lines of motor-cars; he looks in at the crowded dancing-pa- vilions; and he observes the throngs that flock to the movies and to all sorts of ath- letic contests. One may read his observa- tions in the local newspaper the following morning. "Your amazing energy! Truly astounding. Now, in the provinces in England . . ."

If loud denunciations from the Uplift in the face of all these evidences of change, it must not be concluded that the fight has been abandoned. As attendance at mid-week prayer meetings and Sunday night services began more and more rapidly to decline, the pastors agreed on a change of tactics. It was decided to meet the Devil on his own ground. Churches and parish-houses were converted almost overnight into community centers. The incongruous sound of dancing feet was heard in the temples of Puritanism. Va- rious other heroic devices were resorted to in the combat with the new lures. Prayer- meeting was switched to the maid's night off, and supper was served as an induce- ment to attend. The mid-week service was given a new and less sombre sounding name. Despairing parsons, noting the un- diminished success of Billy Sunday, sought to emulate his methods.

To this change has been ascribed, with what seems a considerable degree of logic, the weird pseudo-religious excrescences that are almost daily reported. It offers a possible explanation of the new church petting parlors, of sermons in behalf of golf widows, of sensational church adver- tising, and other curious buffooneries. It may explain why, when the Christian Endeavor Society meets in national con- clave, the question must be seriously debated as to whether or not the good Christian Endeavor girl can wear rolled stockings, use a lipstick, and appear in public in a one-piece bathing suit. It also explains the pseudo-cultural tone which many aspiring clerics have begun to give to their mid-week and Sunday night serv- ices.

IV

In any consideration of the Middle West this new pursuit of culture must not be overlooked. It is an earnest and very serious preoccupation, but quite uncritical. If large numbers swarm into Little Rock, to hear Hugh Walpole lecture, the crowd that comes to hear Eddie Guest the following week is even greater. The road show has virtually disappeared with the triumph of the movies, but the lecture and the concert to a degree have taken its place, and the chautauqua retains something of its old popularity, the Swiss bell-ringers having been replaced by "Abie's Irish Rose." In this province, too, organizations and clubs have an important part, for the most part organizations of women. Someone with a statistical passion might work out some beautiful tabulations of the number of Winter evenings spent in discussing the relative merits of Carl Sandburg and Robert Frost, of Browning and Tennyson. The pastors were not slow to sense this trend. Prayer meeting has become in many instances the Wednesday Night Study Hour. Sunday evening services are often given over to book reviews. "'Dusty Answer,' Is This A Fit Book?" is a typical sign on the outdoor notice board, or, "'The Sun Also Rises,' But What About Our Younger Generation?" But many of the bucolic clergy resist and denounce these departures from the old time religion. But they are as voices crying in an amusement park, scarcely audible above the roar of the roller-coasters.

Alarmists may still derive a certain pleasure, or perhaps profit, from wild talk about profligacy and even degeneracy, but their frantic barking rings hollow in the Middle West. What really exists is a preoccupation with certain bright, new toys, a preoccupation for which there is available plenty of leisure and energy. This is commonly coupled with a pleasurable sense of wrongdoing, the challenging stimulation of having accepted a dare of long standing. There has come to be a certain civic pride in this matter of sinning, the expression of a dim conviction that the vices of Paris, France, really haven't much on those of Paris, Illinois. One's companion of the smoking compartment shakes his head gravely over the carryings-on of the younger married set; he hints darkly of parties that end with a careless exchange of latchkeys. His air of concern is profound, but let the gentleman on his left remark, "Oh hell, that's nothing compared to what goes on where I come from," and there is a dispute such as at one time might have been waged over the merits of the systems of boulevard lighting in their respective towns.

For the most part, viewed at close range, the orgies have an innocuous enough aspect. They convey the familiar sense of long pent-up energy suddenly released, of a bottle of heavily charged water violently unstoppered. Everyone gets rather volubly and noisily fried; one or two may lapse ungracefully into unconsciousness; and lamentable proceedings may go on in the shadows beyond the glow of the country club windows. But that is merely a change of setting for old sins: the country club lawns and wayside parking plots have taken the place of haylofts and hedgerows.

Nearly everyone is having a good time; probably most of all the professional view-with-alarmists. But a sad, sad day of reckoning looms—that day when the fresh, pleasant sense of defiant sin begins to stale, when cocktails, bridge, the movies and jazz lose their forbidden and novel lustre and become as commonplace as quilting bees. That day is still far off, but it is nevertheless visible, and perhaps even foreshadowed by the appearance of certain pleasure-weary individuals who have begun to develop a most unsocial and critical attitude, quite apart from moral pronouncements—iconoclasts who now go to the movies only every other night, and who have been known to decline a drink quite without concern of being suspected as Puritanical, but merely because it happened that they didn't want a drink.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

ASTOR H. L. WINBURN, of Arkadelphia, akes a report in the *Baptist Advance* of ittle Rock:

For two weeks Dr. Ellis A. Fuller, head of the Home Mission Board's Department of Evangelism, and Singer John D. Hoffman have been with us in special meetings. It has been a time of revival and of rejoicing such as we have not had for many days—and such as we needed greatly.

Dr. Fuller is a great preacher. He is great in his simplicity. The major part of the congregation at every service was composed of children and young people—and they understood him and rejoiced in his preaching.

Mr. Hoffman stands out in the minds of my people as the greatest song leader they have ever had, and I join them in their appreciation and admiration of him. He has a splendid voice, and it is well trained, and he uses it to show off Jesus the Saviour—and never to exploit himself. We like him, and want him again.

I want to tell you a secret, though, about these two men. Do not invite them to your town unless you have ample facilities for making and dispensing ice cream. They know fully how to use it. They are unanimous in the opinion that the two greatest inventions of modern times are the cow and the ice cream freezer.

DITOR BEN M. BOGARD, of the *Baptist and ommoner* of Benton, gives himself a free eading notice:

The editor will engage Elder Joe S. Warlick (Campbellite), in a debate at Acton, Mississippi, about eight miles north of Corinth on the Shiloh road, beginning Tuesday, and continuing four days. This will make the twenty-second debate between Warlick and Bogard and they come very near knowing what will be said on both sides before it is said. Of course the debate will not be for the benefit of Warlick and Bogard, for they both know in advance what will be said on both sides and each one could make the other's speech almost without a mistake. The debate is for the benefit of the people who *do not know both sides like Warlick and Bogard do.*

HE HON. J. E. LAWRENCE, cashier of the ank of Montrose, puts the indubitable cts into eight chaste lines:

Arkansaw is the "*Wonder State,*"
Just get that in your bean,
Arkansaw is the prettiest State
The eye of man has seen;
Arkansaw is the finest State
The foot of man has trod,
Arkansaw is the *greatest* State
Created by the hand of God.

CALIFORNIA

DISTRICT GOVERNOR W. B. WELLS, speaking before the Santa Maria Lions Club, as reported by the *Daily Times:*

The first president of Lions International was Jesus Christ. I quote you from the Bible: He was the "Lion of the tribe of Judah."

FEDERAL JUDGE EDWARD J. HENNING, of the Southern District of this great State, addressing the Moose of Milwaukee, as reported by the *Journal* of the same town:

If there had been a system of fraternal lodges and fraternal practices in Europe as there is in America, there would have been no World War.

THE cottage of a movie star on the beach at Santa Monica, as described by the admiring *San Franciscan:*

Almost a year was consumed in building this little house by the sea.

An Irish inn was picked up bodily and brought over. A picturesque Fourteenth Century inn. Now it is called the rathskeller. It was installed on the first floor opening on to the marble swimming-pool.

With the inn came all the furnishings, delightful panelled walls, old benches, tables softened with age . . . and an old bar. Even the flag stones were carefully lifted from the Irish sod and sent over.

The inn is so old that the locks on the doors are made from small pieces of wood, carved and fashioned very much in the same way the metal locks of today are made. Putting the place together again took months. It was a gigantic puzzle. It took research to understand even the uses of some of the quaint equipment.

Yet this inn is but a detail of the completed structure. It is here, with gay lounging robes over their bathing suits, that the favored people of Hollywood gather before or after a swim.

There is a long marble porch running the entire length of the house. It is filled with low chairs, gay cushions. You can sit there and look down into a marble swimming-pool. A

slender white marble bridge—such as Dante might have bribed Beatrice to cross—makes a speedy runway from one side to the other.

You step from the porch into a long sun-filled room. Bright chintzes, huge divans, two lovely fireplaces give this room great charm.

The dining-room is about the same size. Two black Irish mantels grace either end. Two rare, original Gainsboroughs hang on the wall. A hundred and fifty guests are seated as casually and graciously as twenty . . . for dinners and luncheons.

A chapter could be written about the different collections of old silver. There are special people assigned to the care of that alone.

The library is very beautiful, brought from an old English castle famous in history. The oak panelling feels like velvet to the touch.

Book-cases reach the ceilings, protected by silver wiring without the use of glass, a thoroughly ancient custom. A hidden button, when touched, causes two book-shelves to slide back, another touch and a projection-screen slides up without a sound from the floor. It is in this fireproof projection-room, hidden behind the panelling, that Marian previews her pictures.

Upstairs the long spacious hallways are hung with costly panoramic wall paper—beautiful prints brought from Europe.

To the right on the first upper hallway is a breakfast room which is a delight. The walls here tell the story of Venus rising from the sea. The furniture is painted in tones of grey and green. The room is pervaded with a soft grey accentuated by pearl colored taffeta drapes.

The bedrooms are charming—each with its own fireplace. Four-poster beds and other exquisite pieces of early American furniture contrast delightfully with the modern setting.

Then there are elevators—dainty as jewel boxes—which take you smartly down to the Pompeian baths, in case you feel that way.

Unexpectedly you come to doors which open upon stairways running down to the tennis court or to gardens from which the distant brilliant blue of the sea is softened by palms, vines and fragrant flowers.

Even the kitchen is magical in its appointments. The butler's pantry has dozens of shelves electrically heated for the hot plates—dozens of other shelves electrically cooled for the chilled dishes—a filing system—astonishing conveniences everywhere. Two housekeepers with assistants—about twenty perfectly trained servants—run the huge house as smoothly as if it were the originally designed cottage presided over by a competent New England maid.

GEORGIA

THE HON. W. B. TOWNSEND, editor of the celebrated Dahlonega *Nugget*, on the advantages of country journalism:

One of the Macon lady visitors asked us Saturday last if the *Nugget* paid us. Our reply was yes ma'am. You see a country editor does not have to buy any stylish or expensive suits. That is, we don't. And a pair of breeches lasts us a long time. We have two cheap aprons for office use where we stay all the time mostly, both day and night. When the seat of our pants gives out we wear both of these, one behind and the other in front. In case we happen to leave the rear apron off and a lady enters the office unexpected we walk backwards to the rear of the room and remain until our visitor departs.

ILLINOIS

THE progress of culture in Chicago, as reported by the *Tribune:*

The Valentino Society of Chicago, formed with the express purpose of "perpetuating the glorious memory of the immortal artist, Rudolph Valentino," has been granted a charter by Secretary of State Louis L. Emmerson. Incorporators are Mrs. Mabel S. Barsatti, Mrs. Drusilla N. Pierce and Miss Adeline M. Linnell. Headquarters of the organization are at 49 North State street.

KENTUCKY

THE celebrated *Central Methodist* of Louisville contributes a new phrase to the American vocabulary:

A Bible-saturated man.

LOUISIANA

ADVERTISEMENT in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune:*

Thanks to the Holy Ghost for enlightening my mind. L. B.

MICHIGAN

DR. MARK A. MATTHEWS, right eminent grand prelate of the Grand Encampment, Knights Templar, speaking before the Grand Council assembled in convention in the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit, as reported by the *Times:*

It is impossible for a Christian to be a pacifist.

MISSISSIPPI

THE editor of the eminent *Baptist Record* describes public life in a 100% Christian State, free from the taint of Tammany:

We have political scandals in Mississippi till the whole State ought to be nauseated. A daughter of the late Senator George said in a public address a few years ago that the Governor's chair needed fumigating. More than one Governor has retired trailed by unsavory stories. Members of the present Legislature were drunk while making a trip to the coast, as you very well know. No daily paper in Mississippi, so far as I have heard, made any protest against it.

MISSOURI

AW ENFORCEMENT in the environs of ansas City, as reported by the corre- ondent of the Chicago *Tribune:*

The United States government has intervened to protect two Federal Prohibition officers who were indicted by a Missouri grand jury and held for trial in State courts. The Federal district attorney's office had the cases removed to the Federal courts on *habeas corpus* proceedings. There the men will be defended by Federal legal authorities when prosecuted by the State. Chief of the defense counsel will be Henry L. Thomas, assistant United States attorney.

The agents, Arnold A. Luschen and Everett Fisher, were charged with transporting and giving away liquor. The grand jury report alleged the men took two girls, Miss Eva Mae Settles Cochran, 20 years old, and Miss Ola Williams, 16 years old, to a cabin near Clinton, Mo., and spent the night in drinking and carousing. A Henry county jury indicted them. The men work under W. Harold Lane, deputy Prohibition administrator. "It is sometimes necessary to use women decoys," Lane said, "to obtain evidence of Prohibition violations."

NEVADA

ORKINGS of the Holy Spirit in this great tate, as described by a local contributor the eminent *Nautilus*, organ of the New houghters:

A few days ago, while shopping, I purchased a dainty silk gown as a gift for my daughter. I was quite delighted with my purchase, although I had paid more than I anticipated. I took the parcel with me and was entering another store in the same block when, to my dismay, I discovered I had lost my gift. I retraced my steps and inquired of several who had been standing in the doorways as I passed, if they had seen a parcel or seen anyone pick one up. No one had. One kind soul, on learning what I had lost, ventured to add: "You'll never see that again." That was all I needed, for instantly I replied: "Oh, I'm sure it will come back to me." And I repeated the affirmation that never fails me: "In God's kingdom nothing is lost." I pictured the gown just as the clerk had shown it to me and in perfect faith went on my way. I had to. I was in the midst of a throng of passing people and could give no more time then.

I finished my shopping and was ready to return home, intending to advertise for a lost package. Imagine my surprise to find the lost parcel on the seat of my car when I entered it. I have never learned who put it there, how the person who did knew it was mine or which car was mine. The result was all I had asked. That which I lost had come back to me. I could give a score of instances just as unusual as that above. The affirmation has never failed me. I repeat: "All that is mine comes to me. In God's Kingdom nothing is ever lost."

NORTH CAROLINA

THE qualifications of a holy man in the grand old town of Plymouth, as set forth in the *Beacon* thereof:

The Rev. Mr. Marshall is a graduate of the chaplains' training school and poisonous gas school in the army and was burned in the nose and neck with the poisonous gas. He went through the influenza epidemic, in which he witnessed all deaths and post-mortems and examinations, being responsible to the government for the preservation and identification of all bodies. He witnessed the deaths of 748 men during the month of September, 1918. He is a member of the Masonic Lodge, Knights Templar and Knights of Pythias and is a Shriner.

THE Christian editor of the Monroe *Journal* unburdens his troubled soul:

Ye editor has always been a Prohibitionist, private and public, practical and theoretical, in Monroe, Union county, North Carolina, and the United States. Used to walk in the front door of a bar about once in four or five years and buy a little for sickness. Has never bought a drop from a bootlegger, nor tried to make any home brew. Fought for dispensaries against bar-rooms. Voted for State Prohibition, wrote for it, made speeches for it. Voted against Overman for Senator in the Legislature of 1903 because his crowd seemed too wet, and ten days after the defeat of our own candidate found him lobbying for the liquor people. Served as chairman of the executive committee of the Anti-Saloon League of the State one year, which one we have forgotten. Served as chairman of the committee on the liquor traffic in the Legislature of 1917. Have seen perhaps as many liquor fights of all kinds as any man in North Carolina. On that question we have cut our eye teeth.

The point of which is this: We know the question is as unsettled today as it was ten years ago, that the country is not as dry as it was ten years ago, that it will be wetter ten years from now than at present under the present regime, that North Carolina people can keep this State dry if they want to, but cannot dry the United States, that batting our eyes and chewing the word Prohibition as a sanctimonious morsel is not going to settle the question, and that since the Democratic party is bigger, or should be bigger, than any temporary and transitory phase, it is big enough to bring this question in the open instead of running away from it by assuming that it does not exist, and letting bootlegging continue as a big business.

PENNSYLVANIA

LAW ENFORCEMENT news from the town of Erie, as reported by the New York *World:*

The convention of Pennsylvania sheriffs, broken up by dry raiders, moved on to Port Dover, Ont., where the meetings will continue with-

out fear of interruption by Prohibition agents. The convention was meeting at Conneaut Lake, when District Attorney Culbertson and county detectives staged a raid which the sheriffs at first thought was a joke. When they found it wasn't, fist fights started, although the district attorney said drunken sheriffs were fighting before he got there.

LANSFORD news in the celebrated Hazelton *Standard Sentinel:*

State and local police were busy at Lansford today controlling a crowd of more than 1,000 persons who gathered before the home of a miner where a miracle was believed to have been performed. The curious and awed wished visible evidence of the story which had permeated into every part of the city and surrounding country that a rosary in the hands of a dead youth had been transformed into a chain of roses and lilies. The dead youth was Michael Kutsko, twenty-three, who died in the Coaldale hospital. For five years he had been bedridden as the result of an accident suffered in a coal mine. During these years he seldom permitted the rosary to leave his hands, as he believed it relieved his pain. Friends of the family who came to sit at the bier declared they saw the miracle occur.

THE Christian spirit in the rising town of Berwick, as reported by the daily press:

Five hundred of the good people of Berwick and the neighboring village of Nescopeck joined today in indignant demand that Ralph Weaver serve out his one year's sentence for having a pint of liquor in his car. The 500, led by ministers and bone dry workers, were enrolled in a last-minute effort to defeat a clemency petition forwarded by scores of residents to the Pennsylvania parole board. Weaver, 38, a miner, married and the father of one child, is a native of Nescopeck. He was arrested early this year by Berwick police as he drove across the Susquehanna river bridge from Nescopeck. A search disclosed the pint of moonshine in his car.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE HON. ROBERT QUILLEN, editor of the Fountain Inn *Tribune*, lets go on the subject of the inhabitants of South Carolina:

The majority is dirt—psalm-singing, Jesus-shouting, liquor-guzzling, thievish trash, without the slightest conception of the meaning of honor—constitutionally incapable of decency—inherently filthy in mind, soul and body.

TENNESSEE

THE perils of a Christian worker in the wilds of this State, as reported by a correspondent of the illustrious *Baptist and Reflector* of Nashville:

After visiting every home in the community, and revisiting, I learned without asking that every home save four was either making, selling or drinking whiskey, and in some cases doing all. This class thinks every man who comes into the community is a revenuer. Consequently word was passed not to let the sun go down on me. Yesterday seven men called upon one of the men who has been attending our meetings to learn the business of "that man." I feel quite safe, for I am attending to my own business. I am staying with a man who is pure gold, and he knows the way of the woods, and I have learned that there has been more than one preacher here who drank with the drinkers.

TEXAS

A PREACHER's wife has her say in the celebrated *Baptist Progress* of Dallas, organ of the West Texas Missionary Baptists:

May I say a few words? I just want to say I agree with the brother in regard to the mother that speaks unkind remarks about the preacher to her boy or girl. But what is going to become of the father that makes unkind remarks about the preacher and also his wife to his boy or girl, while the mother is trying to live a Christian life before her children and that father and husband is away from home the most of his time preaching and teaching the lost world God's love, then on his return home coming in cross, ill, wife hasn't done thus and so, son or daughter haven't done thus and so? Now what do you think about such a preacher as that? Is he a God-called preacher?

That poor, lonely wife that has the responsibility on her of raising those children. That is why a preacher has the meanest boy and girl, or that is what is told on them, because they don't have the correction of that father as they should have. He is off teaching God's word to other mothers' children, letting his own children travel the road to Hell on account of having no patience with his own children, not being kind to that lonely wife and children when he is in the home, then if anything goes wrong, the mother is to blame for it. I don't think the mother or wife should be blamed with everything. If a man would stop to think, a woman has a hard time, for I believe God intended for a father to have as much or more influence over children than the mother.

We see preachers in the pulpit that we would think they were almost a saint in their home. That is the kind you better watch. One that is so kind and true to his people, then a wildcat in the home, causing his wife and children to lose confidence in him. May God send the Holy Spirit into the hearts of that kind of a preacher, make him realize that God will not bless his efforts.

I see these things with my own eyes. That's why I can say so. I want to say to the churches, I tell you, I believe in paying the preachers for their preaching, for his family has to live and he is making his preaching their support. I

think it's a shame. I think the preacher's wife and family ought to have something to eat and wear as well as any one and I think when a preacher comes home his wife has a right to ask him if he got any pay this time. The wife keeps the business going while he is preaching. So I don't think the woman could be blamed with everything.

MRS. F. M. MYRTLE

Miles, Texas

UBLIC NOTICE in the same distinguished urnal:

WHO WILL BE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?

I don't know who will be the next President of the United States, but Al Smith will not be, if I can keep him from it. How any out and out Baptist can vote for Rum and Romanism Smith, and then look our Lord in the face at the judgment is more than I can understand. However, I am not looking for politics to help this old world very much. The only hope I see for it is the coming of Jesus Christ. I would rather He would come than to see Hoover President.

J. T. MOORE, *Sec.-Treas.*

Box 777, Texarkana

DER S. F. MOORE, of the rising town of aud, unburdens himself in the *Baptist umpet:*

I wish to offer a few suggestions for thought: If a committee or the church appoints a preacher to open service for another, why not let them express what they mean by opening or introducing services? If they mean for the first preacher to merely introduce in a brief way, let them say so, and then let the first speaker govern himself accordingly. But if they mean for the first preacher to speak as long as the second preacher, let the committee so state the fact, and then let the first preacher do so if he feels like it or has the light to do so; but if he does not feel like speaking at so much length, let him sit down. Committees should be careful to exercise righteous judgment in arranging the order of preaching. Sometimes on special occasions when the audience is large and many from a great distance are there earnestly seeking to learn what our people believe; and the committee puts up a young minister or a novice who is not "apt to teach" (1 Tim. III:2) or not experienced in the defence of the gospel and he reads and comments on a lengthy chapter and then offers a long prayer and gives out the longest hymn in the book and then occupies perhaps an hour in telling almost nothing so that the honest enquirer becomes worried and disgusted and goes home and does not come out to the services next day when the committee has put up one of our gifted ministers who is apt to teach and able to rightly divide the word of truth; but the crowd is smaller, and less people get to hear it, consequently the cause suffers and less comfort is found in the service.

IRITUAL news gathered by the San Antonio correspondent of the Dallas *Morning News:*

The conviction that an angel of God had come from Heaven to save his life when he was attacked by a mob of natives in Mexico was expressed yesterday by the Rev. Carl Staben of Dallas before a camp meeting of the Seventh-Day Adventists. Staben said he had been working for a couple of days thirty miles inland from Tampico and had converted a family of five. The three older members of the family immediately left for other villages to tell friends of their experience, and Staben spent the night in the grass hut with two younger sons. The voices of an angry mob awakened the trio shortly after midnight, Staben said, and stones began to rain into the hut through the grass roof. The three immediately knelt to pray.

"We heard a great cry outside," Staben said. "'Look! Look!' some one shouted, and the entire crowd turned and ran away. What did they see? I don't know, but I firmly believe they saw an angel sent from Heaven to protect us."

Staben said that not one of the stones touched the occupants of the hut, although they covered almost every square foot of the floor.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

WHAT the art of criticism comes to among the Advanced Thinkers escaped from Main Street to the Left Bank, as revealed by a treatise on "Antheil and Stravinsky" in *transition*, "an international quarterly of creative experiment":

Underlinings mine, to emph-remind that the German Psyche has never (as it presumably does in other Arts) exot-purloined its Music Constructik, condition maybe entitling Teut-bloods to such occasionedal AbsoluteDiscludes. That makes three of us — — mine an Ear-HAFto ViewFruct-SpanDarrive from (A) NYC-Philada. 's since 1921-Music Season,the "representative" fin-de-seigle MewsicKails (pardon) there splawing my musicpalate à la guzzling guzzlingsodapopwhenwater'scraved — — a delude-drown immedImbibeJoy from Stravinsky, with Y-Duty ?-postreflective Evoke-Muggies from the alsorans; to (B) coze-mingle PounceNotions of DynaSTART in the then Antheil's HaxatComposition, comparatively DawnGleams by the by. Incidentally it may be addventured — — for the benefit of the (m)any who, looking with their eyes, hear not (1) — — — worthSEE-Hearings (2) are seldom given by aughtbody, even the composer himself. Two exceptions aupres these chemalg-Shows I know: Stravinsky's wasp-lyr-Benevols and a Philade-'22 HappenIn-MicroSalon-PianoSightReadInterprexplaining, to JN and the writer, of the first Stravinsky-scores to hit "south of the MetropoBelt". Here occurred almostmorenecessary Reading than the composer himself may've also where given. Blood tells; both the S. & A. Mother-families are Polish "Dabrowskas".

THE HOLY ROLLERS

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

O-o-o-h hahlohmahsee monianomus dibahskla!
Saccula blarstiméeya—o-o-o-h—bluddleeguptejip siliputa!
Ooooou—Jeee-sus—saiduleemenahta menahta—ooooooou!

THUS the Holy Rollers of this great land carry on when the spirit of the Lord has seized them and the gift of tongues is upon them. Any night in the week one may drop into the Victoria Mission toward the lower end of South Spring street—or, failing Los Angeles, into whatever happens to be the chief Pentacostal basilica in the city of one's residence—and hear just such tremendous blasts against the Devil.

At first it may be difficult to distinguish syllables in the gush of sound. Holy Roller meetings, at least in the larger cities, are held either in jerry-built tabernacles, or, as is the case with the mission in holy Los Angeles, in tin-ceilinged halls abandoned by the Odd Fellows or Maccabees years ago. Consequently, between the violent outrushing of the Holy Spirit and the bad acoustics, the service is apt to resolve itself into one vast gr-r-r-r-r-r, like that of the mob scene in an old-fashioned performance of "Julius Caesar," with boys from the high-school hired to boo Mark Antony.

But gradually the ee's and ooo's separate themselves from the general caterwauling, and presently a male saint with a celluloid collar and horsetail moustaches develops a bellow which tosses "hahlomahsee monianomus" across the room as clearly as an umpire razzer tosses his epithets from the bleachers. The pastor follows with a stutter of "sacculablarstim," trailing off through the ether like a radio registering static. Finally, one grows aware that the room is actually full, not of the big wind in Ireland, but of agitated fellow Americans grovelling on the floor with their heads on their chairs and, uttering syllables which, but for the grace of God, might have been words.

Nevertheless, at my first Holy Roller meeting the visual and audible evidence remained decently incredible until "eek, gawk, ektoomoolya, Jeeesus!" with the sound of fire sirens, went off at my feet. A sallow blonde lady of middle age, with a vaguely lovelorn look behind thick glasses, was arising from a prone posture in the row in front of me to sit cross-legged on her feet. The next instant she was swaying back and forth on her haunches, her face thrown back on the plane of Heaven, and her arms extended as though to receive a baby. With the exertion her song drooped into a hard ecstatic pant: "Hoo-uh, hoo-us, ektoomoolya, hoo-uh—Jee-sus!"

Eventually she stumbled to her feet, and keeping time to the jerking of her backbone from the middle, schottisched slowly down the aisle toward the pulpit. Her hairpins flew, and her short stringy locks quivered down over her shoulders. Something came out at the rear decidedly like a shirt tail. But she kept on. The preacher stretched out his hand, the gr-r-r-r died down into a bay, and then into a distant whimper and was gone. Weakly the blonde subsided into the nearest seat and sniffed away her tears of mourning.

Behind me in the instant's silence a fat sister wheezed to her seat neighbor: "Ain't it mean of him to stop her when she'd come so near prayin' herself through?"

II

he incredible feature of the average Holy oller meeting is that all these raptures escend upon the elect without manifestly nflammatory preliminaries. To work his udience up to the proper frenzy a Presby-erian evangelist or even a Harvard cheer-eader has to resort to ten times as many ricks and subterfuges as a Holy Roller astor. When the congregation has sung, o snappy shoulder-swinging cadences, a ew hymns about the joys of blood-wash-ng, and the preacher has suggested with mildly succulent unction that everybody s due for "a sweet and holy time" to-ight, the sanctified bedlam busts loose at nce.

One by one, the brothers and sisters rise to testify that the power of God has ealed them of colds and colics, stopped hefts at the henhouse, and shown their aughters new light on the diabolical ature of spiritualism and bobbed hair. The mob roar shakes the roof with a crest f "Glory to Gods" and "Hallelujahs." Prayers are asked for children afflicted vith measles, nieces possessed by the devil f Christian Science, husbands out of jobs. Vith each request the jargon of "hahloh-nasseee moniamomus," skilfully timed y the parson, rushes over the congrega-ion like the grumble of feeding lions.

Even the dullness of the sermons has no iscouraging effect. The Rev. Dr. Sunday n his prime put more emphasis into the amnation of one Unitarian than the shock orps of Holy Roller exhorters puts into a ix weeks' revival. Roller preaching, in-eed, feeds the appetite for ecstasy with othing more inflammatory than pious necdotes of divorcées possessed by devils or marrying second husbands, and negli-ent youths killed in train wrecks within ve minutes after rejecting salvation. Its enunciations of sin range the quiet ground etween complaints that it is hard to keep oly when so many joys of the flesh are uggested by the street-car advertisements o charges that the unsaved who lunch with their stenographers are guilty of adultery in their hearts. When the Holy Roller pulpit bids its following to rejoice it can seldom think of any higher reason for it than that those who are blood-washed of the Lamb and baptized of the Holy Spirit ought to feel themselves happier than golf-playing bankers, infidel college professors and successful adulterers. Its tone is thus far lower and less exciting than that of Southern Methodism.

Yet with each point in these jumbled and tamely delivered discourses, every Holy Roller hall that I have ever entered has been swept with hallelujahs, the gibbering monstrosities of praise "in the tongues," and the groans of moroseful sinners. Every congregation swings into the last hymn with right hands uplifted to receive the celestial blessing. And at every meeting the final prayer is a signal for the "sweet and holy time's" real beginning.

It is then that the elders get busy with olive oil bottles, anointing elderly sisters for the cure of asthma, dyspepsia and rheumatism. Women of the hired girl stratum shriek under conviction, and as the lights go out except about the altar—the Holy Rollers are economical—scream on in the dark. Hectically holy youths who look as if they might enjoy doing the family sewing tumble from seats in the audience and on the choir platform to grovel and howl their way toward the altar like four-year olds in a tantrum.

In time, little groups of the assuredly sanctified straggle out, their heads high and their eyes glassy with holy satisfaction. But the seekers stay on, usually for hours. It is a poor Holy Roller meeting which does not last in full volume until eleven o'clock and where a good baker's dozen are not still at the altar at midnight. Two and three in the morning are not unusual closing hours, and sessions which have lasted all night are only mildly memorable. The police, in fact, often have to shut off the uproar.

The explanation appears to be that, in

their way, the Holy Rollers are real adepts. The emotional provocations necessary to make Presbyterians or Congressmen weep may be dispensed with by their pastors because to the true Roller every word in his theological vocabulary, no matter how badly pronounced, and every moral experience, no matter how trivial, is a symbol of forces whose presence inspires him to delirium.

To the Baptist the idea of holiness is of a state which he hopes to attain in an agreeably remote future, when, through the degeneration of his arteries or the errors of his surgeon, he has joined the angels. Meanwhile, his practical interest in it is as vague and academic as his interest in the news of an epidemic of chilblains in Kamchatka. But to the Holy Roller holiness is a condition which he may attain and re-attain at any number of services and has probably often enjoyed before. While it is on him, he experiences not only the raptures of knowing himself free from sin, but the intimate physical sensation of having the Holy Spirit infused among his members as concretely as a colt at mealtime is infused with the stimulus of oats.

Consequently, while the Baptist requires a three-ring emotional circus before the word holiness stirs any noteworthy response in him, the Holy Roller is ready to cast himself down and howl the moment it is whispered. Conversely, while the Baptist regards a reasonable degree of sinfulness as natural to man, and a little matter of laughing at a naughty story or telling one himself as something for which his Father in Heaven will casually forgive him, the Holy Roller, tempted to take pleasure in a smooth feminine shank line on a roadside billboard, knows that he has lost his holiness by it and so feels as exquisitely tortured as a Victorian lady in the act of losing her honest name. Similarly, while the Episcopalian accepts his wife's trifling with Christian Science as nothing more than a natural annoyance, the Holy Roller in similar plight experiences the shuddering horror of seeing the spouse of his bosom physically entered and possessed by devils.

Thus when the key words of the Holy Roller's incandescent symbolism are spoken, he knows, no matter how dull the context, what is coming, and leaps through the hoop.

III

But what are the Holy Rollers aside from that?

This, unfortunately, takes a good deal of explaining. There are at least five going sects of them in the United States, and they all spend an enormous amount of time and energy damning one another for heresies in doctrine and practice. Perhaps twice as many more have flourished during the last decade or two, only to disappear or be merged with the more successful divisions. In addition, there are dozens of free lance pastors, with personally conducted churches or travelling tent missions of their own, condemned by the better organized brethren for all crimes from "fanaticism" to plain faking. Moreover, in its less florid phases the movement still has at least a nominal representation in one or two of the more conventional Protestant denominations. Thus the Holy Rollers range all the way from water-tight communions with an almost Romish discipline to wandering medicine-shows.

On three points, however, they are at one themselves, and violently critical of all the dominant Protestant sects. First, as consistent Christians, they believe that everything in the Scriptures is literally true, and that it can be and should be literally applied to daily life in the America of 1928. The Holy Roller mind is so convinced of this that to it the Southern Baptists, with their easy-going, unscriptural conduct (including sly boozing and necking), and their hill-born skepticism of such matters as demoniacal possession and miracle working by their pastors, seem to be quite as much tainted with infidelity as the Episcopalians or Unitarians.

Next, they believe that salvation, being erely forgiveness of sin, is scarcely more editable to the saved sinner than a senti- ental Governor's pardon to a convict, id that after it comes the really essential ork of grace, to wit, sanctification or aptism by the Holy Ghost, which en- bles the saved to attain, momentarily at east, absolute moral and spiritual perfec- ion, or, as they say, perfect holiness. inally, they believe that this perfect holi- ess is a repetition of the blessing be- towed on the Apostles and one hundred nd twenty of the elect of the first Chris- ian church of Jerusalem at the Pentecost, nd that it thus manifests itself in the anctified in the form of one or more of he Pentecostal gifts of sanctified wisdom: miracle-working, healing, prophesying, the discernment of spirits, speaking in the tongues, and interpreting the tongues.

These doctrines did not, of course, or- iginate with the Holy Rollers, who date back less than fifty years as a separate de- nomination and whose major development in the Hookworm Belt has been a Twenti- eth Century phenomenon. Quakers, Al- bigenses, German Anabaptists and Shakers all had more or less light on the subject, and one must not forget the original Pente- costal Christians of apostolic times. But it was John Wesley himself who grand- sired the modern cult by preaching sancti- fication in terms of what is now orthodox Holy Rollerism. The Shouting Methodists were its original modern practicioners, and from the 1830's until the close of the Nine- teenth Century Holiness Associations in almost every State and Territory spiced the gaudy life of American Methodism.

However, as the Methodists grew in worldly wealth and wisdom, the suspicion dawned among their sophisticates that orgies which notoriously led to female and lay exhortation, trances and holy turmoil at the altar, were tending to discredit all socially aspiring members of the denomina- tion with their Episcopalian acquaintances and bankers. Consequently, in the last three decades of the century, their bishops launched a subtle but determined campaign to put the Holiness movement under re- straint. They played Holiness Association politics so that only the feebler enthusiasts got the executive jobs, the more ardent holiness preachers were given the poorest conference assignments, and the female and lay exhorters were discouraged by im- pounding the offerings for their support.

Meanwhile the bishops made it a point to caution the faithful in their sermons that, though perfect holiness might be a valid work of the Spirit, its deceptions were peculiarly dangerous, and that pru- dent Methodists had better not run the risk of committing the unforgivable sin against the Holy Ghost by assuming they had it when they were but feeling the proper thrills of salvation a trifle excess- ively. Thus, although the possibility of sanctification in the flesh still remains an authentic doctrine in Methodist literature it is with the tacit understanding that the bishops, presiding elders and leading finan- cial magnates of the church disapprove of taking it too seriously. Some of the Holi- ness Associations still survive officially as rather anemic revival-promoting organi- zations, but the genuine fire-brands of the movement were chased out of the church between 1880 and the turn of the century.

Divisions between these outcasts as to just what perfect holiness and the Pente- costal gifts mean and how they should be applied were inevitable. The original saints of the exodus were not only men and women enjoying extraordinarily definite celestial illumination in these matters, but they also were driven out of Method- ism for the most part through local and highly personal conference feuds at differ- ent times and at vast distances from each other. Thus they had little chance to get together and agree upon a common doc- trine and policy, and each separating group, made up usually of the seceding leader and a small personal following, was confident that it represented the true re- stored church of Christ in every detail and that every detail counted.

Also, released from the suave shackles of Methodist conformity, each group tended to develop peculiar doctrines and practices on its own account, and it promptly recognized them as celestially appointed. Although the largest denominational body, the Pentecostal Nazarene Church, represents a union of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene (California) with the churches of the Pentecostal Assembly in the Northeast and an earlier Southern body known as the Holiness Church of Christ, on the whole, when divergences have appeared, the Holy Rollers have preferred salvation through the exact shading of the Word to endangering their souls with the worldly temptation of doctrinal compromise.

Hence the more the Holy Roller world effervesces with the works of the Holy Spirit, the louder it resounds with charges and counter-charges of counterfeit holiness, demoniacal possession, and Satanic, instead of Holy Ghost, baptism. For instance, the Church of God (Holiness), functioning from Cleveland, Tenn., through the Southern mountains, and the midwestern communion of the Latter Rain Pentecostal Church hold that speaking in the tongues is the most common and desirable work of the spirit, and the Pentecostal Nazarenes and Church of the New Testament regard it with some caution as permissible, but Bishop (Mrs.) Alma White, from the Pillar of Fire Church Vatican at Zarephath, N. J., loads it with tireless anathema.

Modern Tongueism, as Dr. White calls it, represents to her demoniacal possession at its worst. For while the possession of insanity is at least wholesomely uncomfortable to all concerned, the tongues brand deceives the possessed into imagining that they are enjoying the supreme raptures of sanctification. Hence, although Bishop Alma admits that miracles and healings sometimes occur under the dispensation of the tongues-speaking sects, she insists that the Devil has put an even slimier mark on them than on Christian Science healings. His whole performance in the business, in short, is what logically might be expected of Satan as the Day of Judgment approaches—"a Satanic burlesque on the true Pentecost."

On the other hand, other Holy Roller sects look decidedly askance at the Pillar of Fire Church's revival of holy dancing. Though Sister White defines this as nothing worse than "jumping up and down many times in the joy of the Lord," her critics believe that the very word dancing is capable of imputing to the godly the sins of the ballroom, if not of opening the way for secular dancing in the church itself.

There is the serious question, too, of whether perfect holiness can be attained under any but a perfect church organization, and sharp differences of opinion as to what a perfect church organization is. Sister White, for instance, rules her world-wide flock with papal authority from Zarephath, and, inspired by symbolical dreams and the Bible she delivers instructions in conduct and doctrine which have all the force of infallibility. Contrary to this, the Pentecostal Nazarenes have largely duplicated the Methodist system of government by district conferences while the Church of God (Holiness) functions essentially on a congregational basis. Going further, it was revealed to the New Testament Church at its founding in 1880 that all Protestant sectarianism bears the mark of the second beast of Revelations, with two horns like a lamb but speaking with the voice of a dragon. From this last viewpoint, all sectarian organizations within the Holiness movement are regarded as especially deft works of the Devil to defeat the cause of Christ. Hence, while the New Testament Church maintains Bible-training schools and a publishing house and permits its clergy to meet occasionally to discuss church problems, it claims not to be a sect and holds that virtually all sectarians, expecially those falsely professing sanctification, are damned for yielding to Satan's most plausible deception.

Naturally, all this looseness of organization has provoked looseness of doctrine and beside the ordinary give and take of ecclesiastical politics, most of the Holy Roller sects have been plagued from time to time with annoying and even abominable scandals and heresies. As far back as 1884 the New Testament Church suffered one of these spiritual crucifixions at the hands of a persuasive young preacher named Stockwell, who preached marital celibacy for the sanctified, but also a "third work of grace" in which the perrectly holy discovered their spiritual affinities of the opposite sex.

As the fluttering prize of his succesful diabolism Stockwell bore away the wife of the Rev. D. S. Warner, patron saint and virtual founder of the come-outers, and the church had hardly got back to an even keel again until, after Mrs. Warner's divorce and adulterous second marriage, the Lord signified his approval of the original New Testament Church doctrine by killing her in 1892 with a sudden illness.

A frequent heresy among the Holiness people from New Zealand to Pennsylvania is the seductively metaphysical theory that, once sanctified, it is impossible for the Holy Ghost's chosen vessel to sin again or be lost. This, according to the reports of rival organizations, was first preached by the Straight Holiness sects in Kansas in the 1890's. These sects, according to the New Testament Church's spies, were also guilty of advocating free love, promiscuous kissing during services, and tobacco addiction. But in the congregations more remote from the centers of doctrinal authority the same comforting principles have made their appearance on various subsequent occasions. As late as 1925, two sanctified families in the Church of God at Gridley, Calif., after branding a willing member with the sign of the cross on the soles of his feet and the crown of his head—injuries from which he subsequently died—, staged an evening service in the altogether to prove that their holiness was as perfect as that of the original parents before the fall in Eden. While the State's psychopathic faculty was nursing these heretics back to reason, the official Church of God (Holiness) explained that the doctrine of permanent sinlessness was not orthodox, but only an instructive proof of demoniacal possession.

Even some of the applications of the principle of merely temporary holiness have proved open to criticism. A member of Sister White's intelligence service, for example, reported from Pennsylvania that the tongues-speaking churches in the mountain villages made it a practice, when the faithful fell into religious trances, to cover men and women prostrate on the floor with the same blanket, on the theory that since they were temporarily incapable of sinning, they might as well be warm. And from a professor in the University of North Carolina I have it that the Holy Rollers in the Cape Fear River region regularly carry out the entranced, two by two of opposite sexes, and lay them in pairs in the stalls of the disused church stable.

A vast amount of Holy Roller wrangling proceeds from such scandals, each faction charging that its opponents' demon-inspired errors have logically produced them as the natural fruits of evil and as warning signs from God. In the Holy Roller world, however, errors of doctrine appear to be inevitable. The groups hottest for divine healing believe that their rivals can go to Hell for having a doctor as quickly as for having a Christian Science healer.

And Bishop Alma White, whom the Lord enlightened one evening by relieving her embarassingly of the ham hock she had just eaten at the family supper-table, now has the blessed assurance that a true Christian may be in danger of Hellfire through pork.

In fact, anyone who takes time enough off from his business to read all the Holy Roller literature of mutual damnation emerges with a convincing assurance that all the Holy Rollers are damned.

IV

This, however, seems less surprising when the vast population of devils in the Holy Roller world is considered. For practically every outstanding leader of the sect has enjoyed personal colloquies with Satan and the more prominent dark angels, while even the humblest laymen are acutely conscious that the air about them is full of imps, fiends and demons seeking to gain entrance into their bodies and thus defeat the grace of God. The actual presence of this horde of evil spirits is, according to Holy Roller students of the problem, too plain to require argument. The Scriptures attest it, the condition of the heathen and infidels and the state of Roman Catholic and "apostate" Protestant religion attest it, while thousands of saints in the movement, endowed by their Holy Ghost baptism with the Pentecostal gift of seeing spirits, have beheld the fiends at their foul strategies with the naked eye.

All the Holy Roller authorities agree that the infernal kingdom is peculiarly enraged against the Holiness movement because of its success in enlarging on earth the power of the arch foe, Jehovah. Therefore, while the demon armies tend to treat the Modernist churches as conquered provinces and the nominal Fundamentalist branches as quiet sectors, the Holy Rollers have been face to face ever since their founding with Hell's major offensive.

According to Sister White, who spent an hour in Hell while under conviction of sin at a Methodist revival nearly fifty years ago, and who has since studied the infernal general staff exhaustively,

> demons are trained and fitted for the special work they have to do. Some are princes, and for this reason Paul says, "for we wrestle against principalities and powers." No doubt there are myriads of demons who are not allowed to leave the confines of Perdition because of their incapabilities. They would do great damage to the kingdom of darkness if they were let have their course. . . . Many of them are ambitious to become great leaders, as is clearly manifested by the way they work through human beings who try to obtain honors and distinction in this world. There are other demons, however, who are not aspiring to become great; they are satisfied to enter human beings through the lust of the flesh and drag them down to the lowest depths, where they live lives lower than the animals.

Furthermore, Satan's campaign for world conquest is being furthered by the millions of human secret agents who practice mesmerism, spiritualism, Christian Science healing, the more esoteric rites of Free Masonry and other forms of witchcraft. So beside its population of recognizably Hell-born invaders, "the country," according to Sister White, "is full of witches and wizards presenting themselves as teachers of righteousness."

Sister White, with her peculiarly drastic illumination on the tongues-speaking evil, of course insists that the pastors of the tongues factions are the worst of the lot. Nevertheless, the fact remains that these factions have been favored with the Pentecostal gift of the discernment of spirits quite as often as their rivals. Their leaders, too, have been permitted to visit Hell both corporeally and in visions, and their pastors claim more successfully exorcisms than even Sister White. As far back as the early '80's, for instance, the Rev. Daniel S. Warner, the founder of the New Testament Church, laid hands on one of the Indiana sisters for the healing of what she diagnosed as "a confused headache." His journal says:

> Presently, there were strange manifestations, which the most of us at once recognized as the writhing of evil spirits in her. We asked God to show her just what it was. We asked her what she wanted. She replied, "That the devil might be cast out." This was the confession we desired to draw out of her. Hands were laid on her head, and the demons were commanded to come out of her in the name of Jesus Christ. The poor victim was soon convulsed and choked by the hellish spirits, which had to come out by the power of God. She obtained relief, sat up, but did not look clear. We all kept looking to God to complete the work. Hands were laid on again in the name of Jesus. Another struggle ensued. Then a more perfect consecration, confession, and mortification. We proceeded to use the sword of the Spirit in every possible manner, but a miserable don't care devil answered to every point of consecration.
>
> Oh, what an awful condition the poor woman was in! How discouraging! The devils had so long held possession of her that they had almost

taken possession of her own will and thoughts. And this awful enemy had so tortured her head that she had had a hard struggle to keep out of the asylum; so when he was pressed by the power of God he caused such distress and confusion in her head that he could use her mind and organs of speech. But by the grace and mercy of God conviction reached her conscience. The poor woman made some humiliating confessions, was humbled down, and wept. She confessed her association with Spiritualists, which Satan had tried to conceal before.

Glory to God, his chief nest was now revealed! The Spiritualism devil was commanded to come out of her in the name of Christ. Oh, how he tortured the poor woman! Her throat became greatly swollen. How the legions of Hell struggled against the power of God! She was pretty thoroughly decided for God; declared she would have every last evil spirit cast out if it killed her. Glory to God for the mighty Deliverer! Relief came by the hand of Jesus. A great measure of peace filled her soul. She sat up in the rocking-chair and her hands were raised while we sang songs of victory for the space of an hour.

Today such miracles are performed by the tongues pastors and the more gifted laymen as a matter of course. Sister White, however, has been privately informed in a number of interviews with God that exorcisms among the tongues-speakers are only a peculiarly vicious feint of hellish strategy. When a demon comes out of a tongues-speaking Holy Roller, all Hell rejoices, for his withdrawal is the recognized signal for a bigger and worse devil of Tongueism to enter in. On the other hand, there have been hints in the controversial literature of the tongues-speaking sects that Sister White's prejudice against their Pentecostal gift may be a highly odious form of demoniacal possession itself.

So on the whole the vision of a Church of God seeress, related in the organization's Book of Doctrine appears to be true. The power to discern spirits came upon her and she saw two churches. One was a fashionable church of fallen Methodism, and in its doorway a single devil lay fast asleep. But across the road, in the vestibule of a Holy Roller chapel, a score of demons flitted about as busy as bees. The sanctified are in more danger of Hell-fire than their merely "saved" neighbors because they are giving Satan his worst scare since the Apostolic Age.

V

Fortunately, this offensive of the Devil's legions is counteracted in the Holy Roller world by the extraordinary power and industry of the Holy Spirit. As proof that in spite of their frequent recriminations some basis of divine truth must reside in all the Holiness sects, these phenomena have blessed them all impartially, and indeed began far back in history, when the Holiness movement was still under the "fallen" Methodist tutelage.

The Rev. Dr. Phineas F. Bresee, for instance, eventually the high priest of the Pentecostal Nazarenes, was still a mere Methodist pastor and unsuccessful gold-mine promoter in the early '80's, when, one evening at prayer in his Los Angeles parsonage, "it seemed to me as if from the azure there came a meteor, an indescribable ball of condensed light, descending rapidly toward me. As I gazed upon it, it was soon within a few score feet, when I seemed distinctly to hear a voice saying, as my face was upturned towards it: 'Swallow it; swallow it!' "

Dr. Bresee did his best, and, although his lips burned painfully for several days afterward, managed to down a little of it. Immediately, he felt a new sense of spiritual power and the next year of his ministry was such a constant Holiness revival that he began to lose caste with his bishop and presiding elder.

At about the same time the Holy Spirit recognized the Rev. Daniel S. Warner's perspicacity in separating from the world and forming the New Testament Church by miraculously delivering him from the drunken husband of one of his recently sanctified parishioners. His journal tells the tale:

He struck me with all force in the forehead, but through God his blow was not more than a ball of cotton. We praised the Lord. Feeling a deep concern for the wicked man's soul, we dropped upon our knees in the middle of the room, raised our hands, and began to pray for him. But this enraged Satan more than ever. He seized a large rocking-chair and slammed it down on us with all vengeance, but through the Lord Jesus Christ

> our uplifted hands turned it off with ease. The storms of oaths and slamming of furniture was terrific. It looked as though there would not be a whole piece left in the room. The infuriated man grabbed a common wood-bottom chair by the back and struck down twice or three times on our head, which was safely shielded by the hand of the Lord. Glory to God in the highest! Our soul was filled with great peace in the midst of the storm; we had not the slightest fear of suffering harm.
>
> The kind wife and a daughter, who were gloriously sanctified at the Sandy Lake meeting, tried to protect us, when the latter received a heavy blow on the shoulder from the chair, the legs having been threshed off by previous blows, making it all the better to maul with. Seeing that they were in danger of being hurt in our protection, we arose and began to retreat. The savage monster followed us out of the yard and some rods on the road with awful curses and open threats that he would kill us. Glory to the God of our salvation! There was not a hair of our head hurt, not a scratch or mark upon our body. The next morning we felt our right wrist was slightly sprained by stopping the terrible blows, but it soon disappeared.

Many such victories in similar crises finally led Brother Warner to a test of what the Holy Spirit could do for a corpse. In one of his Northern Ohio pilgrimages he learned that a Negro girl, two days after being "greatly improved" by the healing efforts of a fellow evangelist, had died of tuberculosis. Brother Warner promptly called off the funeral, summoned the elders, and for the better part of a morning led them in a wrestle with the death spirit by the coffin. The effort was unsuccessful in that the girl did not rise, and that the local newspapers, getting a garbled report of the event, represented that Brother Warner had stood the corpse on its feet and told it to go about its business. But since at the end of the vigil the amateur resurrecters all received an inner spiritual intimation that the Lord did not intend to do His supreme work at this stage of the movement, Brother Warner remained cheerfully convinced that in spite of his embarrassments the effort had been well worth making.

God spared no reasonable means of showing His pleasure as the separation of His Holiness people from the fallen churches was accomplished. Sister Alma White, who previously had suffered from both intestinal and pulmonary tuberculosis, complicated with a sad toll of female disorders, began to gain strength without doctors, and got her pastor husband, formerly inclined to backslide from Holiness into conventional Methodism, completely under her authority to boot. Whereas formerly she had had to discern the will of God mainly by family afflictions, now Jehovah spoke to her directly on a train in Nebraska, warning her of a siege coming to her holy city. This turned out to be an offer of $2,000 for her Denver tabernacle from a divorcée living in sin with her second husband. On the strength of the divine warning, Sister Alma was able to put off the temptation, and in compensation the Pillar of Fire treasury was soon increased by unexpected gifts of $5,000 from more seemly sources. A little later Jesus personally awakened her in the night, and showed her a vision of the Pentecostal Union boat sailing through a draw-bridge into open waters, signifying that the bankrupt condition of the church's building fund would shortly be remedied.

Meanwhile, her prayers multiplied in horsepower. When opposition developed to her leadership, half a dozen of the ringleaders of the ungodly faction were stricken with painful and dangerous illnesses. On the very day when she and her following in Denver observed a twenty-four-hours fast and held devotional exercise for deliverance from traitors, a young missionary who had secretly gone over to the opposition was felled with paralysis in a Los Angeles park.

But in spite of Sister White, the tongues visitation was also an early product of separation. Its first authentic appearance was in the Latter Rain Pentecostal group, when, during watch-night prayers on December 31, 1900, in Bethel Bible College at Topeka, the Kansas Dayton, the gift of praising God in Czech fell upon Miss Agnes Ozman. Three days later nine other members of the group, while trying to pray in English, suddenly found themselves eloquent in languages totally un-

known to them, including according to, the diagnosis of a visiting rabbi, ancient Hebrew. On this occasion one Howard D. Stanley, who was present, distinctly saw cloven tongues of fire come down from Heaven and settle on the heads of the faithful as at the original Pentecost.

The tongues gift was, however, for the first five years exclusively a Kansas dispensation, and its world-wide outbreak seems to have been deferred until it appeared in the fall of 1905 in the congregation of the Rev. W. S. Seymour, a Negro Holiness adept, preaching to a racially mixed audience in Los Angeles. Thereafter, the Holy Ghost was so generous that within a year the tongues constituted a common accompaniment to divine worship from the Kentucky mountains to India. At a Holiness convention at Orchard, Texas, in 1906 it came on the delegates, somewhat to the alarm of the train crew and certain unsanctified passengers, just as the Holy Rollers were boarding their going-away train for Houston, then still a holy town, but now given over to sin.

The tongues movement propagandists insist that in every case which has been investigated the gifted have spoken, though their words were invariably incomprehensible to themselves, in a definite language. Not only have immigrant converts recognized all the familiar western European languages, but rarer experts have discovered divinely exalted Swedes speaking Apache and Mexicans singing gospel hymns in Maori. To the charges of the ungodly that speakers in the tongues merely jabber gibberish their apologists have the stock answer that there are seven thousand languages spoken on the globe, and that no one has a right to question a Holy Roller's use of any of them unless he knows every word of all of them. Even then there is always the chance that the inspired one may be speaking some totally forgotten dead language or the tongue of the angels in Heaven.

The tongues sect theologians maintain that whenever the language of the blessed has been correctly interpreted, it has been found that they have been using the tongues either to glorify Jesus or to call sinners to salvation. One of the Holy Roller authors lists in a collection of modern miracles called "With Signs Following" the case of a Los Angeles reporter instructed by his city editor to cover a tongues service flippantly. The youth had been born in the Balkans and was naturally startled when a sanctified sister of obvious native American culture arose and began reproaching him for his most secret sins in flawless Croatian. Touched, the young journalist promised amendment, but unwisely began by demanding that his boss let him write a story full of zeal for the Holy Roller cause. He was forthwith fired and although the Holy Roller scholars did not deem it necessary to learn his name and address, he ranks as one of Tongueism's earliest martyrs.

In spite of the signs of demoniacal possession which the tongues and anti-tongues sects find in one another, they run a neck-and-neck race in divine healing, another of the Pentecostal gifts. Sister White, for instance, in the intervals of denouncing the tongues diabolism, keeps her world-wide flock in health without medicine, and for days on end, during the more protracted Pillar of Fire prayer orgies, without anything to speak of in the way of food. On the other hand, the tongues-speaking Church of God (Holiness) records, along with the usual cures of gall-stones, paralysis, snake-bites, chills and fevers, the case of a fifteen-year old boy with fourteen buckshot in his chest, stomach and bowels, given up at the hospital, yet healed by the prayers of the saints.

The Pentecostal Nazarenes, as becomes the most worldly of the Holy Roller groups, are somewhat less fulsome in their healing claims, but the New Testament Church, as far back as 1914, listed nearly fifty healings under the power of the Holy Ghost, with the names and addresses of the cured. A cancer, for instance, dropped off T. J. Brundage of Farmersville, Calif.,

and Mrs. Emma Miller of Michigan was instantaneously healed of total blindness. Mrs. Annie H. Martin by the elder's anointment recovered from hydrophobia, while the all-Holy Roller record for complication of ailments appears to go to Mrs. Sarah B. Hallman, of 5758 South Park avenue, Chicago, who was cured in one session of Bright's disease, indigestion, female troubles, spasms, catarrh and a bad liver. More surprising still, Mrs. Mary B. Woodworth-Etter, a free lance Holiness evangelist, claims in a vast autobiographical work, "Signs and Wonders," to have raised Mrs. Sarah Nelson of Indianapolis and Mrs. J. C. Brewer of London, Ky., from the dead. Since both ladies signed testimonials admitting it, the question in Holy Roller circles is no longer open to argument.

But the supreme triumphs of Holy Roller therapeutics appear when healing is accompanied by visions. God appeared on the main business street of Eldorado Springs, Mo., in 1903 to say to Mrs. Mary A. Arthur, "You are every whit whole"; whereupon her devious afflictions with dyspepsia, hemorrhoids, prolapsis and partial blindness fell from her instantly. A few days later God again visited Mrs. Arthur somewhat informally while she was dressing and informed her that in the evening His Comforter was coming. Mrs. Arthur spent the day cleaning the house as if for a visit from her Congressman and that evening, sure enough, came the Holy Ghost baptism, the gift of tongues and a call to preach. A few weeks later, when she had opened a tent mission in Galena, Kansas, the choir suddenly was inspired to sing a tongues anthem which "two visiting Catholic nuns" recognized as a difficult composition in classical Latin. For many nights even sinners, gathered outside to listen to the holy noises, saw angels "in a white cloud come down and rest on the tent roof."

But the epic case of Holy Roller healing is that of the Rev. David Wesley Myland, of the Latter Rain Pentecostalists. In 1889 God healed him of total paralysis sent to discipline him for resisting a call to preach. Incidentally God allowed him to see his own funeral and to indulge in a long but successful argument with Satan while the holy therapeutics were working. In 1892 Jesus came to the foot of this good man's deathbed and healed him with a personal benediction after haters of the work had given him arsenic in a country-store banana. In 1895 he was healed again of pneumonia after the doctors had relinquished him, and in February 1900 God personally caused a "strangling membrane" in His servant's infected larynx to fly from his throat and stick to the wall on the other side of the room. In 1902, when he was dying of typhoid pneumonia, God showed him a toy bank, and informed him almost jocosely that he had deposited so much faith in it that for the present he could "live on the interest."

Finally, in 1906, burns from a gas explosion in the Latter Rain meeting hall at Columbus brought on blood poisoning, which, mounting to the brain, got Dr. Myland nearer his last gasp than ever. Practically at the moment of dissolution he opened his eyes and saw Jesus leading the heavenly choir and orchestra with a gold and silver baton. The Master's back was turned to him, but presently He turned and asked hospitably: "My child, what do you want?"

"I want," said Dr. Myland impulsively, "to sing for a few minutes in that choir."

But when Jesus graciously consented, the pastor remembered his manners and stammered out: "Oh but I wouldn't dare to."

At that, Jesus picked him up and sat him down in the front row and for a whole hour, on November 3, 1906, Dr. Myland sang heavenly anthems in glory, reflecting all the time that this choir was even superior to "the old Ohio quartette."

Returning to his bed, the reverend shook off his blood poisoning instantly, sat up, demanded a hearty supper, and within a week was on the streets again.

VI

In all their sects the Holy Rollers are against the vices of infidelity, evolutionism, sexual recreation, the use of gin, and fallen Methodism. They are against plain prayer without orgies as much as they are against dancing, liquor and tobacco. They are against faith without a personal Devil as much as they are against jewelry, tea and coffee, transparent female garments, polygamy and theological liberalism. Except among the Pentecostal Nazarenes, who disgrace the movement increasingly with worldly tolerance, and who maintain a training school for ministers in Los Angeles, with a college yell of "Hallelujah," they are suspicious of a university trained or salaried clergy. The public schools are suspect to them because of their godless tendencies and worldly amusements, and the books of discipline of all the Holy Roller sects make any competitive Methodist work look like an invitation to a wild night among the young married set. When the Church of God (Holiness) announced a few years ago that the use of pork was permissible and that wedding rings costing less than five dollars might be worn in communities where their absence would cause scandal, theologians of the rival sects rebuked this weakening as the sign of a Devil-sent apostasy.

Yet within their own sphere the Holy Rollers obviously live a life of tension as deliciously and sensuously gratifying as that of campus agnostics and cow town sophisticates. Ladies who meet the Lord God Sabaoth socially in their boudoirs before breakfast and gentlemen who may at any moment break out with soul-saving words in White Russian naturally have no thrills to ask of Earl Carrol. They know, too, that the thrills of the sort they like best will never end: that in Heaven the sanctified will be nearest Jesus and have the best seats for watching the fallen Methodists, the cock-tail drinking Episcopalians and the Devil-serving Papists jump through the fiery hoops.

"I go to one of the famous restaurants in New York," says the anonymous author of the Book of Doctrine of the Church of God, celebrating the joys of the faith in a burst of prose metaphor. "The appetizer is a salad that whets the appetite like the first look at the big brown turkey wallowing in its own gravy on Thanksgiving morning. Then comes a tempting soup, and a half lobster with its succulent tenderness waiting at the side to minister to your joy—and then—and then—Oh revelation of happiness! — comes the Chauteaubriand! And what is a Chauteaubriand? Ah, I will tell you. The Chauteaubriand is a noble piece of flesh three inches in thickness, and so tender that the thumb, when pressed against it lightly, is buried in the yielding tissues.

"Against the upper and the lower sides are fastened thin pieces of less precious beef, and a bit of butter, and the whole is then broiled over the coals. The two thin slices are consumed in the cooking, but their presence has preserved all the juices in the great piece. At the end the great piece is lightly browned on each side, and when it is brought to you it melts in your mouth. Oh, with potatoes to your liking and a salad of lettuce, cress and endive—for every five minutes that I devote to telling about it, I spend two hours thinking of it and swallowing hard! And I come to you telling you about that wonderful meal, and say that you can have it too, as you are going to be near that wonderful restaurant. I can almost see you fairly licking your lips and rolling your tongue around and your mouth watering uncontrollably."

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Anthropology

ABORIGINAL EDUCATION IN AMERICA

By Robert H. Lowie

Education is not merely a *department* of civilization, like Art or Religion. It is an indispensable *condition* of civilization. For since civilization is nothing but the sum-total of the social heritage, its proudest constituents must vanish unless there is a means for passing them on to the next generation. That means is what we call Education. It is the best illustration of Ernst Mach's famous principle of "the economy of thought." When an Eskimo has discovered that he can avoid snow-blindness by wearing goggles, he teaches his progeny how to make them. They are saved the painful experiences of their forefathers and also the energy that would otherwise go into coping with the problem. They can thus turn their thought into new channels and improve their harpoons, etch designs on their household utensils, or think up the jolly custom of turning a somersault when approaching a certain hill. Thus they add to what came down to them out of the past, and culture grows. But *because* it grows, there is always more and more to be handed down to posterity, and in recent times the bulk has become so vast that not one of us can do more than master a pitiable fraction of the whole.

What are the pedagogical methods of primitive man? Naturally, one expects to find them reeking with brutality. Well, let us listen to first-hand reports. George Bird Grinnell, who has been studying the Cheyenne in Montana and Oklahoma for forty years, writes:

> Indians never whip their children. . . . Sometimes a mother, irritated by the resistance of a yelling child, will give it an impatient shake by one arm as she drags it along, but I have never witnessed anything in the nature of the punishment of a child by a parent.

My own Crow in Montana never beat their children. If a boy is unruly, they put him on his back and pour water down his nostrils. If he misbehaves again, they cry, "Bring the water!" and that usually suffices. Similarly, the Blackfoot of Montana and Alberta gave him a dash of cold water or a forced plunge in a creek, while among the Hidatsa of North Dakota an uncle or an elder brother dips the youngster in the Missouri. It is much the same way in South America. Speaking of the Pauserna in Brazil, Baron Erland Nordenskiöld says: "As with most Indians, children are never beaten. A little girl flew into a fury several times and struck her father. He jumped aside. If children are naughty, they are shoved out of the hut." In all his travels up and down the continent, the Swedish investigator encountered but one instance of corporal punishment, when a refractory girl received three light strokes, one on the calves, one on her buttocks, and one on the back.

Nor must it be supposed that the American Indians are uniquely humanitarian. In Ceylon Professor Seligmann saw a little Vedda fling an ax at his father, which hit him in the leg. "The man was obviously annoyed and threw the ax from him into the jungle, but he did not attempt to scold or punish the child, who was now howling with rage; indeed, after a little while some food was given him to pacify him." An Australian beat up his *wife* for daring to chastise her child, and in New Guinea a white trader was threatened with lynching for whipping his own offspring. In Africa corporal punishment is not wholly unknown, yet the majority of the tribes

ll into line with the rest of the primitive orld. To quote a recent witness of East frican conditions, Dr. Gerhard Lindblom:

> An attractive feature in the Akambas' nature is their love for children, especially small children. A person who sees any one treating a child brutally will rush wildly to its help, even if he has not the slightest idea whose child it is.

The contrast with the practice of civiized peoples until all but the most recent eriod is staggering. No sooner had culture ecome more sophisticated than the rod beame the symbol of instruction. Thrashing vas the ancient Egyptian scribe's favorite levice. Throughout the Middle Ages, and ong after, children of both sexes and all anks of society were flogged with a truly mpressive regularity and impartiality. The Emperor Maximilian records in his memoirs how his tutor would fetch him a box on the ear. About the year 1600 the Tyrolese masters lashed seven- and eight-year old boys with leather straps so that they bore the marks as long as they lived. And Louis XIII was flogged not only as a prince, from his second year on, but even after his coronation. How savage the scalphunting Plains Indians appear by comparison!

Is aboriginal America, then, pedagogically an earthly paradise? Alas, no! To be non-Nordic and illiterate is not in itself a prophylactic against the effects of original in. To be sure, the children, unflogged as they are, behave on the whole amazingly well. Most travellers have commented on the docility of the young Eskimo; Cheyenne boys play the roughest games as true sportsmen, with a minimum of bickering; of the Bolivian Chimane, Nordenskiöld reports: "The children never strike one another"; and similar tales come from the four corners of the primitive world.

Precisely why primitive children are so generally less naughty than their white contemporaries remains largely a mystery. However, some shreds of explanation are available. Though the parents do not beat their children, they sometimes frighten them into fits with bugbears. Any bogy will do to cow a squalling brat—even, to lapse into autobiography, a visiting anthropologist. In North America the owl is a great favorite for this purpose, and a mother who imitates its hoot can cow a young offender into submission. The Zuñi of New Mexico have a quaint custom of more elaborate character that recalls an Austrian folk-usage. At one of their periodic festivals two masked *adoshle* make the rounds of the dwellings, one of them impersonating a woman. With a retinue of two or more clowns, they chase any children they meet and solemnly enter the houses. There, writes Elsie Clews Parsons, they "berate and lecture the terrified and often wailing children. Those who have not yet been initiated, children under seven or eight, are terribly frightened and even the older children may be upset."

The boys are exhorted to look after the horses, the girls to learn how to grind corn and cook. Then come more vigorous tactics. The "woman" drags a girl to the hand-mill, pretending to grind her up, while the other mummer throws his hair back from over his mask with a knife and threatens to lop off the children's ears. If a boy has been a sloven, the clowns seize him and souse him in the nearby river. In the meantime the mother will lend an air of verisimilitude to the performance by complaining to her visitors about one of the men in her household. Finally, the guests are pacified with food offerings and depart. One can understand that such little dramas may leave a deep impression.

There is another weak spot in the Indian pedagogy, and it abides with us. Example was not deemed sufficient without precept. All human experience goes to show that it is easy to implant emotional prejudices, but very hard to teach useful principles which run counter to natural inclination. This, however, has never deterred age from the heroic attempt to square the circle. The Winnebago wiseacres on Lake Michigan, the Pima of the Arizona desert, the Aztec of Mexico and the Cheyenne of Montana indulge in sage, long-winded, oft-repeated

harangues to their offspring. Thus, amidst a flood of verbiage recorded by Sahagun, an Aztec father would bid his son work industriously, be humble in social relations, emulate the example of an able kinsman, practice moderation in fleshly indulgences, and follow the golden middle path in the choice of raiment, eschewing both extravagance and squalor.

When I was in Bermuda some years ago, the owner of a stalagmite cave assured me that Shakespeare had personally been to the Islands: he had been so accurate in his description of them in "The Tempest." The Aztec data favor this view. Surely Shakespeare must have gone further south and come into contact with a Mexican pedagogue, incorporating his wisdom in Polonius's speech. A girl mentioned by Sahagun was treated to a double dose of advice. When her father admonished her to become a good weaver and to treat suitors with humility, her mother appeared on the scene to prescribe the proper gait for a gentlewoman, to enjoin chastity, and to warn against cosmetics, the symbol of profligacy.

In all these tirades one effective element recurs, whether we take samples from Canada or Mexico: the stress on what Main Street may say. "Public opinion was the law of the [Cheyenne] camp, and few were bold enough and reckless enough to fly in the face of it." Parents dwelt upon the need of a proper regard for the judgment of the neighbors, and in so far as they actually acquired any control over the natural impulses of their children it must have been derived from this morbid consciousness, which generally succeeded in thwarting greed, lust, and *joie de vivre* in favor of the less rational hankering for prestige.

There was also a less obtrusive form of didacticism. Some Indian folk-tales are, *mutatis mutandis*, like the stories we used to read in the gay 'nineties, say, "Paddle Your Own Canoe." A boy is living in great destitution with his aged grandmother. He meets a supernatural being that becomes his guardian angel, helps him humiliate his ill-wishers, makes him conquer the enemy, and raises him to the chieftainship. The moral is transparent, though not as a rule explicitly stated; indeed, the Pawnee deliberately tell the stories for the moral guidance of the young.

In other continents savages often have a curious equivalent of our formal education. The children of either sex or of both sexes separately are secluded at or before puberty and kept under supervision away from their parents, sometimes for weeks, sometimes for months or even years. The natives themselves refer to these segregated camps as schools, and the designation is apt, for instruction of an industrial, moral, hygienic and religious nature is commonly given. State control is general. That is to say, the political authorities see to it that all adolescents are initiated at the proper time. And whatever leniency children enjoyed in their earlier life is frequently compensated for by the rigorous discipline to which they are now subjected, with genuine ordeals often thrown in for good measure. The Australian boys have a tooth knocked out, or are circumcised with stone knives, or otherwise mutilated. Altogether, these rites are a strange mixture of confirmation rites, systematic schooling, manhood tests, and what not. In Africa the ceremonial of initiation into the adult stage is further intimately connected with the secret organizations that flourish there.

The natives of the New World also have typical forms of these practices. However, these are often overshadowed by other institutions and assume a more private shape. In British Columbia the Salish adolescents of both sexes are all carefully trained. At the first signs of maturity a girl is secluded in a small lodge and a kinswoman takes charge of her. She fasts for four days and for a whole year observes the most stringent taboos. She may drink only through a tube and must not scratch herself with her fingers, a special implement serving the purpose. She never leaves her hut until dusk and has to be back before daylight. Then she gets her breakfast and sleeps—

ut not too long. During her nocturnal ambles she not only takes physical exercise in the form of running and climbing, ut prepares more definitely for her future uties by carrying loads and digging renches—the latter to gain practice in oot-gathering.

The day is also spent in useful employnent. The guardian teaches her ward to nake thread, little bags and baskets, and o sew and embroider, as well as to tan kins. As a finger exercise for acquiring nimbleness, she plucks needles from fir ranches. The equivalent for boys begins bout the time their voice shows signs of hange. They are not formally segregated or placed under supervision, but absent themselves at irregular intervals for a few days at a time in order to get a revelation from a guardian spirit. Vocational training is not wanting, but it consists mainly in gymnastic exercises and target practice. Like their sisters, the youths observe dietary rules and use special drinking-tubes and scratchers. In addition they cut their bodies, and prospective warriors used to slash their sides as a token of their hardihood.

The Salish, like the Negroes and Australians, single out puberty as a period of outstanding importance, requiring special attention and discipline. They differ in that the coming of age performance is an individual affair, with which the state does not meddle. In Australia one of the most important duties of the governing old men is to regulate the boys' initiation. However, the American aborigines vary enormously in their attitude toward this critical stage of life. As a minimum, there is no cognizance at all taken of the youths, while the girls are merely under some taboos at the time of puberty. Again, the stress is at times on some definite ordeal. In Guiana no person of either sex may marry without undergoing exposure to the bites of ants. The victim, of course, is expected to repress any sign of suffering.

In Southern California the performance conforms more nearly to the pattern of school life. Here several girls jointly undergo the ceremony. They are spectacularly "roasted" in a pit with hot rocks lined with weeds. There they must remain as long as they can and with as little movement as possible. If they move much, they will become fidgety in later life. "The longer the confinement, the greater the benefit is supposed to be." Every day they are taken out, and the pit is reheated and lined anew. They use head-scratchers—this jolly contraption extends from Northern Canada to Tierra del Fuego—and abstain from meat for six months. There is not much practical instruction, but there are lectures on hygiene. Catamenial women should drink hot water, and pregnant ones some bitter medicine. Nor is morality neglected: the instructors warn the novices against stinginess and encourage them to be hospitable to elder relatives.

The South Californian boys are initiated into a cult by getting a draught of the narcotic jimson weed. It stupefies them, and they dream of guardian spirits. They have their food restrictions, of course, and are exposed to the inevitable counsels of the elder statesmen. But their education does not stop there. There are dramatic performances—stamping out the fire, cutting out one's tongue and making it grow again, being killed with bow and arrow and then resuscitated. Into all these useful accomplishments the novices are duly initiated.

All this is most encouraging. For it is an undeniable fact that, apart from mystical entanglements and lapses into didacticism, the American Indians intuitively hit upon what are now recognized as the most advanced methods of instruction. Some things were taught, as they had to be, systematically. But much was acquired without a sense of being schooled, through the natural processes of imitation and play. As soon as a Cheyenne or Crow was old enough, he got his bow and arrow. Before he was eight or ten he was giving chase to small birds or rabbits, shooting at a target in competition with his fellows, and

engaging in sham buffalo hunts. In mock-battles and imitations of the men's military clubs he learnt the tribal standards and the intricate code of warfare.

Boys and girls together would play at camp life, the girls pitching the tents and packing their dogs as they saw their mothers do. Since a camp needed food, the boys went out hunting, not only individually but in parties, so that there was training in coöperative effort. All of this was capital vocational training. To quote Grinnell once more: "The care with which they twisted and wound in and out of cover when approaching the game, taking advantage of every inequality in the ground, of the brush, and of the clumps of rye grass, was precisely what they would have to practice when hunting later in life."

Among the Pueblo Indians the ceremonial assumes an enormous amount of energy. At the Hopi festivals little dolls are given to the children, each accurately representing some one of the mythical personages that figure in the performances. I was simply amazed to find how many of these *kachinas* a small boy was able to identify correctly from a series of sketches shown him. By playing with his dolls he had learnt the costume peculiar to each character and incidentally picked up the proper names.

Here again our aborigines are not unique. In East Africa the Negroes are experts at snaring and trapping, and Mr. Dudley Kidd, in his fascinating book on "Savage Childhood," assures us that "no farmer's boy in England could make such excellent bird-traps at the age of three as the Kafir child can." He props up a slab at an angle of forty-five degrees and puts grain so that the bird can only get it by touching a trigger, which immediately releases the crushing rock. This is manual and vocational training with a vengeance.

The simple truth is that expressed by a Swiss scholar, Dr. Knabenhans: "Finally, I revert to the astonishing fact that the very tribes poorest in material culture have achieved a whole set of our most modern educational postulates." Well may we ask, What is Progress?

Psychology

ANIMAL MENTALITY

By Grace Adams

Until 1890 there was no animal psychology. There were only biology and anecdotes. These anecdotes, though seldom confirmed, were generally accepted, and they represented animals as having human, often superhuman, intelligence. By 1894 such miraculous tales had grown to be so universally believed that Lloyd Morgan felt the necessity of putting a stop to them. He did this by writing one sentence, which has become known as Lloyd Morgan's Canon: "In no case may we interpret an action as the outcome of a higher psychical faculty if it can be interpreted as the outcome of one which stands lower in the psychological scale."

At about the same time a group of American psychologists, headed by E. L. Thorndike, began to make extensive tests of animal intelligence. The results of these experiments are summed up in Thorndike's statement about his tests of dogs and cats: "I failed to find any act that even *seemed* due to reasoning." The field of combat for his animals was a puzzle-box. The door of this wire or wooden cage was fastened by various and intricate means. Sometimes a hungry animal was inside, with food on the outside. At other times the order was reversed and the animal outside saw or smelled the bait inside. The machinery for opening the door was so complicated that it could seldom be completely seen by the animal, but there was always one simple movement, such as pulling a string, which would start it all going and instantly release the fastening.

In no experiment did any animal make this one correct movement intentionally;

he first release was always accidental. After this one accidental opening of the door, the test was repeated over and over, and the experimenter kept a record of how often and how quickly the animal made the one correct movement. In other words, after the first release, wherein the animal showed no sign of intelligence, the experiment narrowed down to a test of learning ability. Learning came to stand for intelligence; and all of the animals that were tested learned slowly and very stupidly.

Thorndike's records went even further than Morgan's canon in discrediting the possibility of animal intelligence. Yet neither the theoretical law nor the experimental results changed one of the chief assumptions of animal psychology. Washburn expressed this assumption when she wrote: "We must interpret animal mind humanly if we interpret it at all." The intelligence which was earlier ascribed to animals was human intelligence; the stupidity of the animals in the puzzle-boxes was interpreted in terms of human stupidity. It was Volkelt's observations of spiders and Jeansch's tests of hens which gave the first indications that this supposition was faulty.

When we see a spider suddenly dart out along its web and seize and carry off the fly that has just alighted there, we must say, if we are to interpret the spider's mind humanly, that the perception of a fly evoked its reactions. Yet Volkelt found that the spider would make the same movements, although there was no fly present, if its web was set in motion by the vibrations of a tuning-fork. Furthermore, if a fly was brought near the spider but did not touch the web, the spider would become terrified at the fly's buzzing and retreat before it. From these observations Volkelt concluded that the spider had no comprehension of the fly as an object; that it reacted neither to another animal nor to possible food, but merely to certain changes in the tactual experiences which came to it as it sat on its web.

Jeansch's tests of hens showed that these fowls, too, were unable to perceive discreet objects, but that they had some powers of discrimination. If the darker of two grey boxes which stood in the hens' enclosure always held food and the lighter was always empty, a group of hens soon learned to go directly to the darker box when it was their feeding time. Yet when this lighter box was removed and another, considerably darker than the one which still held their food, was substituted for it, the hens ignored the box to which they had been in the habit of running and proceeded immediately to the new and empty third box. In subsequent experiments Jeansch discovered that hens never recognized one particular box. The group which had originally found food in the darker of two grey boxes would always seek out the darkest grey in their surroundings; while another group which had first fed from the lighter of two boxes would invariably go to the lightest box they could see. From these tests it is evident that the mere statement that man is intelligent and birds are not is an inadequate expression of their mental differences.

Then came the third German, Wolfgang Koehler, with his discovery that the mentality of apes resembled man's more closely than that of any other animal. Koehler's experimental method was so different from Thorndike's that its simplicity is apt to blind one to its ingenuity. His animals, alone or in pairs or groups, were allowed to wander about in a playground which was inclosed on three sides by walls and on the fourth side by iron bars. Fruit, of which they were especially fond, was in plain view, but not within reach of their hands or feet. Sometimes it lay outside the bars; at other times it was attached to the walls; at still others it was suspended from the wire netting which formed the roof of the yard. In no case could an animal get at it by simply reaching out his hand or climbing to it. Scattered about the pen were sticks and stones and boxes. Stout ropes were fastened to the walls. None of these were placed in any definite relation

to the fruit or near it, save when a box was purposely put in a position where it would become a definite obstruction; and Koehler, unless he had some specific reason for doing so, never directed the apes' attention to them. He simply set the stage and waited.

As chimpanzees are natural acrobats, one of their most popular methods of obtaining fruit high above their heads was to swing themselves toward it on one of the ropes which hung from the wall. When they came near the fruit they would quickly let go of the rope, grab the fruit and drop with it to the ground. If no rope was at hand, the hinged doors of the cage proved quite as useful for their purpose. Yet if the rope upon which they were accustomed to swinging was "laid in three firm coils" around a pole, although the coils were "neat and orderly, did not cross each other, and could be easily surveyed by the human observer," all of the apes were completely unable to uncoil it.

When the fruit was too far from the walls to make swinging for it practicable, the apes calmly surveyed the situation and abandoned that method. Then they began to drag boxes underneath it. When his box seemed near enough, the ape would climb upon it and reach for the fruit. If the top of the box did not put him within reaching distance, he would take a stick with him when he clambered up, and, standing on his toes, beat down the fruit. But when the fruit was very high, even this was insufficient. Then the apes would go in search of other boxes. Often they would bring back as many as four, and then carefully, and sometimes with great effort—for the boxes were heavy—build a tower by piling one box on another. From the top of this structure the ape would extend his arm or his stick toward the fruit. As often as not, both he and the tower would tumble to the ground before the objective was reached. Why? Because no matter how carefully one box was placed on another, the ape showed no comprehension of balance. Sometimes a box was put at the extreme edge of another, and it would be tipped off.

Although the apes would search as far as their enclosure allowed for boxes with which to build, they would not touch a box which lay against a wall or in a corner, or one upon which another ape was lying—though they had no scruples about pushing others aside when they wanted their places. Sometimes Koehler made the boxes too heavy for the animals to move by putting sand or stones into them. The average ape would look interestedly at the stones falling into the box, but he would not take them out again. Instead he would tug heroically and for a long time at the immovable box. Only one ape ever removed enough ballast to allow him to pull the box along the ground. This same animal was the only one which deliberately and immediately pushed aside a box which hindered him from obtaining fruit which lay outside the bars. If any of the other nine chimpanzees ever removed an obstruction it was either due to accident or because for hours they had been trying all other methods of reaching the objective.

It was in the experiments where the coveted food lay outside and beyond the bars that the chimpanzees showed the most ingenuity. When long sticks were lying about in the playground, their task was comparatively simple. An ape would thrust the stick through the bars and behind the banana and pull it along the ground until the fruit was within arm's length. Then he would discard the stick and grab and eat the banana. Later, Koehler left only sticks too short to reach the objective—that is, within the yard. But long sticks were put outside the bars, nearer than the fruit but not close enough for the apes to grasp them with their feet. In this situation an ape would pull a longer stick toward him by means of a shorter, and then use the long one to reach the fruit. When no long sticks were visible, two of the apes manufactured them by poking short, slender bamboo poles into the open ends of ones which were wider.

These are brief summaries of Koehler's more detailed tests. What is their significance? The first question which he had to answer was whether or not the apes' behavior in any of the experiments was intelligent: whether they ever showed that they had insight into what they were doing, or, merely by chance, hit upon the correct solutions of their problems. The very technique of the tests forced an unequivocal answer to this question. There was no single correct solution to any problem. The apes' methods of obtaining their objectives often surprised the observer. Not only were the solutions involving building towers and making long poles genuine and unlearned, but few human beings would ever have thought of using the swinging doors. So Koehler felt justified in saying that "the chimpanzees manifest intelligent behavior of the general kind familiar to human beings. Not all of their intelligent acts are externally similar to human acts, but under well-chosen experimental conditions, the type of intelligent conduct can always be traced."

Immediately other questions arose. If the apes' performance was intelligent, why did it show such strange inconsistencies? If they could use ropes so effectively, why did they not uncoil them? Why did they build such unsteady towers? Above all, why were they so backward about removing obstacles?

"We must," answers Koehler, "be on our guard against constructing our standard of values for these tests on the basis of human achievements and capacities." Behavior which would be inconsistent in a human being is the normal behavior of an anthropoid. These seeming inconsistencies merely demonstrate "the narrow limit of his powers as compared to man's." The failure to uncoil the rope indicates that "chimpanzees do not grasp complicated forms as well as men." The innumerable disasters in building with boxes show that "there is practically no statics to be noted in the chimpanzees." All of the difficulties with obstructions, with boxes close against the wall, are summed up in the statement that "it appears doubtful whether the conception of 'connection' in our practical human sense signifies more for the chimpanzee than visual contact in a higher or lower degree."

In the light of these findings, what is to be said of the Rube Goldberg experiments of Thorndike's laboratory? A sentence which Koehler often repeated to himself seems to criticize them aptly: "The intelligence tests in general will be more likely endangered by the person making the experiment than by the animal." But Thorndike, with his levers and strings and bolts, assumed, before he even started testing their intelligence, that his mammals had a comprehension of forms and physics which even the most talented of them lacked.

Koehler's findings lend very little support to the recurrent newspaper stories of apes being trained into efficient household servants. His anthropoids would not even attempt an undertaking which they could not understand to some extent. On the other hand, the whole problem of intelligence is far less mystifying since the behavior of these apes has been carefully observed. When we review his results, especially in their relation to Volkelt's and Jeansch's, we understand Koehler's claim that "so far, observations agree well with the theories of evolution; in particular the correlation between intelligence and the development of the brain is confirmed."

And mental evolution appears not unlike biological evolution. There is the greatest possible contrast between the undifferentiated mental experience of the spider and the complex mind of man. Yet differentiation and complexity, themselves, are perhaps the chief factors in this contrast. Insight, as it functions in a civilized human adult, may be vastly superior to the insight displayed by an anthropoid, but human intelligence no longer seems unique and inexplicable. It has evolved gradually and naturally.

ITALIAN FUNERAL

BY GIUSEPPE CAUTELA

I had just gone to bed when the telephone rang. It was half past eleven. My telephone seldom rings, and never at half past eleven. By the time I got downstairs to answer it, my mind experienced the longest minutes in my life. That bell had never sounded so strident and so insistent as it did in the stillness of that night.

"Hello," came a sorrowful voice from the other end of the wire, "is this Giuseppe Cautela?"

"Yes," I answered with apprehension.

"I am Vincent," said the voice again. "Ralph died an hour ago."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "thank you, Vincent. I am terribly sorry."

"Good night."

"Good night, Vincent."

"Ralph is dead," I said to my wife.

"Yes, I understood," she said. "Poor boy! Gemma will be all alone now. She divorced her husband six months ago. Now she loses her only boy. Poor mother! 'My head, my head!' he kept on crying this afternoon in the hospital."

"Spinal meningitis is a terrible disease," I answered.

We said no more. The windows were white with moonlight, and it came up to the foot of the bed, quiet, peacefully.

It was only in the past Summer that the boy had played in the moonlight with my children. A giant for his age, only seventeen and six feet tall.

Antonio, Gemma and their son came to see us in their car, and with them, Graziella, with eyes like velvet and a skin like alabaster.

The first time Graziella came along, on a hot Sunday afternoon in July, I was impressed with the cheerful mood of the little company. There is nothing more joyful, more boisterous and healthy than an Italian family out for a good time.

"Where's the poet, where's the writer?" I heard Antonio's powerful voice ask my wife downstairs. Loud laughter and noise followed, as if a large company had come in. I clapped my hands to my ears.

"Poor me!" I exclaimed, "I might as well quit; it's too warm anyhow."

As I was putting away my writings, my wife came in saying: "Antonio is downstairs with company."

"Yes, I heard him," I said with resentment.

"Now be nice," my wife warned me, knowing full well what sort of a bore I become when interrupted. By the time I got downstairs the company was in full feast. Italians always prefer wine to ice-cream. There was wine on the table; it shone violet and red, full of life in tall glasses, and walnuts were being cracked with the teeth as if by a grindstone.

"Hello," I exclaimed as cheerfully as possible.

"Hello, Giuseppe!" cried Antonio, with glass in hand. "You're a crazy man to write on a day like this!"

"Yes, I am," I said. "I quite agree with you."

"Before I invite you to have a drink," he said, "you must meet Graziella."

Graziella rose on her small feet, her dark head above me. This means that she was over five feet five inches tall. Full-breasted and well formed, she compelled admiration. She shook my hand vigorously, remarking in a peculiar husky voice:

"I hear you were writing. I hope we did not disturb you. We come from the beach."

"You are quite welcome, Signorina," I said.

"You must come over to see us some Sunday," she continued. "We live not far from it."

"Her father runs a restaurant down the Island, Giuseppe," added Gemma.

"And we live above it," said Antonio. Then, "I am always to be found where there is good cooking."

"And good wine," added his wife.

"I must come over for dinner some night," I promised.

While we spoke, I noticed that Antonio was rather familiar with Graziella. It is not infrequent that Italian families become intimate after a very short acquaintance. For the moment I did not attach much importance to it, but my interest was further aroused when on succeeding visits Graziella came along as if she were a member of the family. It was puzzling to me when I saw Antonio's wife, Gemma, look on as if amused at her husband's loving ways with Graziella. But her smile was not natural. There was a hidden tear in it, and the arching of her eyebrows as she looked at her feet made me feel that not everything was smooth.

Besides, Antonio's character kept my attention alive. His swaggering, all-conquering way, his eagerness to dominate a conversation and his powerful physique could not fail to impress a woman like Graziella. A fire was burning within her. It sent sparks through her fine black eyes every time she glanced at Antonio. And the man's voice leapt to a musical resonance as if touched by electricity. At times, late at night, Graziella would not leave the car, but remain in it with her eyes shut, and her head reclined on the cushion. Invariably she held Antonio's straw hat on her lap. All this was strange, to say the least. My wife, after asking Gemma a few times why Graziella did not come in, noticed her confusion, and asked no more.

One evening Gemma asked me if she should bob her hair.

"What!" I exclaimed, horrified. "Your beautiful brown hair! What's the idea?"

"Oh, it's such trouble in the morning."

"You have had it for many years, and now you mean to cut it! Please don't. Besides, I don't think you should cut it for another consideration."

"What?" she asked eagerly.

"You would not mind if I . . . ?"

"No really. Tell me," she answered.

"You are too—heavy," I said, avoiding the word fat.

"Yes, I know. What shall I do? I get terrible headaches from dieting, and it does not help."

"Why bother? You look well as you are."

"My husband doesn't think so," she answered quickly, glancing at Antonio.

"I don't think he means it," I said.

"He does," she retorted. "I am old, I am fat, and what not."

She looked at him resentfully, yet tenderly and almost pleadingly. I looked at my wife and she at me. An embarrassing moment followed.

So it had come to this! I thought. Then aloud: "Don't believe him. He still loves you."

Antonio got up, laughing, trying to play the clown in order to humor his wife. But she looked at him with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes.

"Shall we go?" she asked him.

"Sure," he answered jokingly.

"Ralph!" she called. Her son came in.

"Yes, ma." She took his hand, saying: "Let's go home, dear."

II

Twenty years ago, even fifteen, she was a proud beauty. She was an Italian Madonna walking through the streets of New York's West Side. And with her walked her husband, whom she had married in Italy, and on the other side, occasionally, her present husband, Antonio. He won her from her

first husband, Paul. And she, Gemma, after three years of childless marriage, was willing to be won. She was too healthy and beautiful not to have a child. Her mother had had ten. Her sisters all had children. Her brothers, four of them, had from three to six each. To be childless is a terrible humiliation to an Italian woman. Children are the highest aspiration of her life; she would rather die than not have them.

Antonio and Paul had met in the factory. As if fatality willed it, Paul invited Antonio to his home. His wife, seeing this athletic, ardent young man, began to look at him with longing. When I saw the three walk together, go to the theatre, go down to Coney Island, I knew that before long Paul would lose his wife. Why does a young man spend his whole time with a married friend whose wife is beautiful? It is easy to explain the matter if you know the parties.

The courtship lasted only about six months. One Sunday night Antonio and Gemma ran away. Paul recognized the weakness of his position, and one morning tried to justify his action for divorce by having some officers of the law surprise the lovers in their Brooklyn apartment. A few months later, Antonio married Gemma. They had two children—Ralph, who died last Winter at the age of seventeen, and a younger daughter who died when a baby.

It seems that trouble comes with wealth. Gemma was the most indefatigable worker I ever saw. She set out to prove to her people who had turned away from her that she was a good woman and a splendid mother. She opened a small shop in Brooklyn, employing from twenty to thirty girls, according to the season, in making dresses. And while her husband jumped from one job to another, she put up the capital when he built his first house. Then she built a second. And to satisfy her only wish of luxury she bought an automobile, so that she could drive down to the beach on Sundays. For a long time after she had her own houses, she still lived in a small apartment in downtown Brooklyn, in order to be near her place of business.

Hard work had used her beauty badly. With the years she had grown a little fat, and her fine aquiline nose looked smaller now between her fleshy cheeks. She had hoped to reduce and regain some of her old charm by taking sea baths, so she had rented an apartment at Coney Island, not suspecting that Graziella with the black hair and black eyes was waiting there.

III

After much insistence on the part of Gemma and Antonio, we went to spend a day at their apartment at Coney Island. It was the first time I had met Graziella's family. A wonderfully expansive, noble-hearted father, who could drink more wine than any Italian I ever saw, and a very handsome mother, with white wavy hair and a glorious smile. The two sons, older than Graziella, almost broke my hand when they shook hands with me. They looked as if they could throw a house down. Like their father, they were masons, but the old man kept a restaurant now.

It looks as if Antonio is in for trouble this time, I said to myself.

"What did you say?" asked my wife, hearing me murmur.

"I said that today is going to be a wonderful day."

"It didn't sound like it."

"Well, what is the difference? A man is likely to say anything in certain places."

"Be nice now, Giuseppe."

"I am always nice."

The restaurant was on the ground floor, and a side door opened into a staircase that led to Antonio's apartment on the second floor. Many times during the morning, Graziella, opening the door, called up with her plaintive voice: "Antonio, An-to-nio!" Antonio did not usually hear the first time; but at the second call he would rush to the door with a tragic-comic exclamation in Italian, such as, "Ma sangue di—che

c'e?" Then in broken English: "Well, Miss, you wish me?"

"Yes, I wish you," she would repeat, adding: "There is a telephone call for you." The telephone call lasted a long while.

In the evening after dinner she came upstairs. Her confused air, her flaming cheeks, and her halting step when she approached Antonio, plainly told how much in love she was with him. I tried not to see, not to hear, and not to feel the restless atmosphere in which they moved. At last the spell was broken when Graziella sat at the piano and began to play. She played and sang the folk songs of Naples as if she were born there. Two or three times Antonio sang duets with her. He surprised me with a powerful tenor voice. All the while Gemma spoke in whispers with my wife, and when her big son came in, all perspiring from a game of ball, she lost herself in him.

"Change your clothes now, and be careful! You may get a cold. Wait a while before taking the bath."

I looked at her while she had her back turned to me. Her beautiful thick tresses had been cut off. Her head, being rather flat at the back, looked now too small for her body. Her cheeks sagged. I understood her tragic situation.

It was not long afterward that she came to my home while I was away and in a long tearful confession told my wife to what desperate point the affair had reached.

"There is only one thing left for me to do," she concluded. "I must give him a divorce."

She had tried to persuade her husband to move away. He had refused, saying that it was too late. Concealment was not possible any more. Graziella's family had found out. Her brothers one night had put him with his back to the wall, saying: "You must marry our sister or we'll kill you."

He had asked for time. And the real tragedy had begun. He would awaken his wife in the middle of the night and demand that she divorce him.

"I will come to see you just the same even after I marry her," he kept on promising. For weeks the same scene was enacted until the strain began to tell on her.

One night on a lonely road, while they were alone in her car, she promised him that she would give him a divorce. But a thought tragic and revengeful passed through her mind. "He will come to see his son—to see me; he will not belong entirely to her. We shall change positions. She has fashioned a double-edged knife for herself. I have lived the best years of my life."

After a couple of months we heard that she had divorced her husband, and that Antonio had married Graziella. Eventually Graziella gave birth to a baby girl. We saw them no more, we heard of them no more, until Gemma's boy was dying in the hospital.

IV

Antonio visited his ex-wife and his son every evening. An intimate relationship is not destroyed by a legal decision. The Italian husband is always master. Anyone would have thought now, seeing the divorced couple beside each other in the same hour of sorrow, and talking to each other with no sense of anything save the death of their boy, that they were still man and wife. But you could not help thinking that perhaps the last link which held them together had snapped at last.

The room where the dead boy lay was decorated in white. Only a silver cross hung on the center wall over the body. The undertaker had put up a large painting of Mary Magdalene holding the body of Christ over her knees. This seemed so preposterous that Antonio had it removed. Four candles burned in huge silver candelabræ; two at the head of the boy and two at his feet.

The room was already filled with flowers. I shall never forget the smell of those flowers. They, more than anything else, gave me the chill of death. They were icy

cold, and their smell was musty and lifeless. Besides, it was snowing outside, and as the room was on the ground floor, a blast of cold wind came in each time the people opened the vestibule door.

Whole families with their children came in. Men, women and children knelt before the body and prayed. I saw flappers become intensely passionate and serious. In no place save before death, I think, is religious feeling so sincere. In those kneeling, youthful figures the spirit of their elders reasserted itself with new intensity.

It is not unusual to see old scores settled at an Italian funeral. People who have been avoiding one another all their lives meet there, and for one reason or other come to blows. There was a hidden fear that the dead boy's uncles would pick a quarrel with his father, due to his behavior toward their sister. Fortunately, they acted as if nothing had happened. And, for anyone who did not know, the exterior appearance and actions of the parents revealed nothing of the fact that they had been divorced. The mental and physical habits of two people who have lived together for twenty years are not forgotten overnight. More, in this case, death reawakened an entire past. As in the days when their boy was living, father and mother sat close together on a sofa, and received the condolences of their friends.

The Italian character is dramatic at all times. The father felt that the audience present mentally accused him of neglect of his former family. In fact, it had not been so. For a week he had been living with them, so that he could be near his boy. However, it was late, and the air in the apartment was heavy. Until then, some people had been speaking in a whisper, but now they began to doze. Clouds of smoke came floating from the kitchen, where most of the men had taken refuge. Then all of a sudden, due to the question of someone who wanted to know how the boy had died, his father, in a strange, shrill voice began a long, tragic recitation of the whole drama.

In such a case, no audience is more serious and attentive than an Italian audience. We listened with all the reverence due to a father's sorrow.

"I have written down all his last words," he said, "for instance, he often repeated, 'That bad woman! That bad woman!' "

I could not help thinking who "that bad woman" might have been.

He took out of his pocket two folded handkerchiefs.

"These I shall keep with me until I die. How many times I dried his face, his forehead! Last week I bought him a new pair of shoes. Frank, Frank," he called to his younger brother, "bring those shoes from Ralph's room." Frank brought the shoes and laid them at his feet.

"These are size nine," began Antonio again, "but on his feet they looked well. He was well proportioned." Pointing to a photograph of the boy on the bureau he continued, "There you see him in his bathing-suit. Look what shoulders! Does he seem to be only seventeen?" While everyone admired the photograph, he burst into tears, and so did Gemma.

That ended the narrative.

The men returned to smoke in the kitchen in a different mood. It seemed as if a weight of some kind had been lifted. As in the Greek tragedy, a catharsis had taken place. So everyone began to make jokes over cups of black coffee.

Only the noble, white-haired grandmother sat in a corner of the living-room, a tragic mask indeed, never moving, never saying a word.

V

The next day was Sunday. The funeral was to take place at ten o'clock. Later, word came from the priest that he would bless the dead boy only after the noon mass. Meantime, the rooms of the little home were crowded. People stood up as in a church. The flowers had begun to wilt; in the stale air life never had seemed so tedious.

Evidently the new order from the priest had upset the plans of many. Some one started to talk of the tyranny of the church and the priests, and of the stupid, supine acquiescence in family traditions.

"I know that priest," exclaimed a man. "Because I was a widower he refused to marry me before the altar. 'I'll marry you in the sacristy,' he kept on repeating. And I, 'No, you'll marry me before the altar.' Finally we compromised for fifteen dollars more."

An uncle of the boy, who had severed relations with the church long ago, would go to church today so as not to disturb the funeral ceremony. The discussion continued animatedly and the church came in for a terrible lashing. After listening for a while, I went outside. The day was dull; a gray sky lent a feeling of sadness. While half shivering, I walked up and down the street, the white hearse drove up with a long line of automobiles. The sobbing and crying could be heard from outside now. I went in again. The boy's grandmother, always alone, was silently sobbing—the most touching figure in the room.

I went near and spoke consoling words to her.

"Today is Ralph's wedding; today mama's boy gets married," she cried.

There are no words that you can say in the face of such sorrow. I clasped that beautiful gray head with my hands and kissed it.

In the meantime, the coffin was carried outside and placed in the hearse. I escorted the old lady to an automobile, while the neighbors, crowding the side-walk, took a last look at the boy they knew so well.

We drove to the church. It was ten minutes to twelve. Mass was not over yet. So we waited, not suspecting that the most significant incident of the day was about to happen. At last people started to come out of the church, slowly, haltingly as if in a trance.

And while I stood at the door waiting, the boy's uncle from Providence, R. I., who had not said a word all the while I saw him, came by the automobile's door very excited, saying: "The priest wants ten dollars for the blessing of the body. He says he will not let the corpse out of the church if he does not get the money first!"

"This should not surprise you," I answered. "It is not the first time that I hear this. But I can't understand why he should have said that; no one disputed him the price, I think."

"No, that's what makes me mad; he wanted to make sure, I suppose. Why, in Providence, they only charge six dollars."

"What are they going to do now?" I asked.

"If I were the boy's father," he said, "I would bless him myself when they bury him in the cemetery."

"Listen," I said. "Consider this a piece of business like any other and let it go at that."

The coffin was carried into the church, and we followed. We took our seats. A statue of the Madonna stood inside the chancel, at the left center. Numerous candles were burning all around it. How sweet, how beautiful that Italian Madonna! The priest stood waiting at the right of it. The altar boy was at his side, holding the bucket of holy water. Everyone became quiet, and we all looked at the priest. He was a man in his late forties, resolute, aggressive, nothing of the meek, spiritual minister of God in him. His hair, well parted, was raised up to a crest on the right side. He faced us there, more like an actor about to perform his act than a priest.

In incorrect Italian, he began to speak. My attention was sharply drawn. The proceeding was altogether unusual. I thought for the moment that perhaps his sympathies had been aroused, and that he would deliver an oration as a consoling tribute to life, to the stricken parents. But, misery of all miseries, here is what he said in broken Italian:

"I invite you to say a prayer for the poor one who has died. And as my prayer must

have an act of faith as well as a spiritual meaning, my sacristan (while I will absent myself for a few minutes) will sell you a candle for twenty-five cents, which you shall hold lighted while I will bless the coffin. Later, the candle will be placed before the Madonna."

He wheeled about and disappeared. There was a stir in the audience. Not a word was spoken. A powder-house would have been less dangerous. The boy's uncle got up and went out.

The sacristan, smelling a hostile reception, sent the altar boy with the box of candles. The boy walked timidly down the aisle, offering them. Only a pious old neighbor bought one. The result of the sale made the priest furious. When he came out, he looked at us with contempt. He shook his head, and pointing to the lone candleholder, he said commandingly to the boy: "Light that candle!" And with that lone flickering flame in a rising storm, murmuring some Latin, he circled the coffin, spilling holy water from right to left, and in two minutes the blessing was over.

COUSIN AM AND COUSIN GEORGE

BY WILLIAM COBB

The children of our family often discussed Cousin Am's chances of getting to Heaven. Sometimes on Sunday after church, with the strains of that mighty old hymn,

> Shall we gather at the river,
> The beautiful, beauti-ful-ul river,

ringing in our ears, we would decide sorrowfully that Cousin Am's prospect of joining the saints at the river was highly dubious. At other times, during the week, after the old man had entertained us with his gorgeous tales of all-night 'coon hunts and fox chases when he was a little boy in the Tennessee mountains, or after we had watched him dandle the youngsters on his foot, singing,

> Oh, I went to the animal fair
> And the birds and the beasts were there,

we would conclude that God would be an old meanie to keep such a fine jolly gentleman outside the pearly gates.

Of Cousin George's going to Heaven there was, of course, no question. He was, even on earth, of the elect, one of the saints. When his name was called by St. Peter the good Lord would motion him to a place of glory among the sheep on His right hand. Cousin George was the most famous preacher in our church, the Methodist Episcopal, South; he was the only one of the denomination included on the official list of the Twenty Foremost Ministers of America. We were proud of our privilege of calling him Cousin. To other people he was the Rev. Dr. George R. Stuart, a mighty force for righteousness. We children did not realize the full measure of his greatness, but we did know enough to be sure that God would welcome him into Heaven the moment he presented himself.

The same genealogical accident that made us kin to Cousin George related us to Cousin Am also, for the two were brothers. They had begun life together in a mountain county of East Tennessee. George's career led upward to Methodist sainthood and to eminent political parsonship. Ambrose trod the wide and pleasant primrose path, playing his fiddle and smelling the primroses as he passed. His career ended in a small East Tennessee town as the village wit and the fiddler for country dances. That the two brothers would meet in the Promised Land was a possibility too remote to be entertained. There was a salty realism in Cousin Am's attitude toward life that the gate-keeper of Paradise would surely not approve. But Cousin George's unquestioning belief was a certain passport to eternal bliss. Cousin George believed all the things which a good Southern Methodist should believe, but Ambrose was interested only in what amused and entertained him.

Soon after Cousin George died, in 1926, the most eminent literary embalmer of the Church produced a biography of him which preserves, under a thick coating of grease, the main facts of his life and work. The preface was written by the illustrious Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, God's gift to the radio fans. The story of Cousin George's achievements includes a glorious part in most of the high deeds performed by Cotton Belt clerico-politicians during the past forty years. He, more than any other one man, was responsible for the triumph of

Prohibition in the South. When the Hon. William Jennings Bryan succumbed in Dayton, and his clay was carried to Washington for military burial, Cousin George was chosen as Dixie's representative to utter the final prayer over it. When the Anti-Saloon League launched a last frenzied drive against the saloons of New York City, with a mass-meeting in the old Madison Square Garden, Cousin George was the principal speaker. In the gay nineties he had been the partner of the Rev. Sam P. Jones, the greatest evangelist who ever roused the Southern Bible-searchers, and after that eminent man's sudden demise in 1906 he succeeded to the title. He founded a college for women which stands to this day as a monument to his pious enterprise. In the very closing days of his life, as pastor of the First M. E. Church, South, at Birmingham, Ala., he led the embattled clergy of the town in a crusade against the opening of a dance-hall in one of the public parks, thus saving the youth of the city from the wiles of the Devil.

No official biographer has sweated over the details of Cousin Am's life. I did not even know until recently that his name was Ambrose instead of the Am which we always called him. When I knew him best, Cousin Am was a salesman for a safe and vault company, but his chief vocation was playing old-time tunes on his fiddle and traveling around winning old-fiddlers' contests. Before he could start fiddling with the proper verve and zest, Cousin Am had to wet his whistle and grease his bow arm with a shot or two of corn liquor. Then he could wing his way triumphantly through the intricacies of such old-time country tunes as "Turkey in the Straw" and "The Arkansas Traveler." Drinking, of course, was the most heinous sin possible for a Southern Methodist, so Cousin Am, out of regard for his neighbors' sensibilities, usually went up to Louisville or Cincinnati for his major sprees. When he returned from these "business trips" he was always the object of much discussion in the village. The Methodist and Baptist men-folks, sitting around the blacksmith-shop-garage, buzzed with envious curiosity when they saw him. Cousin Am walked jauntily through the streets as if the rattle of comment behind his back did not exist. He would smile and bow ceremoniously to the ladies, and wave his hand jovially to the men. The children he stopped and talked to, to their delighted embarrassment.

To us, his cousins, he brought trinkets and souvenirs of the big city. To us Cincinnati was not the saloon-infested den of iniquity our grown folks thought it, but a beautiful place whence Cousin Am returned happy, bearing gifts. We liked him so much we sometimes even thought of praying to God to let him into Heaven just as a special favor to us.

II

Cousin Am and Cousin George had grown up together in the backwoods of East Tennessee. They came of good stock, badly run to seed. Before the Civil War their family, buttressed by land inherited from pioneer ancestors, held a position of some local importance. George was born in 1857; Ambrose a year or two before. During their youth they saw the meanest side of the war: Reconstruction, embittered by the shootings and burnings of local mountaineer feuds. Both learned to hate the very name of war. George denounced it for years from the lecture platform and pulpit as an evil second only to the saloon itself. But when the United States entered the World War, George, who was pastoring in Birmingham, whooped for Uncle Sam just as vigorously as any penny-pot preacher who had no previous convictions to go back on.

Ambrose, during the World War, laughed at the deified Woodrow's slogans about saving democracy and ending war. He never stopped hating war. He hated it more than ever when war-time Prohibition became effective, and the beautiful Cincinnati saloons, with their long mahogany bars and their shining plate-glass, gave way to

dirty back-alley holes-in-the-wall, and the benevolent German barkeeps were succeeded by rat-faced furtive bootleggers. Not many people in the village dared talk aloud against Prohibition. Ambrose was denounced as pro-German and un-American for snickering at God's handiwork, the Eighteenth Amendment.

The father of the two boys, broken by the Civil War, sank to the shiftless ways of a tenant farmer. Each Fall the family packed its meagre household truck and migrated to a new farm and a new landlord. The life was hard, grinding, cheerless. The father relieved the tedium of it by taking an occasional drink of East Tennessee mountain-dew, the fiery first-run corn liquor that the mountaineers have made since time immemorial. There is no record that he ever drank to excess, or came home to abuse his wife and babies. But to George his father's jubilations were catastrophes worse than death. In after years when he was, next to Bryan, the Anti-Saloon League's most highly paid rhetorician in the South, George exaggerated his father's infrequent brannigans into endless and gorgeous orgies. He drew tears from his audiences by describing the hard lot of his youth under the terror of a drunken father. Ambrose was different. He went on indulging himself frequently in the civilizing and social bottle. George, when he learned that Am drank, denounced him, too, from the pulpit as a drunkard, and held him up as a horrible example of the power of liquor to curse a life. Am laughed, took another nip, got out his fiddle, played "The Arkansas Traveler," patting his foot as he scraped the strings, and forgot his wowser brother.

George had early found relief from the drudgery of farm life by getting religion. He went to church faithfully. First he tried a Quaker church which some Pennsylvania colonists had established in the uncongenial backwoods. Here, during a revival meeting, he experienced conversion. But the Quakers were too quiet to satisfy him. Next he sampled a Presbyterian chapel, but the grim fatalism of predestination scared him more than the serenity of the Friends had bored him. So he joined for keeps the shouting Methodists, and lived to become the loudest shouter of them all. His conversion was a turning point in his life. It directed him into religion as a trade. Within a short time he heard God calling him to preach. He trained himself in oratory and in the doing of good deeds, so that he might acceptably answer the call.

The first to bite the dust before the power of George's ambition was his own father. George was fourteen years old when he professed religion at the Quaker chapel. Getting up from his knees at the altar he walked to the rear of the building where his father sat. Throwing his arms around the old man's neck, the boy pleaded with him to accept salvation. Much moved, the old man murmured:

"My son, you have taken the right step and your old father will not stand in your way, but will go with you."

But the fight for the old man's battered soul was not to be won so easily. George soon observed that his father cast longing eyes at the now forbidden jug, and that he seemed to pine for his old godless companions. The boy was firm. The shack in which they lived did not contain a private room for communing with the Lord, so George took his father off behind the granary and set him to praying for strength to overcome his thirst. From a distance George watched him, and kept him at the praying until the old man rose from his knees with a shining face which proclaimed that God had given him victory. George was greatly mortified when Am laughed at all this.

George believed passionately, with all the strength of his soul, that God would reward his father's victory over the Devil with happiness and plenty. But affairs on the rented farm moved on much as before; crops failed just as often and money was just as scarce. George's belief in his own righteousness, however, and in the right-

ness of his action never wavered. Nor would he ever admit that drinking was the least of the ills which beset his father. All through his life he was given to believing things easily, without requiring much proof.

After the conversion of his father, George set himself to the task of preparing for the ministry. He taught school, peddled churns, distributed Bibles, preached, and lectured to pay his way through the poor schools of East Tennessee. At the age of twenty-five he had finished a two-year course at Emory and Henry College, in the Virginia backwoods, and been graduated with the A.B. degree. He had won medals for oratory, and married the daughter of the president of the college. Ambrose, in the meantime, spurning the benevolences of relatives and preachers, had gone to work for himself. When the two were old men Ambrose was as well and probably better educated than George. His tough, realistic mind did not harbor superstitions and illusions as George's did.

During his high-school days George contracted one belief out of which Ambrose was able to laugh him. He became a spiritualist, believing in the power of spooks so devoutly that he relied on them to help him pass a certain important examination. The spooks failed him, and he flunked ignominiously. Still George did not waver in his belief; he simply concluded that he had mistakenly called up the wrong spirit. So Ambrose arranged a private seance for his benefit. George's admiring biographer tells the story best.

> The two [Ambrose and George] were rooming together. In the room was a rocking-chair that George was very proud of. It was a recent gift to him, left by an invalid in recognition of the comfort he had been to her in her last days. There was also at least one picture on the wall. Ambrose contrived by means of a cord tied to each of these that they should become the active and ocular instruments of at least one spirit, sometimes called the spirit of mischief. When George had retired and was sinking into that delicious state that teems with wonders and opens the gates of credulity wide, Ambrose called to him in a husky whisper: "George, George, look at that rocking chair!" George was startled and sat bolt upright with staring eyes. The rocking ceased. Ambrose could hear George's heart beat. Gently the chair began rocking again. George indulged in some inarticulate exclamation. Then he heard a gentle tapping on the wall, and Ambrose whispered, "Look, look, at that picture!" and George found voice to say, "Ambrose, it shore did move." It moved more violently, the rocker alternating with the picture. Any minute other pieces of furniture might come alive and begin to cut curious antics. "What does it mean, Ambrose?" "George, maybe it means you ought to return the chair." Then he carried on a conversation with the rocker, which convinced George against his will that the beloved treasure must be returned. The seance was broken up by a curious group that had gathered about the building, perhaps by prearranged publicity. In the group was a youth whose nerves could not stand the strain, and he began to wail. It was then necessary for Ambrose to let out the secret, aided in doing so convincingly by the picture overdoing its act and tumbling to the floor, revealing the telltale string.

George's believing mind was much shocked by this exposure, but he clung to his other beliefs with new and stronger tenacity.

III

George's first appointment, after he entered the ministry, was to Cleveland, Tenn., the capital of the Holy Rollers. Although he stayed in this charge less than a year, he exhibited in it in a highly developed form the habits of ecclesiastical dictatorship that were later to bring him to the height of political parsonship. The first object of his reforming zeal was lowly enough. In the main square of the village stood the horse-racks to which the country people hitched their teams while they did their shopping. To George, for some strange reason, the horse-racks were an abomination unto the Lord. He agitated for their removal. The country people protested at the interference with their liberties.

"Young man," said one of them, "I understand you are pushing the question of moving our horse-racks to the back alleys. I think you had better attend to your preaching and let our horse-racks alone."

George replied: "The business of my preaching is to help clean up this country physically, mentally, and morally. I think this is part of my job." So the horse-racks

went. He spent as much time advocating good roads, new courthouses and better telephones as he did in ministering to his flock.

In less than a year George had tired of his pastoral duties at Cleveland. His active, restless nature demanded more action. At this time, *circa* 1884, the Church was in the midst of an educational boom. George projected a school for girls to be located in Cleveland, and gave himself to the task of raising funds. Knowing that the Lord would want to help in this worthy endeavor, he concocted a brilliant scheme. The Louisiana State Lottery was then at the height of its glory. George felt sure that the Lord would indicate to him a winning ticket, and that with the funds thus easily secured the college could be brought speedily to reality. He asked a friend to buy the ticket for him. The friend refused, and rebuked him for suggesting it. George quickly about-faced. Slapping his friend on the shoulder, he said: "Old boy, but you've got a level head on your shoulders. We've got no business fooling with the Louisiana Lottery; it's a device of the Devil." Later he did his bit toward abolishing this institution of sinfulness.

Thereafter, in building the college, he relied upon the slower process of waiting for the Lord to move the hearts of rich Methodists. Today Centenary College, with almost a hundred students, stands in Cleveland as a monument to him. Any tourist who has driven from Chattanooga to Knoxville will remember Cleveland. The highway widens there, with a coca-cola stand on one side and the post-office on the other. Just beyond is the cemetery. The dilapidated brick building in a large lawn on the right-hand side of the road going north is Centenary College, George R. Stuart's monument. Methodist preachers too indigent to send their daughters to Randolph-Macon still educate them at Centenary.

The graph of George's success now began to rise sharply and steadily. On a visit to the holy town of Jackson, Miss., in 1890, he was called upon to pinch hit for the great Sam P. Jones when that illustrious revivalist's voice failed him just before an evening meeting. George held the audience of morons spellbound and sent them home just as thrilled as Sam himself could have thrilled them. From that time on, for sixteen years, he was the partner of the South's greatest revivalist, alternating with him in the pulpit and acting as his first lieutenant off the stage. The two were successful beyond the dreams of avarice.

Jones could sway an audience of back woods Methodists as few preachers could; George Stuart alone matched him in platform power. In that period Moody and Sankey were filling specially constructed tabernacles every night with pop-eyed listeners. Jones introduced their technique into the South. Coming into a city he would build a huge, flimsy barn, or tabernacle, secure the united support of all the local clergy, or at least all the Methodists, organize a working force of come-on men and ushers, and stage a sizzling campaign which wound up with gifts for the evangelist. He was already famous when George became his partner. Their song-leader was E. O. Excell, who has edited many hymnals and song-books for the church. The team played to great crowds and huge box-office returns all over the South, from Texas to Virginia.

In Southern Methodist circles even yet old timers discuss the relative powers of Jones and Cousin George. Jones was pungent, forceful, somewhat coarse. George was mellifluous, humorous, and pleading. "Make 'em laugh, then make 'em cry, and you've got 'em" was his formula. Al Jolson uses the same technique in putting over a mammy song. Modern practitioners of the evangelist's art, Billy Sunday, Stough, Gypsy Smith, and the Blacksmith Preacher, are dim bulbs compared to the blazing incandescence of a Jones-Stuart-Excell revival. The revivalists of today have never seen such a visitation of power as came upon George at an afternoon meeting in Wilmington, N. C.

He walked upon the platform and faced five thousand people, took his text and began to preach. Throughout the whole sermon there was unusual unction and power. People sobbed aloud. "Amen" and "Hallelujah" were heard. In the closing moments of the sermon there came one of the most marvelous demonstrations of the Holy Spirit ever witnessed in their great meetings. The pastors of the city were on the platform. . . . When this wonderful demonstration of power came upon the speaker, two preachers jumped to their feet at the same moment and both of them cried "Hallelujah" at the very top of their voices. At the same time twenty-five or thirty people all over the audience leaped to their feet and began to cry aloud and shout. The two preachers ran across the platform, fell into each other's arms, and people began to shout, embrace each other, and shake hands all over the great audience. At that moment the most marvelous divine touch came upon George Stuart, and he was powerless to speak for a minute.

But he recovered his voice in time to call for penitents.

In 1906 Jones died suddenly, breaking up the partnership. George felt this blow to his livelihood keenly, but the Lord did not let His servant suffer from want of employment. Already, in the revivalistic dull seasons, he had tried his hand at secular lecturing. For the next six years he free-lanced on the remoter lyceum and Chautauqua circuits, and in local Prohibition fights. His Chautauqua lecturing George never regarded very seriously. The only object of his speeches was to amuse and edify his customers. He carried thousands of yarns and jokes in his memory and had thousands more filed in his office. His lectures were strings of funny stories capped with a mild moral, such as "Don't be lopsided," "Wear a smile," and the like. Just before he went back into the ministry, he contemptuously turned down an offer from a lyceum booking bureau of $20,000 for six months of his time.

IV

George's belief in the divine inspiration of the Anti-Saloon League was one superstition out of which, unfortunately, Ambrose was never able to laugh him. In fighting for Prohibition he could combine two of the chief delights of his life, theological crusading and the regulation of other people's affairs. Southerners are born with an itch for politics; George had his full share of it. While he was still teaming with Jones the two had stirred up the whole South with their denunciations of the rum evil and their sensational charges against the moral conditions of whatever forlorn town they might be in. More than any other one man, George was responsible for Tennessee's swing into the dry column. In practically every other Southern State he waged war upon John Barleycorn.

His principal dry lecture was compounded of the same sort of hokum that made "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" such a knockout on the kerosene circuit. He told with sobs how he had dedicated his life to the crusade as a youth in a drunkard's home. He damned liquor with all the gusto of a medieval Dominican chasing a heretic. "The organized, monetized, politicalized, demonized liquor traffic is the most unconscientious, unscrupulous, fraudulent, knavish, crooked, two-faced, double-tongued, perfidious, treacherous, sneaking, and damnable aggregation that God's eye ever saw or the Devil's ingenuity ever fostered!" The beer barons, it appeared, had not a drop of human kindness in them. "There is no scoundrel they will not buy, no perfidious, treacherous, venal, perjured, barratrous agency they will not use, no corrupt, trothless, tortuous, and infamous influence they will not court; no foul, base, and ignominious method they will not employ; no veracious, equitable, chivalrous, and stainless character they will not traduce; no sin they will not buy, and no virtue they will not sell; no wickedness this side of Hell they will not indorse and no sacredness this side of Heaven they will not profane to carry their plans and perpetrate their nefarious business!"

After all this he dramatized the sinful saloon before the yokels' bulging eyes.

Calling a little boy to the platform in the sight of all, he shouted: "What is the raw material for the gin mill? Our American boys! And this great drunkard factory is ever crying, 'Bring on more boys.'"

Then he called for something to represent a gin-mill.

> Some one handed him a smoke-blackened lamp-chimney. After describing what this machine does to our American boys he shouted, "What shall I do with it?" The vast audience shouted back as with one voice, "Smash it." He walked over to a post at the corner of the platform and broke it into bits and trampled on them, while his audience leaped to their feet cheering till the building fairly rocked.

The glorious results of Prohibition he dramatized by recounting his experience in a local option fight in Bowling Green, Ky., in the early days of the crusade. It had been a dangerous contest. A committee met him at the train with the words, "George, she's as hot as a cookstove. If you spit on her she will fry. We thought a committee had better meet you for safety." But for days George spat and fought, and the drys carried the election. On a second visit to the now arid town, the milkman told him this affecting story:

> I drove up to a drunkard's cottage, and a little girl came out to the wagon. . . . I noticed that her face was brighter than usual, and she said, "We want a quart of milk this morning." I replied, "No, you don't. I know what you get. You only want a half pint." As they did not pay promptly, I did not care to increase it. . . . She called her mamma to the door, and as her mother stepped to the door with a full week's milk tickets in her hand, the little girl said, "Mamma, don't we want a quart of milk this morning?" The mother said, "Yes, we will take a quart of milk." As I filled up the cup of the little girl until the white milk crowned it, she looked up with a smile playing over her sweet little face, and said, "Mr. Stuart drove the saloons out of Bowling Green, and papa has quit drinking, and we are going to get a quart of milk every morning now."

V

Every Southern audience that heard this story rose, wet-eyed, to its feet, shouting for quarts of milk for every little girl in the world, and, incidentally, signing the Anti-Saloon League subscription cards which the ushers shoved into their hands.

But after six years of free-lancing George began to long for that close touch with community affairs which the pastorate alone affords a preacher. The reforming of the horse-racks in Cleveland lingered pleasantly in his memory; he craved a tilt with larger evils and more stubborn disciples of the Devil. In 1912 he accepted an appointment to Church Street Church in Knoxville. Soon his fine touch was discernible in the politics of the town. He called the city officials and police into his church and told them that "there are enough damnable pictures and pieces of literature on Gay street to ruin every boy in the city." He referred probably to a dull print of "September Morn" in a chaste silver frame which adorned a jeweler's window. At least this is the only damnable picture I can recall seeing during those years when I traversed Gay street daily. Furthermore, he initiated a law and order campaign which succeeded in chasing forty wretched prostitutes from the city. How Ambrose chuckled over his naïve belief that eliminating forty women would solve the social evil in a town of sixty thousand!

After four years in Knoxville George transferred to the First Church at Birmingham. Here he enjoyed even more spectacular success as a clerical city manager. Shortly after he arrived the liberal element in the city proposed Sunday movies. George rushed to the attack with the vigor of a setting hen chasing a June-bug. From the pulpit he shouted that our civilization is safe only "as long as we keep sacred our holidays and our holy-days." He threatened the city councilmen to their faces with the direst wrath of God if they suffered this abomination. He wrote letters to the newspapers, he circulated petitions, he stirred up his fellow preachers. In the end he saved Birmingham.

The next attempt of the emissaries of Satan to ruin the town was directed at the young people. Some perverse person advocated a dance-hall for one of the city's public parks. Again George roared to the attack. He marshalled the forces of righteousness and beat off this threat to the purity of the southern Pittsburgh with

dashing success. These two great victories placed him in practically undisputed command of the city. It is the literal truth that no council ordinance, no civic project, no group enterprise, no public programme involving even slightly what he considered the city's moral welfare could succeed if he put his veto on it. Likewise the best guarantee of success for any civic undertaking was his sanction. For nine and a half years he ruled Birmingham. When he died the whole city went into mourning for its master.

VI

Ambrose, the black-sheep brother, had in the meantime drifted about the world enjoying himself, selling a safe or a vault now and then for his living. Am's technique in selling safes was just as ingenious as that of George in selling salvation. He would walk into a country store and ask the proprietor if he needed a safe. When the merchant responded that he had one Am would request permission to examine it. Twirling the combination of the ancient strong-box between his unusually sensitive fingers, he would count the clicks of the clumsy tumblers, figure the combination, and quickly open the door before the eyes of the astonished merchant. "Now," Am would say impressively, "any clever crook can open this tin-can just as easily as I did." He always got the order. He was too smart to try his trick on a modern safe. Thus he displayed more acuteness than George, for George had tried to sell Prohibition to the blasé New Yorkers by the same methods he used on the yokelry of the Hookworm Belt. Ambrose's fiddling brought him fame, too. Today his playing of certain American folk-tunes is recorded on phonograph discs, to gladden the hearts of music lovers long after George's roars have been forgotten.

Ambrose traveled through life unencumbered save by the most elementary prejudices. His loyalty to the late Confederacy was one of these. Once when he was in Louisville a troupe of seven old-time fiddlers was playing at the big-time vaudeville theatre. During the engagement one of the seven died. The manager of the troupe, knowing of Am's fame as a fiddler, and learning that he was in town, invited him to take the vacant place at a very handsome salary. Am, naturally, was much pleased at this recognition, and accepted forthwith. But when he arrived at the theatre for rehearsal he discovered that the troupe was billed as the G. A. R. Fiddlers, and that they wore Federal uniforms for the act. He threw his contract in the manager's face and went back to selling safes.

Cousin Am and Cousin George died less than two years apart. George's going did not reflect credit upon the kindness of the God he had served for nearly seventy years. A malignant affliction tortured his closing years. Time after time he was carried to famous physicians. The skill of the Johns Hopkins Hospital surgeons delayed the end but a short while. After his death his admirers chartered a special train to carry his body from Birmingham back to Cleveland. Thousands accompanied the body to the train and other thousands met it in Cleveland. The official council of the Anti-Saloon League passed resolutions of sympathy. He was given obituary editorials in all the leading newspapers of the South.

Ambrose was nearly seventy years old when he died. His life had outraged Southern Methodist propriety. He smoked, cursed, drank, was probably guilty of even more shocking wickedness, and lived to a hale and hearty old age. His death still further annoyed the righteous. Having been warned of a weak heart by his doctors, he retired to his room upon a certain evening, and was found the next morning dead. He had gone as he had lived. He sat in a comfortable chair. On his lap was his beloved fiddle, on the table an empty pint bottle of pre-war Kentucky Bourbon, and on his face an expression of profound contentment.

GATE-CRASHERS

BY JOHN ARMSTRONG

SEVEN P.M. An extremely exclusive racket was scheduled for the evening, and the head-waiter, surrounded by his staff of waiters and ushers, was cautioning them about their conduct.

In this hotel a racket was considered exclusive when the guests did not swipe each other's booze, beat the waiters out of their tips, or remove food, napkins, knives and forks from the dinner-tables.

The head-waiter, seated rigidly in the midst of his staff, was aloof and formidable. Standing, he was tall, wiry, and slightly bow-legged—a deformation due to the fact that he spent two-thirds of his life on his feet. Tonight, instead of his customary unpressed, food-splashed dinner-coat, he had donned the almost obsolete evening dress, for the racket, as I have said, was to be an exclusive one.

"Diss," he began severely, "iss a bick pahty, und effery man muss be on de chob. Nobody drings any booze, nobody takes any tips, und de gate-crashers muss not come in. Unnerstan' dot!" he emphasized crisply. "Diss pahty iss egsclusive; it iss nod a cheap booze-pahty. De guests vill all be ladies und shentlemen. It iss for charity, und de tickets cost maybe twenty-fife dollars. Nobody vhat don't belong in de pahty geds in. You vaiters und ushers muss vatch dot. If any vaiter leds any gate-crashers come in, he goes home und shtays here. I fire him on de spot . . . quick," he added grimly. "A lot uf Broadvay bums vill try to crash tonight. Dey muss nod," he repeated with powerful emphasis, "come in!"

The head-waiter paused and consulted a sheet of paper before him. Indicated on it were the various stations for the waiters and ushers.

"Muller," he went on, "you go by de boxes in de first tier uf de ballroom. Nobody goes in de boxes, unless dey haff a ticket. Don't moof from vhere I put you. No runnin' around to ged de tips; you hear dot, you udder vaiters und ushers! Shultz, you go by de ventilating shaft in de basemend. No crashers muss come in de shaft. A special boliceman vill be vid you. Vatch de boliceman, too. He might be a crasher hisself. Krause, you go by de endtrance on de second floor. Hermann, you go by de door vhere de talent comes into de dressing-rooms. Kuntze, you go by de vashroom downstairs. Vatch de vindows comin' in from de street. A special boliceman vill be vid you, too."

The head-waiter abruptly focused his gaze on a short, squat, very greasy English waiter.

"Herbert, you go by de freight elevator in de basemend. Dot's a bad place for crashers. Ride de elevator up und down." The Englishman moved off. "Bradley und Sherman,—you two men shtay in de front lobby. Dot's a bad place for crashers, too. Vatch de endtrances to de ballroom."

Bradley, a ballroom usher, and Sherman, a waiter, pulled on their gloves and strolled into the front lobby. The head-waiter continued to call out the various stations. Every entrance that a gate-crasher might utilize was provided for. Naturally, the most reliable attendants were placed where the greatest pressure from crashers was likely to be felt—the doors through which the talent would come into the ballroom, the entrances for committeemen, the ser-

vice entrances and little-known passageways. When all the stations were given out, the head-waiter reported to the *maître d'hôtel* that not a gate-crasher would be seen in the ballroom during the racket.

II

Ten P.M. Bradley, a very nervous, intensely active young man, looked like an aspiring pugilist. He had more than once outwitted the head-waiter on a big racket, and he was obviously determined to do so again this evening. He was shrewd, quick of wits and full of knowledge of Broadway and its ways.

Sherman, somewhat rougher and wholly dense compared to Bradley, was new to the lobby racket; but he was willing to pick up his cues from his associate, and so he watched Bradley closely. He was stationed at the far end of the lobby, immediately before the main entrance to the ballroom. In a little while he caught Bradley's signal and moved toward him leisurely.

"Now lissen," Bradley began in a low voice, "the racket is this: you shoot the crashers to me from your end, and I'll pick 'em up and send 'em to the third floor on the lobby elevator. Then they go back to the freight elevator and Herbert, the limey waiter, will grab 'em and crash 'em into the ballroom."

"What about the bum runnin' the elevator?" Sherman asked. "Is he O.K.?"

"Yeah, I think so. Herbert and me had a talk with him, anyway. It'll have to be a four-way split. We gotta work hard and fast. Beat it for a second," the alert Bradley abruptly warned. "The head-waiter's out lookin' us over."

Sherman assumed an air of complete nonchalance, and as the head-waiter hurried up to him he yawned.

"Didn't I say don't moof from de station?" the head-waiter demanded fiercely.

"I just got me a new pair o' white gloves from Bradley, sir."

"Yah, yah, always de same egscuses! You go back by de station now. If I see you moof around again, I fire you right avay."

The head-waiter disappeared from the lobby and Sherman and Bradley resumed their consultation.

"We crash nobody for nothin' less'n five smackers," Bradley said. "We'll hit these suckers for all they'll stand. It's gonna be tough gettin' 'em through. Don't take no drunks or college boys, and don't send nobody to me what ain't in a Tuxedo. Crashers in everyday clothes 'll stick out in such a racket."

"Yeah, I know that," Sherman assured him. "They gotta check their hats and coats first."

"And lissen, kid, I forgot to tell you that they's another waiter holdin' down the service door where we let 'em into the ballroom. That'll make it a five-way split. But this bozo's dumb; he'll take a couple of berries, and think he's gettin' a lot of dough."

"Jeez, you got the whole staff in on the split! What about the house dicks and the special cops? You got them in, too?"

"Them birds'll take care of themselves. I never yet seen a special cop on a racket who wasn't the biggest thief of all of 'em. And don't let the house dicks bluff you. They get theirs. Remember: tell all the suckers it's five smacks cash. They'll stand for that on a big racket like this."

III

Twelve-thirty A.M. The racket had really begun. The massive ballroom was cluttered with women in violently colored evening gowns, and men in dinner-coats. They all seemed painfully conscious of the fact that they were at an extremely exclusive racket in a large metropolitan hotel.

Three orchestras were situated in as many corners of the room; they periodically disgorged a frantic, gasping jazz. Celebrities of every description streamed in. Some of them were paid to attend the racket, for their presence would draw the morons. Others, who were perhaps searching for free meals and an opportunity to kill time,

condescended to appear for nothing. A buffet supper is always served the talent actively performing during a racket, and this can always be taken advantage of, even though the committeemen have counted the chicken sandwiches and carefully apportioned the lobster salad.

A wise-cracking, smirking professional gate-crasher, who had entered with the Mayor's party, strolled around alone. He was nationally known for his skill in crashing rackets, no matter how exclusive.

People yelled at one another. Three waiters bellowed at the top of their voices, indicating the coat-rooms. "Gents this way, ladies downstairs!" they called. The heat was terrific.

At the far end of the ballroom, a stage emerged from the floor and a strident night-club hostess of considerable Broadway prestige proceeded to offer the first of a long succession of performances, to be concluded with a breakfast show. She was accompanied by a troop of half-naked chorus girls. The nakedness was greedily absorbed by the souses. Incidentally, while these chorus girls were removing their street clothing and donning their fig leaves within make-shift dressing-rooms, certain guests of the racket, under the guidance of attendants, had paid several dollars apiece for the privilege of staring at them through apertures known only to the initiated.

The head-waiter and a dozen assistants dashed around the ballroom frantically. A waiter at the main gate, taking tickets, was accused of withholding a ticket, passing it to a confederate and having him sell it. He was instantly discharged, and two committeemen assumed control of the entrance. Another committeeman proceeded to lecture the head-waiter.

"Your men can't be trusted," he said angrily. "Our contract with the hotel says we won't have any gate-crashers. Don't you understand that this is an exclusive party, and we don't want all of Broadway running in here? How did Tiger Lewis get in?"

The head-waiter stamped about in a frenzy. "He come in vid de Mayor's pahty, sir. You can't keep dot man oud. And vhen people go oud," he added apologetically, "dey sometimes sell de return checks, or giff dem avay."

"Hereafter," the committee man announced heavily, "we shall use the rubber stamp instead of a return check. I didn't think of that before. Women will be stamped on the arm, and men on the leg. We'll not give out any more return checks. The bums must be kept out."

"Yah, yah. Goot," said the head-waiter with relief. "Dot is yoost de thing."

The head-waiter knew that it was impossible to keep crashers out. He nevertheless religiously watched every avenue of approach, for the committeemen plainly suspected that he collaborated with the invaders. Dozens of spurious newspaper reporters were turned away. Women who represented themselves to be fashion experts and society editors were refused admission. And even the extra cigarette girl who paraded the ballroom was really a crasher. She held her job for the night and was seen no more.

The head-waiter scanned the hat-stand attendants, and those seen loitering around the ballroom were ordered to remove their uniforms and get out of the hotel. It was difficult for a crasher to parade as a waiter, but the attendants in the wash-rooms displayed superfluous assistants, who suddenly disappeared and lost themselves in the crowd of guests. Crashers disguised as special policemen were common.

IV

One-thirty A.M. Bradley was approached by a young man clad in a shiny Tuxedo. The man may have been a pickpocket, a diamond thief, or merely an art student in search of a late party. He had tried to crash the main entrance to the ballroom, but was repulsed twice, for vigilance at the gate had been redoubled since the waiter was removed for trying to sell a ticket. Finally Sherman sent him to Bradley.

"I got to get into the ballroom. Do anything for me?" he asked.

Bradley knew that he was being watched by no less than four house detectives, several special policemen, and an assistant manager attached to the front of the hotel. Consequently, he lowered his voice.

"O.K., brother," he said. "Don't flash any dough in the lobby. First, go up to the ninth floor, check your hat and coat at another racket there, and then come back to me. It's five smacks cash, and don't pay me in the lobby."

He then turned away from the young man. Nonchalance and an air of innocence are necessary in the gate-crashing business. Bradley knew that it would be fatal to take any money in the lobby. Someone would certainly see him. But the men on the freight elevator would take it. And there, Bradley decided with a sigh, lay another delicate problem.

When the young man returned minus his hat and coat, Bradley instructed him *sotto voce* to take the main elevator to the third floor, move back to the service lift, ring thrice and wait.

Another man then approached, and the process of crashing was repeated. An intoxicated man came next, flourishing a bank-note. Bradley turned from him in annoyance. Drunks were dangerous.

Suddenly Sherman, excited and perspiring, crossed the lobby.

"Did you get them three I sent over?" he demanded.

"Yeah, I got 'em. I told you to lay off the souses, didn't I? They make trouble."

"I only sent one, and I thought he'd behave. It's tough as hell where I am. They's a committeeman watchin' every move I make, and the head-waiter comes out every minute. And them special cops are tryin' to grab all our customers. What kin you do with guys like them? Grabbin' crashers right out from under my nose."

"Put a committeeman wise to 'em, kid. That'll stop them babies."

"Say, how about them bums on the freight elevator?" Sherman was eternally suspicious of the activities of their confederates in the rear. "We ought to check up on them tramps, Bradley. We got the toughest spot—out here in the lobby, where everybody kin see us."

"Yeah, I been watchin' that," Bradley replied, his own suspicions gaining pace. "I'll duck back and see what's happenin' to the dough. I sent 'em back nineteen crashers, and if they don't show me ninety-five smackers, I want to know why. If the head-waiter asks for me, tell him I went to the kitchen to grab me a cup of coffee."

Bradley then disappeared through a service entrance, and, by way of the kitchens, moved to the basement landing of the freight elevator. He knew that it was dangerous to thus abandon his station, but he felt the necessity of checking up on the intake. It looked like a profitable night and morning. By five o'clock several hundred dollars ought to be accumulated.

When the elevator arrived in the basement, he encountered Herbert, the English waiter, now coatless and perspiring vigorously. The elevator operator with him was lame and squint-eyed.

"Jump in," Herbert instructed Bradley. "They's a ring on the third floor."

When Bradley was aboard, the elevator moved aloft.

"How much you birds got now?"

"How much've we got, Joe? How many did we crash?" The English waiter appraised his companion speculatively.

"I don't know. I forgot," the elevator operator replied briefly.

When the elevator arrived at the third floor, a man and a woman got aboard.

"We were told to come up here and ring three times," the man said.

"Yeah, you got the right place all right," Herbert replied. "Ten bucks, please. Five apiece."

The man hesitated. "In the lobby they told us it would only be three dollars a piece."

"Who told you that?" Bradley demanded. "Where do you get that stuff? It's five smacks."

The man was plainly a cheap skate. Sherman, who must have sent them up, had certainly told him the price. Or could it be that the special policemen were crashing them for three dollars? The elevator suddenly halted between floors, and Herbert and Bradley scowled at the couple.

"Five bucks a piece," Herbert repeated, sharply. "This is a refined racket, and if we get caught crashin' you we lose our jobs. Take it or leave it," he added haughtily. "Do you want us to haul you back to the third floor? We can't fool around all night."

Despite the waiter's insolence, the pair were determined to enter the ballroom. The woman, a hard-boiled modern of the sort frequenting hotel lobbies in search of free meals from suckers, indicated her impatience with the man's delay. She was probably thinking of the motion picture celebrities with whom she would come into contact in the ballroom. The man meekly withdrew a wallet and slid out a new ten-dollar note. The elevator resumed its course and halted at a service entrance to the ballroom.

"Is it all clear, Dopey?" Herbert asked the waiter who moped at the entrance. He nodded, and the couple moved from the elevator and were guided to a door that led into the ballroom.

"See what we have to put up with," Herbert said to Bradley. "All of 'em act that way. They don't wanta come across with five. Sometimes we have to take two and three. This bozo happened to fall for the bluff."

Bradley's suspicions soared now.

"We'll see you later, Dopey," Herbert told the waiter at the ballroom entrance. "You'll get yours when the racket's over."

"Oh, dot's all right," the harmless waiter replied. Nothing had been explained to him; he was merely promised five dollars for doing what he was told. He was new on the job.

"How much you birds got now?" Bradley demanded, when the elevator moved aloft and again halted between floors. He did not sanction the methods of these two. Who could say whether a crasher paid five or three dollars?

"Ninety-one smacks," Herbert said, after he had counted the roll of bills he withdrew from his pocket. "And business is just gettin' hot. Say, Bradley, you oughta be out in the lobby roundin' up the suckers. After four o'clock hardly nobody'll wanta crash."

"Yeah, I know that." Bradley eyed the bills greedily. "You oughta have a hunnerd and five smacks. I sent up nineteen people, and these two makes twenty-one——"

"Now, wait a minute, Jack," Herbert interrupted. "Didn't I tell you that sometimes we had to take two and three? We didn't get five from all of 'em."

"Hell, no," the elevator operator added. "We had to take what we could get outen 'em."

"That's a lotta bunk," Bradley scoffed. "I ain't no sucker."

"Whatta ye mean, bunk?" Herbert demanded. "That's all the dough we got. Whatta ye squawkin' about? We got the dirtiest end of the racket, ain't we? We have to haul booze and food, duck the head-waiter and push crashers through too."

"And I have to stand out in the lobby, where everybody kin see me. You birds," Bradley repeated firmly, "ought to have a hunnerd and five smacks."

"Whatta ye mean we *ought* to?" The English waiter was aroused. The indicator on the elevator said that someone was calling from the basement. "You seen the bank-roll, ain't ye? I showed you every damn penny we took in."

"You'll get yours, Bradley," the elevator operator added. "Why don't you behave?" The buzzer whined again, and a voice bellowed up the shaft. "Lay off now, you guys. I got to go to the basement. Keep quiet."

"I make 'em all unnerstan' what the price is," Bradley said in a more peaceable voice.

"Yeah, I know that." Herbert didn't want a quarrel. "But you can't always get five outa them. You got the low-down on the kitty. You'll get yours. Now, stay out in the lobby and shoot 'em back to us as they come in."

Bradley moved to the lobby again, doubt lingering in his mind. Nothing, however, could be done about it. There were too many men in on the split. He really ought to collect in the lobby. But that was impossible.

"They're holdin' out on the split," he told Sherman. "The dirty crooks!"

"I told you to watch that, didn't I? They got plenty of chances to slip over a fast one. Say, the head-waiter wants to see you." As usual, Sherman was excited.

"Where is he?"

"In the ballroom somewhere and sore as hell. He bawled me out twice."

"What'd you pick up while I was gone?" Bradley appraised Sherman closely.

"Not a lousy dime." Sherman returned his gaze. "I sent up three crashers, though."

Bradley didn't believe him.

He collided with the somewhat frayed head-waiter just beyond the main entrance to the ballroom. There was a fierce light in the dignitary's eyes; his erstwhile stiff shirt was melted.

"Was you lookin' for me, sir?"

"Vhere you vas de last hour?" The head-waiter eyed him closely. He knew exactly what had been going on, but he hadn't actually seen anything.

"I was down in the kitchens gettin' a cup of coffee, sir. I told Sherman where I was."

"Yah, I know all aboud dot. I come oud und Sherman is gone too. Nobody in de lobby. All gettin' a cup uf coffee." A harsher note appeared in his voice. "Didn't I tell you nod to moof from de station?"

Bradley said nothing.

"Vhen I don't haff a chance to ged a cup uf coffee myself, vhy should you?" The head-waiter attempted to suppress the rage that surged in his tortured carcass. "I haff to do efferything. De committee come after me aboud de crashers; I haff to vatch you, de special bolicemans, de house detectiffs, de bell boys, und I ged hell from efferybody. I tell you diss, Mr. Usher: if you moof from de station again, I kick you oud uf de hotel like a dawk. Go back to de lobby now, und keep de crashers oud, und don't let 'em in."

"Bologney!" the usher muttered as he moved toward the lobby. "He must think I'm an iron deer on a lawn."

V

Three-thirty A.M. The racket in the ballroom had reached a fierce tempo. The ladies and gentlemen were all well squiffed. Two enormous carts containing dozens of empty bottles stood in the rear of the room, waiting to be removed. They had been filled with empties once before. A soused guest—perhaps a crasher—was draining the dregs from the bottles, indifferent to the angry stares of the waiters.

An emotional abandon prevailed in the sticky ballroom. The top tier was patrolled by a captain of waiters; several couples, detected in somewhat excessive necking, were chased from this dark area. Ordered to leave, they displayed no shame; rather, they cursed the captain of waiters violently, and tossed glasses at him.

A stream of stage and screen celebrities performed before the multitude. An intoxicated man moved among the guests, imploring various celebrities to autograph his shirt front. Hordes of night-club patrons had begun to arrive. Some of them had tickets and were admitted at once; others relied on the attendants to crash them. Bradley was feverishly busy pushing crashers through. The chief head-waiter had ordered that hats and coats of strangers should not be checked at other parties still operating in the hotel. Hearing of this, Bradley instructed the customers he crashed to check at a Childs restaurant nearby, and then return.

One of the committee suddenly isolated a young man and accused him of being a

crasher. The head-waiter, seeking to gain the committeeman's favor, questioned the young man and he finally confessed that he had got into the ballroom illegitimately.

"You kin shtay, if you tell us who let you in," the head-waiter offered. The committeeman nodded agreement.

The young man, obviously a college student—the inevitable coon-skin coat was actually on his arm—readily agreed to the proposal and guided the head-waiter to Sherman.

"He sold me a return check," he said.

"I thought so," the head-waiter declared triumphantly. "I knew I ged you," he roared at Sherman. "Now, I ged Bradley, too. Who else vas in on de deal?" he asked the student.

The head-waiter indicated Bradley.

"Did you giff him anything?"

"No, this is the man. I paid him three-fifty for a return check."

"You're a damn liar!" Sherman cried. However, he remembered the young man distinctly. "You got the wrong guy. I never seen you before in me life."

But it was futile to remonstrate. Sherman knew that he was dismissed. The guest was always right. While Bradley was back on the freight elevator, Sherman had sold the student a return check he had picked up before the committee resorted to the rubber stamp.

"Oud at vunce!" the head-waiter almost bellowed at Sherman. A small crowd of special policemen, house detectives and potential crashers gathered about the ballroom entrance. "Go home und shtay dere! Ve vant noddings to do mitt peoples like you . . . you loafer! I told you und told you aboud de crashers. Now, go oud before I call a boliceman."

The committeeman seemed very much impressed with the head-waiter's zeal. Sherman glanced at Bradley in the center lobby. Bradley, seeing what had happened, moved from his station, and the head-waiter ordered another man to cover the entrance.

VI

Five-thirty A.M. "Well, Sherman got the gate," Bradley explained to Herbert and the elevator operator "That makes one less in on the split. He crashed a dizzy college boy, fur coat and all. I told him about college boys. It was his own damn fault. We have to hand it to him, though, for not squawkin' on the rest of us. . . . How much you birds got now?"

The men were standing at the elevator landing. Herbert moved into the elevator, extracted from his pocket a roll of bills, and began to count them.

"Two hunnerd and three smacks," he announced shortly.

"How do ye make *that* out?" Bradley asked belligerently. "You ought to have at least two hunnerd and twenty-five smacks. Whatta ye think I am . . . a dope?"

"Jeez, lay off, will ye!" the elevator operator intruded. "You bums gimme a pain. Herbert's right, Bradley. It's the low-down. Look out," he suddenly muttered, "here comes the *maître d'hôtel*."

Bradley instantly moved from the elevator, and, without looking up, hurried toward the lobby in a direct line. The *maître d'hôtel*, absorbed in business of his own, hardly glanced at Herbert and the elevator operator as he passed them.

VII

Seven-thirty A.M. Bradley, Herbert and the elevator operator stood before the bar in an all-night speakeasy in the Forties, between Ninth and Tenth avenues.

"I give Dopey, the waiter at the ballroom entrance, ten smacks. Five extra for being so damned dumb," Herbert explained. "Jeez, that was the hottest racket I ever struck."

"That," Bradley interrupted, "makes a hunnerd and ninety-three to split. With the three of us"—he scratched some figures on a sheet of paper—"that makes sixty-four smacks apiece." Bradley knew that it

ought to be more, but he said nothing. A few drinks had straightened out his nerves.

Herbert nodded. "Not so bad, kid; not so bad. I bet the head-waiter's tip won't be much more'n we got tonight, if he gets that much, the big bum!" Herbert moved from the bar, pulled out the bank-roll, and began to split it three ways.

The speakeasy door opened and a familiar voice greeted the trio.

"I kinda thought you birds'd be in here." It was Sherman.

The three groaned in unison.

"Whyn't you go and drown yourself?" Bradley demanded.

"Jeez, we thought you got bounced," the elevator operator added.

"It's a four way split now," Herbert said, beginning to recount the bank-roll. "What happened, kid? Somebody slip you a fast one?"

"He gimme the works, the bum!" Sherman said. "I just got through tellin' him what I thought about him." A pure fabrication. "I went back, and I says to him: 'You greasy tramp, who the hell do you think you are?', and he kicked me outa the hotel."

"Lissen," Bradley interrupted, "you have to take forty smacks for your end." He turned to Herbert. "That'll give us three fifty-one smacks apiece. You got somethin' out of that college boy," he told Sherman. "What'd you try to do . . . double-cross us?"

"Aw, forget that stuff," Herbert ordered generously. "He's punished enough. He loses his job, and gets forty smacks. That's fair enough."

He handed Sherman a wad of crumpled one-dollar bills. He likewise handed Bradley and the elevator operator their shares. "Now, drink up on me, you birds," he added, turning to the bar.

"I should think so," said Bradley *sotto voce*. "I wonder how much you held out?"

The four men moved to the bar and ordered drinks.

"Well, here's to the suckers of Broadway," said Herbert, lifting his glass.

"That was a swell racket, though," Bradley put in seriously. "Them was all ladies and gentlemen. I could see that. They knew how to act in a ballroom . . . and I didn't notice so many naked monkeys runnin' around in the lobby durin' the racket."

"They was good people," the elevator operator added decisively. "And I know good people when I see 'em."

PEACH HARVEST

BY CHARLES SAMPSON

The peach harvest started on the island early in August. About the end of July the growers' association put advertisements in the city papers, and in a day or two pickers came in from all over, and from every kind of job. Some were in the trades, but out on strike; others were mere laborers who had been laid off from simple factory jobs. There were yokel boys from down the State, relishing the ten-hour grind for two dollars a day and board as a vacation from home farm drudgery; and there were loud-mouthed high-school kids from the towns. A few of the hands were oldish fellows with driven looks; they had lost routine jobs or small businesses in the post-war depression, and were eager to do anything to keep out of the almshouses. Then there were tramps, Great Lakes sailors, agricultural students from the State university; chronic down-and-outers, and professional ex-soldiers. A dozen or so of the pickers stayed clannishly together in a gang of their own; they were regular followers of the ripening fruit, and later would work into Michigan and then swing down to New York State for the apple and grape harvests.

We were hauled into the orchards on wagons and put to work in the cool of the morning, at six o'clock, two of us to each tree. Our job was to pluck the ripest fruit and fill the half-bushel hemisphere baskets which each of us carried. John Hunderlach, a German grower who acted as gang foreman during the harvest, was always near with a stack of bushel shipping-baskets to be filled from our smaller ones. When John had a full load we ranged the baskets in rows, ready for the wagons that carried them to the grading-house. There skilled sorters repacked the fruit according to variety and size, for shipment in iced cars. We were allowed to eat all we wanted, and the only prohibition put upon us was to avoid breaking twigs.

The first day everybody gorged on peaches. I counted all that I ate, and my total was twenty-six. Next day I lost count, for we were working in a small orchard full of Hale peaches, the biggest fruit I had ever seen. There were only twelve or fifteen on each tree, the limbs having been stripped early in the spring to conserve nourishment for the peaches left on the twigs. The Hales were packed only for the fancy grocery trade in nearby cities, being too perishable to withstand long hauls even in refrigerator-cars. After two days in the Hale orchard my stomach felt as though filled with molten metal, and an itchy rash broke out on my skin. I cut down on the eating, devouring only the fruit that was too ripe to pick.

We had lots of time off for dinner at Hunderlach's house, where his perspiring wife and sister-in-law hustled Gargantuan meals from the red-hot kitchen to our plates. They fed us too much fried stuff, but there was plenty of fresh vegetables, cantaloupe, and sliced peaches with real cream to offset the taste of it. And Hunderlach always let us loaf and smoke on the porch afterward until our food settled inside us. Then we went back into the orchard again until six in the evening. After supper there were swims in Lake Erie, off a white sand beach two miles away.

The mainland was six miles off, con-

nected to the island by a causeway built through a marsh. We went to the village rarely; it offered no diversion for a Saturday night, so most of the pickers stayed out on the island and got drunk. The orchard folk were for the most part church-going Methodists and Baptists, who said it was terrible the way the hands carried on and violated the law. They put up with the carousing because the fruit had to be packed and shipped, but thanked God the harvest came only once a year.

John Hunderlach didn't give a toot for Prohibition, and let us do as we wished at night so long as we didn't bother him. He said his neighbors weren't so dry as they made out, and told us they all had kegs of good peach brandy in their cellars.

II

Seven of us slept in the bunkhouse on Hunderlach's place. There were Old Jim, the Fingerprint Expert, Dirty Martin, Herman the Cop, Big Drunken John, the Dumb Bum, and myself.

The Dumb Bum, the strangest fellow of the lot and the only real hobo among us, worked beside me in the orchard. All the others were afraid of him. They called him dumb because he seldom talked to them save to ask for food, matches, or tobacco, and because the things he did say were often incomprehensible. He was young, tall, and sun-coppered, and his blue eyes spat knowledge of cities, fights, and women. The farmers' wives used to leer at him.

He talked to me readily enough, but in snatches, and he was careful never to reveal who he was. Like the others, I called him Bum. From the way he talked about Maryland I knew he came from there, and of all the cities he had visited Baltimore was his golden town, his city in the sky. His keen, road-sharpened mind had evidently been trained in a good school, and he hinted at acquaintance with places not usually frequented by vagabonds. Sometimes I would wake at night in the bunkhouse to see him writing with a pencil stub in an old notebook.

Once I got curious while he slept, and probed in his shirt. It yielded army discharge papers, but the Dumb Bum had scratched out his name and the numbers of his outfit. Often, while we waited in the orchard for the wagon to bring up empty baskets, he would counsel, "Don't go back to an office, boy. Offices smell out loud, and the people in 'em. Walk the road, sleep in a ditch, stay by yourself away from the crowd. Trouble in the offices, in the crowds."

On Saturday night after supper at Hunderlach's it was our custom to go back to the bunkhouse, arrange four cots in a square, and sit on them tippling, talking and singing. Peach slop was the local name for the concoction we drank. It was half good brandy and half a cidery wine made from peelings and overripe peaches. We swilled it from tin cups at the beginning, and when the cups had been knocked about and we were too fuddled to find them we drank from jug and bottle mouths.

Old Jim always had the first drink of everything, by virtue of his age. He was a white-headed, ape-armed rogue of sixty-five, with evil shoe-button eyes beading a chewed-tobacco face. He owned to having been a stevedore, a horse-meat butcher, and a vault-cleaner. Just before he came to us he had worked in a hospital deadhouse in St. Louis. His proudest possession was a feature story, clipped from a St. Louis paper, that told how many cadavers he had pickled for the medical students. He knew New Orleans and her neighbor Algiers well, and spoke so venomously of their police that we knew he had been in scrapes there. His front teeth were gone—kicked out—and he said a cane-knife made the deep scar that clove his chin. All the meanness was dormant in him now, and he seemed to be marking time for death. He was waiting as a kid, guilty of some trick in school, waits for a discovery he knows is coming soon. His last

strength lay in cursing, and he cursed as a hyena might if it could master superlatives.

His buddy was the Fingerprint Expert, a harmless madman who had daubed his way up and down the country as a tramp sign-painter. He was a little man with a stringy moustache, and wore an air of furtive rascality, like a raccoon. He was cracked on politics and fingerprints. Long ago he had been taken in by an advertisement in a cheap magazine, which urged him to master the Bertillon system and earn ten thousand dollars a year. He had signed up for a correspondence course, and now was taking fingerprints of everybody who would listen to him. These he mailed off to Bertillon bureaux all over the country, astounding police captains with his weirdly written accounts of how he had obtained them. In an old satchel he carried a crazy collection of brushes, lamp-black, dried up paints, and the green-and-gold diploma of a "fingerprint institute" in Washington. Somewhere around the bunkhouse he kept a bundle of police lookout sheets. When a newcomer arrived among us the Fingerprint Expert spent days comparing the police likenesses with the face of the stranger. He never attempted to arrest anyone.

Everybody in the bunkhouse hated Herman the Cop, who had been a policeman and looked it, with his bullet head, his mouth of a hog, his kettle belly and his square feet. Herman had been fixed for life as a cop until one night a bawdy-house professor in Milwaukee put knockout drops in his beer, and the madam and the girls changed his uniform for a chemise. Then they sent uniform, cap and badge to the station-house. After Herman was kicked off the force a widow who owned a saloon snared him into marriage. Prosperity ruined him. He beered all his friends, fought the brewery collectors, and ran the saloon into bankruptcy, so the widow got a divorce. Herman couldn't get a job; the saloons remembered him too well as a cop to trust him as a bartender, so he took to the road. But along with the police uniform he had lost his courage, and he was afraid to fool around trains. He couldn't hold his own with the real 'boes he met, so he drifted into odd jobs, and later found a place in a traveling carnival. In Toledo he read of the harvest, and came out to the orchards.

Dirty Martin we rated just a bit above Herman. He was a Rabelaisian Teuton who never washed, and he looked like an old cur dog whose whiskers had gone white. His American career had begun with a porter's job in an old time gambling-house in Woodward avenue, Detroit. He left there to drive a dray, then a garbage-wagon. From that to street cleaning was but a step, and Martin took it. He cleaned streets for thirty years, until a disagreement with a ward captain's protégé cost him broom and shovel. The stuff Martin had swept in the streets imparted its nature to him; his conversation was a flux of all the ribald odds and ends he had encountered in his tours of the gutters. He bragged occasionally of an only son who was a detective in Detroit, and who sent him a load of old wooden paving-blocks each Winter to keep the sap of his gnarled bones warm. For all the foulness of his talk he was funny. And despite his age, he was given to pursuing farm wenches in the evenings.

None of the pickers could get as full as Drunken John, who stayed dizzy with liquor every day and worked hard too. John was a veneer-cutter on the bum, and his paunch held a full gallon of peach slop. His face was grotesque in its sad immobility, like a mask, and when he stirred he moved all at once in the manner of a steam-roller. He chewed his tobacco like a cow; whenever he found little green toads on the peach-trees he deluged them with streams of brown juice. He was fond of spitting on dogs and cats, too. John's body sweated the smell of alcohol, and he was brutally strong. Once he threw a big green peach in the orchard and knocked Herman cold. Yet his voice was gentle.

III

The last Saturday night I was in the orchards we had three gallons of peach slop, and a quart of Canadian Club from an itinerant bootlegger's stock. By nine o'clock we were sitting in our square of cots, and Old Jim was telling how he had been locked by mistake in the deadhouse icebox, with a hundred corpses hanging by ear clamps all around him.

"It's a shame they found you. You oughta froze to death in there," said Drunken John.

The glaring Jim veered to a tale of his wife, the one he had married in Philadelphia years ago. Jim never gave her money, so one Christmas, after some mission worker put Santa Claus ideas in her head, she pawned Jim's watch to buy their three brats a tree. Old Jim caught her coming home from the hockshop and spent the money in Camden, he told us between roars of laughter.

The Dumb Bum and I had taught Jim "Cristofo Colombo" and "The King of England," and we three sang while the others applauded each chorus. On previous Saturdays I had noticed the strange effect of verse on Old Jim, so to-night I again read from a tattered Untermeyer anthology. With Sandburg's "Cool Tombs" Old Jim stood up, waving his arms and cursing as he swayed, and looking into the dark corners of the room. Toward the end of the second reading he got hysterical, and the others wanted to beat him up. They often used him for a punching bag when he got that way, but he never seemed to feel it.

After Dirty Martin got full he pressed me to sing "Du, Du, Liegst Mir Im Herzen." It made the drunken old bozo cry. He said his father used to sing it, and play the accordion, at Buckau in Germany. Martin told us a lot about the old man, whose end came after he had got drunk at a wedding and fallen into a kettle of boiling pitch somewhere on the way home.

"He screamt for vater von de pump all night long," sobbed Dirty Martin. "He drank it by de bucket. He screamt like hell, and de pump handle screamt too. Ven ve vashed him after he died all de skin came off like a baked potato. It vas baking day, and ve had to roll him up in bread dough before ve put him in de coffin."

That made Old Jim laugh. He knew one German word, and kept trying it on Martin.

"*Kaput*, *kaput*. Your old man went *kaput*, hah, Martin?"

Martin's tears trailed off in a description of the funeral. He repeated solemnly in German what the pastor had said at the grave: "Erde zu erde, asche zu asche, und staub zu staub." Old Jim couldn't understand that, but he sensed an ominous finality in the words, and started from his seat. Martin delivered a tirade against politicians, and ended by being funny again before he passed out.

With a half dozen cups inside him the Fingerprint Expert got started. He wore an ugly brass finger ring, which he said he had taken away from a big gray rat in a Tia Juana lockup. The rat was God, the Expert said: that was why he had taken the ring away. God had no business carrying rings around in a crawling Mexican jail. Rolling his moonstruck eyes at all of us, he declared he had seen God in another form too. God this time had appeared to him as a one-eared Chinaman in the Silver Moon flophouse on Cincinnati's levee, and screamed "Gurr-o-o-o!" at him.

The Fingerprint Expert gave such an unearthly piercing imitation of the Chinaman's scream that Old Jim shuddered, sat up, and looked about him terror-stricken. Then he cursed the madman to the depths of Hell, and took another swig. From discourse about God the Fingerprint Expert turned to extolling Bertillon, and wound up with a harangue on the Democratic party. As he sank into a stupor I heard him mumble:

"Wilson, he's the head one. Wilson busted mon-arch-ism."

Easy money and the ways of the police were Herman's topics over the liquor. To

him all women were bawds, and all men thieves, lunatics, or given to Levantine vices. He boasted that, in the lazy days of walking a beat, he had grabbed a huge roll of bills from a backroom table during a gambling raid. He had made a half-witted boy, caught stealing a case of beer from a suburban back porch, drain a dozen bottles and then locked him up as a drunken minor. He took a fur coat away from a nigger in Milwaukee who couldn't show a bill of sale, and sold the coat himself to a college boy on the campus at Madison. He swore he had seen a fellow-cop, a victim of rabies, get down on all fours in a saloon and lap beer out of a stein like a dog.

"You're a goddam liar," said the Dumb Bum, and Drunken John, who had been drinking conscientiously and listening, agreed with him. Herman shut up.

Big John's story was a simple one. He told, in his soft groom's voice, how he had cracked his foreman's jaw in a piano factory row, and how, out of jail and broke, he robbed a boy on his way to a grocery. He got a dollar and sixty-five cents, used it for interurban fare, and left town. He wasn't a crook, and the theft still worried him after a year. Some day, he said, he'd send it back to the police chief in his home town. If he hadn't had that fight with the boss he might have a little money started now in the building and loan, and he might be engaged to some nice girl. Forget it, advised the Dumb Bum; a dollar sixty-five was a dollar sixty-five, and John had needed it.

"My conscious, it worries me," replied John. The Dumb Bum began lecturing on conscience and self-preservation.

"The Hell with it!" I said. "Tell me about Baltimore."

He fetched his old notebook and began to read:

Old Federal Hill Lookout, boy, when the clippers
Came sailing home from Java Head, Singapore
and Hong Kong;
The lamp-post Poe grabbed when he got drunk
as a fiddler's dog
They're Baltimore.

Down in Baltimore fat men with gold hands sit
in banks
They count big dough, big dough;
And when it's all over zoom home in the plum
gloom
Up St. Paul and Cathedral and Charles streets.

They see guys like Dirty Martin shovelling
manure and say
"That's the only way to make money following
the ponies, Haw Haw!"

Over in the bughouse nutty guys think they're
Napoleon,
Think they're Morgan and Dempsey and Harding,
But all the nutty guys ain't in the bughouse
For Hindu swamis pull rabbits out of sleeves
And editors pull love slaves and torch murders
out of theirs,
And when it's June Week in Annapolis
Every middy apes a king called Jurgen.

All the nutty guys ain't in the bughouse;
The boss man at the Chamber of Commerce says
Twenty thousand white steps get scrubbed every
day in Baltimore
By tame wives of tamer slaves
Who the Hell cares? In a hundred years who'll
know the difference?

All but the Federal Hill Lookout
All but the ghosts of Spring-mad boys in the
Academy graveyard
And Poe's lamp-post
They're Baltimore, they're Maryland.

By the time the Dumb Bum finished all the others save Big John were too drunk to comment. John said:

"You're crazy, Bum. That ain't poetry. That's dumb talkin'."

"Who said it was poetry?" yelled the Bum, starting toward John.

I dragged the Bum outside. A thunderstorm was breaking, and it made our heads boom inside like fogbells. Thunder rolled, and the Dumb Bum hit me a blow between the eyes. When lightning scratched the sky he opened his mouth and gave a demoniac howl. We both rushed for the shore of the lake, tore off our clothes, and leaped into the warm embrace of the water. The Bum howled again and was gone. When the lightning darted I saw him, a slim white shadow, dive from a rock. With a scream he was out on the sand again, beating his breast like a gorilla. He began to dance up and down the sand, and into the wet leaves at the far end of the beach. He pranced high with knees

tapping his chin, his head thrown back to feel the cold rain on his throat. Then he fell, panting like death.

Soon the rain stopped. We hunted dry cigarettes in the Bum's wet clothes, and smoked while the wind dried our hides. Then, carrying our clothes, we walked back to the stinking bunkhouse. Dirty Martin was awake in the gloom; he saw us and shouted. The Dumb Bum went to him and stuffed a lump of dirt in his mouth.

IV

Monday morning we were enjoying full stomachs, smokes, and a cool wait in the orchard while the dew dried on the fruit. The Bum, sitting beside me, glimpsed a bursting ripe peach half hidden in a cluster of leaves. "It's like the breast of a woman in green silk, kid," he said. "Over the bay from Baltimore, on the Eastern Shore, peaches are like that. And old houses, boy, built before the time of Esmond that Thackeray wrote about. Old, cool brick houses with boxwood walks, and tunnel passages going down to blue rivers that coax you into the Chesapeake!"

I decided to go away from there, and told the Dumb Bum. He grunted and smiled. His eyes were seeing things miles away. I told Hunderlach I was quitting, and went to the beach for the last time to bathe in Lake Erie. Later, dressed in clean clothes unworn for weeks, I rode off in a farm cart that was going to the village. A mile down the lane the Dumb Bum parted the leaves and waved me a polite farewell.

Late that October I was bound for the Dumb Bum's Baltimore. The train stalled for some reason west of Cumberland, and I went to the vestibule for a breath of air. Feet came crunching the gravel beside the track, and with them a curiously familiar voice mumbling curses. A dwarfed gray figure, its shirt opened wide under a tattered coat, shuffled by with ape arms plucking at the hairs of its chest. It was Old Jim. I called after him, but he did not hear, and walked on into the mountain twilight.

THE POWER-HOUSE

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

I was in Philadelphia the other day and I said to myself: "I'll go over and take a look at the Power-House." But when I got there it was gone, clean demolished. On Sixth street, from the corner of Race halfway up to Vine, there was just a big bare patch with the bricks and mortar almost all cleared away, ready for the building of a skyscraper. The sun was shining on that corner of Franklin Square Park which used to be just the pitch of a drunken man—that is, the distance a stout bartender could throw one—from where the old swing-doors stood.

When I knew it in its prime, which is almost twenty years ago, the Power-House was famous all over Pennsylvania. There you could get the best drink of whiskey in town, and by the same rule there you could get the worst. It depended entirely on the state of your pocket. If you weren't an Irishman, and any further off from Ireland than the second generation, it was well for you to stay out. It didn't matter what part of Erin you hailed from, and your religion was merely something on which to hang an interesting argument or a splendid fight, but you had to be Irish to last in the Power-House.

To it I came, a heartsick, lonely Ulster boy—and was hired by Peter, the boss, to clean the cuspidors and scrub the floors and the bar. He promised to teach me the art of bartending if I made good with the mop. I graduated in six weeks. When the only friend I had on this side of the water had sent me to the place to apply for a job I reminded him that I was a Protestant.

"Aren't all the saloons run by Catholics here?" I asked him.

"And if they are," he replied, "what's an Orangeman to do when he wants a drink? Go on down there with you. You'll find as many of your color as you will of mine. That's what makes things interesting over at Sixth and Race."

And I found them so—most interesting. I spent a year passing some good whiskey and a lot of bad over the bar of the Power-House from three in the morning until seven at night every day but Saturday, which I spent doing the same thing, but from 3 A.M. until 12 midnight. With a fight or two thrown in all along.

I spent some happy days and nights there. One never lacked for a conversation on any topic. It was a long, low room, with the bar down its entire side. Five of us behind the mahogany passed out strong drink as fast as we were able. In front of us the space would be jammed with men from every corner of the tight little isle. A howl of defiance here; a blow struck there; a volley of curses somewhere else; an old-country song, breaking up the row and turning all the participants into shiny-eyed patriots picking up the lilt and shouting it to the roof.

We never bothered with a bit of a fight. By that was meant one that would be over in a minute or two. When a regular rough-and-tumble broke loose one or the other of us would hurdle the bar and break into the barrage. They looked on our white coats as badges of authority and unless the thing was extra bitter it would soon be quieted. There was always the cop just outside. When he peeked over the swing-door and yelled: "Johnny, that'll be enough from you" or "Terence, would you

be wanting to take a walk with me?" then Johnny and Terence would do an Alphonse and Gaston to the bar and everything would be lovely.

It all rose up in the haze as I watched the wreck the other day. Equally crumbled up and departed was the east side of Sixth street, where had been all the little shops and stores which subsisted on the Power-House. There were two restaurants offering a full meal for fifteen cents. There was the old clothes store operated by Soggie, now, they tell me, a merchant prince, but in the old days as hard drinking a Jew as it has ever been my luck to meet. And most important, just below Soggie's place, was the flophouse, a necessary refuge for the cliéntèle of the Power-House. Beds, ten cents apiece. A room to yourself, twenty cents. Next came the pawnshop, also an integral part of the Power-House scheme of things.

All these places of endeavor, indeed, subsisted on the Power-House. Soggie would fit up a newly arrived customer with swell raiment, that he might begin his orgy in style becoming. As the party proceeded and the funds sank lower and lower Soggie would gradually buy back the wardrobe until in the end the roisterer would be down to the clothes in which he started. Sometimes in some not even that good.

The restaurants would carry the playboy along till the limit of their endurance. Finally, he would be forced down to the Power-House free lunch, about which he had in all probability been making sarcastic cracks during his days of affluence. The flophouse was absolutely a cash proposition. But most of the big, pretentious drinking parties were held in balmy Spring or Summer or gentle Fall. Franklin Park, just the throw of a man across the way, was the only place in Philadelphia where a bum could sleep, undisturbed by the law, through the entire night. Many's the morning I have come through that grass-grown square with the daylight breaking, picking my way so that I wouldn't tread on the sleeping form of a countryman.

Undoubtedly most of my companions of those happy days have since drunk themselves to death. It was bad enough liquor that we served them in the pre-Prohibition era. What they were forced to drink after that must have wiped out the entire clan. The three McGoverns, I know, have gone to their reward. Sorley Boy McDonnel of the Glens, who claimed to be a cousin of the Earl of Antrim, and probably was, stopped drinking long enough to get himself back to Ireland and into the Ulster Division. From that it was a short, joyous passage to a bursting shell and no more Sorley. Red McKenna took a hitch in himself and has climbed somewhat along the road of letters. Dan O'Hara, who could pick up six cases of liquor single-handed, is dead. Joe Boyle, the Lucan jockey, is dead. Men like that couldn't live in these days. And they would still be young too.

On the flattened land where once stood the Power-House I saw them all again, in my fancy. Big-hearted, sentimental Irishmen from every one of the thirty-two counties. Tim McGovern, the tracklayer, standing up to the bar. The drinks are on him, And in his song he'll tell you who the folks are who are gathered around him:

Here's men from the county Cavan (Cavan, boys, Cavan!).
Here's men from the county Clare (Clare, boys, Clare!).
Here's men from dear old Ireland (Dear old, dear old Ireland!).
Here's men from the Lord knows where (Where, where, where!).

II

The three McGoverns (which comes near enough to their real name) were from Cavan, the county that Tim was always singing about. The method of the McGovern jamborees was so peculiar that it sticks to me above all the other things which happened at the Power-House.

They were all of a size, the trio, well over six feet, strong as bulls and gentle as lambs. Each one was an incurable sentimentalist. Tim, the eldest, was, as I have already mentioned, a tracklayer. He claimed to be the champion tracklayer of the

United States and I have heard his boasts corroborated by sober men who had nothing to gain by agreeing with him. No matter what road you talked of, Tim was certain to have laid some of its track. He must have been a craftsman, for whenever his current drunk was over and he was down to overalls and deserted by his brothers, a telegram, collect, to the track superintendent of the first railroad he could think of would bring a pass speedily and an order to report.

John, the middle McGovern, was a substantial business man through no fault of his own. He had married a Protestant girl while still on the other side, a woman without sentiment of any kind, he would always say, but with plenty of sound Scotch-Irish sense. Maggie McGovern certainly knew how to handle her John. She let him go so far and no farther. The children she permitted to be brought up as Catholics and so she kept the parish priest, Father O'Hanlon, on her side of the fence. Father O'Hanlon knew well that without Maggie John would probably have been an even more worthless person than either of his brothers.

Maggie started off in Philadelphia with a boarding-house for men employed in the Baldwin Locomotive Works. From that she progressed quickly to two boarding-houses, and from that to a total of six, all operated for her by competent fellow country-women. Then suddenly she discovered in John, when sober, a flare for dealing in real estate, which in the times of which I am writing was not very different from the horse-trading to which he had served an old country apprenticeship. So she set him up in business and during my Power-House days John McGovern was rated at around $250,000. All in Maggie's name. He died worth twice that, and she followed him a few years later leaving a full million.

Then there was Michael, the youngster, who according to Tim "would never have any sense at all, at all." Michael was a piano-mover, and, like Tim, a self-acknowledged leader in his profession. Maggie would have nothing to do with either of her husband's brothers and they by the same token would have nothing to do with her.

The only thing that I ever saw approaching a quarrel between the three was when Michael felled Tim to the floor with one mighty swipe when the latter referred to the one and only Mrs. McGovern as "a dollar-sweating Scotch-Protestant hussy." The husband of the branded lady quaffed his liquor as one brother rose slowly to his feet and the other stood ready to strike again. Then he stepped between them and threw a huge arm around each neck.

"Every man has a right to his opinion, boys," he said. "Myself, I think Maggie's a fine slip of a girl. Mike is young and overfull of chivalry. You stick to your idea about her, Tim, and I'll stick to mine. Mike, I hope never to see you raise a hand to a brother of yours again, never mind what he has to say."

III

We served a drink in the Power-House that was called whiskey and was a lot better than the stuff that is unloaded these days under the same name. The principal ingredients were brown sugar and Cologne spirits and it sold for five cents along with a good-sized chaser of beer. I say that the price was five cents, but that was dependable on the customer's circumstances. We got five cents if we possibly could, but if the buyer had only three we took three and were still well on the credit side of the ledger. Below that, however, we were ordered not to go.

We also kept a fine line of liquors of the better sort, such as Mount Vernon, Overholt and Green River among the ryes, Dewar and Haig among the Scotches, and Irish of the Bushmills and Coleraine brands. Our clients started on these and worked down through a very creditable ten-cent whiskey to the nickel stuff—except such as had lost the energy to go out

and earn, and were well content to panhandle and burn themselves out with the forked lightning from the start.

The great McGovern sprees would always start in this manner. Brother Tim would blow into town with a wad gathered through months of sweating toil on a distant railroad project. He was never a man to dress up much, but he would drop into Soggie's place, a couple of doors below the Power-House, and pick up a worn but decent ready-made suit, shoes, shirt and tie in place of his overalls. This tribute to fashion attended to, he would step into the saloon and knock off a half bottle of old Bushmills, his favorite tipple when in funds.

Following an excellent fifteen-cent luncheon, he would stroll over to whatever piano company might be enjoying the privilege of Brother Michael's services at the time, divorce that romanticist from his job in quick order, and by half past three two McGoverns instead of one would be leaning against my end of the bar drinking Irish whiskey. Tim would, as he put it, be "stinking with good United States money" and would be buying round after round of "that damned imitation liquor" for the rapidly assembling bums. Inside of a week both Tim and Michael would be quaffing "that damned imitation liquor" themselves and be right glad to get it. But for the moment they were two Irish kings playing barons bountiful to assembled serfs.

The third and the greatest of the McGoverns would never join the party till the next day, but he would soon catch up. This delay was caused by the watchfulness of Maggie, a carefulness, however, which had unknowingly been set at naught by herself. Her rule was that John must always bring in the milk in the morning. The signal for a gathering of the clan at the Power-House was a cross marked on the cap of one of the bottles and affixed there during the night by either Tim or Mike—whichever one happened to have the best control of his faculties. So, lo and behold, not later than eleven o'clock of the morning after the start of things two gigantic, shabby Irishmen would be joined at the Power-House by another similarly proportioned, resplendent in good broadcloth, gold watch chain and as much cash as he had been able to swipe from Maggie. That was never much, but John always made it up by the sales value of his wardrobe and jewelry.

Slowly the trio would progress along the road from the haughty affluence and generosity of feudal barons to a condition which forced them to terms of equality with the common people. Everything, however, was on a cash basis till all the cash was gone. Then, first off, Brother John's jewelry would be carried over to the pawnshop. The reason it would not be sold outright was to enable Maggie to get her hands on it again.

From that first step things would be sort of tragic. None of the forays would yield much, but the boys would insist on drinking good liquor so long as the returns were up to five dollars each. From behind the bar the approach of the climax could be noted by the inclusion in the party of Soggie, the old clothes dealer, buying five cent shots all around while feeling with thumb and finger the texture of John McGovern's broadcloth suit. A bargain would be struck in whispers while Brother Tim softly hummed "Rory O'Moore" to hide the embarrassment natural to an Irish gentleman. Shortly John would excuse himself and depart with Soggie, to return in a few moments garbed in a cheap ready-made suit but with the price of several rounds of good turf-tinted whiskey in his pocket.

Things were never as pleasant after the first sale of effects for the purpose of continuing the drunk. A lot of the glory and the pride had gone out of the thing, and from then on the trio would act like naughty children, well aware that they weren't doing right by someone, but determined to go through with the game down to the last waistcoat and pair of

shoes. Eventually all three would be standing at the bar in filthy rags—gifts from Soggie after he had stripped them of all else. There they would slowly sip five cent slugs of liquor while making the goo-goo eyes at the collie dogs at the array of elegant stuff ranged in bottles behind the bar.

Maggie McGovern was a smart woman. She used to time these things perfectly. She knew her husband too well to take him away in the middle of the party. But just as sure as the rags and nickel whiskey period arrived, so certain would it be that a heavy step crunched at the swing door and Father O'Hanlon's huge red face, fringed in snow-white hair, would be peering menacingly at all three McGoverns, but particularly at his parishioner, John.

"Come out of there with you, John, this very moment," he would bellow at the scarecrows. And John, like a whipped pup, would slink off to Maggie's emissary without even a good-bye to his brothers.

That would be the end of things. Mike, a little later, would mutter something about "me job" and poor Tim would be left alone—until next time. Disconsolately, he would wander out to the telegraph office and as disconsolately would refuse food or drink, waiting till a reply came ordering him to report for some job of track-laying.

IV

The three McGoverns had just begun on a drunk when the thing happened that caused me to drop the profession of bartending. It was two o'clock on a fine Spring morning and we had the place to ourselves. There was plenty of money around and the brothers were drinking old Scotch whiskey and Perrier water—which latter, being out of the Power-House scope of things, had been brought down by special messenger from the Walton Hotel bar.

"It's what himself used to drink at the Castle when I was a stable boy," explained John, "and if it was good enough for his lordship it's good enough for me."

Tim was explaining a tactical error at the battle of Vinegar Hill in the rebellion of 1798, which, he declared, had delayed Irish freedom for one-hundred-and-twenty years, when a merchant sailor, about half drunk, came in and demanded a five-cent whiskey.

I passed it over the bar and he picked it up and tossed it off neat.

"What will you have for a chaser?" I asked him, ready to draw beer, water or soft stuff.

"You, you — — — —!" he replied, standing with his arms on his hips and asking for a fight.

I skipped over the bar to get the nickel, some way or another. Those were the orders. And he met me with a crack on the chin that knocked me into the gutter below the bar-rail. I got up groggy and he flattened me again. This time I stayed down till I got my wind. Luckily he did not resort to the fashion of his kind—he was a Lancashire man—and start off to kick me to death.

Instead he walked cockily to the end of the bar and stood there poised like a runner. I was down just on the inside of the swing door. I knew what was coming—another Liverpool trick. When I was up he would come at me on the gallop and jump with both feet, toes out, on my stomach. Then the kicking part would really begin.

The McGoverns couldn't do a thing. Etiquette prevented them as customers from taking part. But they had implicit faith in me and cheered me loudly. Feet were pattering outside and police help was a matter of seconds, if I could hold out that long.

The sailor was apparently giving me a chance to get up. If I didn't do that quickly he would come at me while I was down, which meant the finish. I rose and in the couple of seconds that marked his rushing progress an old Rugby football trick flashed on my mind. Instead of waiting I slithered forward three or four feet, jerked up as his knees caught my shoulder and head, and tossed him over me, mainly by the force

of his own impact. He crashed in a semicircle through the swing doors and landed fair on his head, which the concrete sidewalk crushed as it would a dropped egg.

V

Just below my seat in the police court dock a couple of lawyers were sniffing in a disgusted manner.

"What," asked one of the other, "are all these high-smelling bums doing in here?"

"It's that killing down in the Power-House," explained his companion. "Pity the boy didn't finish the job as long as he started. Personally, I'm in favor of giving him the thanks of the court and plenty of encouragement."

The conversation stirred me sufficiently out of my misery to make me take a look around. And I, who thought I had not a friend in this new country, suddenly discovered that this musty hall of justice was just crammed with them. Soggie, the old clothes dealer, was waving encouragement at me from the back of the room. In the hand that signalled to me was a mass of filthy money, a sign that I was not going to want for cash as long as he was around.

Five waiters from the two restaurants, still in their greasy short black coats, sat together, all trying to attract my attention. Fully a score of the regular five-cent drinkers were present. The night clerk from the flophouse, obviously under the influence, was weeping loudly in the second row.

But in the front seats sat my real champions. There was John McGovern, in black broadcloth, watch chain and all, obviously suffering from the effects of an elegant drunk which had been halted when only half begun. On one side of him was a hatchet-faced woman who could be nobody else but Maggie, and on the other an old man who, from the whispered comments below me, I gathered was a famous criminal lawyer. A few seats away, on the far side of Maggie, were Tim and Mike McGovern, sober, but, like Brother John, suffering terribly because of their condition.

Eventually there was nothing to it—a clear case of self defense. For the time being I went out on bail supplied by Maggie, much to the disappointment of Soggie, who was too late getting to the clerk with his wad of filthy bills. In the corridor Mike and Tim were waiting to tell me of John's sacrifice on the altar of friendship.

"He stopped drinking right there after the fight," explained Mike, "and went home to Maggie. It was the first time she remembers that Father O'Hanlon didn't have to bring him and she was astonished into a generosity that you'll rarely find in a Scotchman or a Scotchwoman."

"I can't understand how he talked her into helping me," I remarked.

"It's this religion," said Tim. "Whatever you may say about it, it has its uses. He told her you were a homeless Protestant pup from the Black North. But it's a great sacrifice the McGovern boys made for you. You spoiled the finest drunk they ever set out on."

A CHRISTIAN LITERATUS

BY GRANVILLE HICKS

Hamilton Wright Mabie was perhaps the finest flower of that lovely era in American letters when substantially the only qualities required for success in the field of literary criticism were church membership and an honest face. These precious gifts, together with one or two others subsequently to be mentioned, were undeniably his; and for more than two decades they served to keep him in a position of vast influence and importance. From 1890 to 1916 he dictated the reading of a large section of the American populace, always regarding his leadership as a sacred trust, and always striving to direct his customers along those paths of Christian culture which his own footsteps had so earnestly followed.

Mabie is not, however, to be numbered among the literary seigneurs of the period whose lingering reputations cry out for the *coup-de-grâce*. He is in every sense quite satisfactorily dead. Thousands there must be who still recall his name with emotion, but I doubt if there is anyone who actually reads his books. Even on the shelves of the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, who admired Mabie so heartily and has always resembled him in so many particulars, the twenty-odd volumes, I am willing to wager, are seldom touched save to be dusted. Among the minor justifications of optimism which life in America occasionally provides, not the least striking is the celerity with which Mabie has gone down the chute.

Debunking him would thus be a work of supererogation, but we are not to conclude therefrom that he ought to be ignored. Even in a nation so amply furnished with makers of mirth, a comedian so solemnly beguiling is not to be overlooked. Examine his picture and you immediately visualize him speaking at a college graduation, presiding at an Aldine Club dinner, or playing at charades after a church supper in Summit, N. J. The build is perfect: the abdominal development imposing but not grotesque, the shoulders unmistakably manly, the posture of the head bespeaking integrity of purpose. The close-clipped white mustache discloses a mouth only to be described as firm yet friendly, and the eyes, behind glasses on a chastely narrow cord, are set to register intellectuality, spirituality, and charm. In the pictures taken before that study fire which he so coquettishly glorified in his books, he is revealed affectionately fondling a dignified volume, while rows of shelves, rising on either side of the cosy blaze, effectively suggest his industry and his erudition.

These pictures must be preserved for posterity, after being carefully labeled "Man of Letters, 1890," especially the portrait which Penrhyn Stanlaws did for the *Bookman*, for that records the very hues of the flowered chair in which Dr. Mabie reposed. They are funny, not because he was indulging in one of the literary poses affected today by cinema actresses and prize fighters, but because they represent precisely his own and the contemporary public's conception of *Homo literatus*. Looking literary, with him, was a serious business, not merely an amiable gesture. It was not a pose to be assumed; it was the outward symbol of a quality of mind which he had consecrated his life to developing.

II

Mabie held down one job during the greater part of his life, and that job came to him in a manner which he could only regard as ordained of God. After graduating from Williams, he spent several futile years in practicing law. Just as he had determined to abandon a legal for a literary career, he met Frances Willard, of holy memory, and she immediately recognized his pervasive godliness. She spoke about him to the illustrious Edward Eggleston, and he, in turn, mentioned the dissatisfied young lawyer to the eminent Lyman Abbott, joint editor with Henry Ward Beecher of the *Christian Union*, subsequently the *Outlook*. Abbott, intuitively divining Mabie's high moral worth, employed him to edit a department of church news.

Such a position, as Abbott later admitted, did not give full scope to Mabie's talents, but he worked so hard and so faithfully, and wrote such merry little paragraphs about suburban pastors, that in 1884 he was made associate editor. This honor he found so completely satisfying to his soul that he retained it until his death on December 31, 1916. He wrote editorials, articles, and book reviews. Some of his books were published serially in the *Outlook*, and others were compiled from his editorial contributions. His relations with Abbott were exceedingly happy, as well they might have been, for the two men were cut from the same cloth. Pious, conventional, solemn, they worked hand in hand for the moral improvement of the American people and the advent of the Kingdom of God.

Through his work on the *Outlook*, Mabie became better and better known to the Christian public, and soon he was invited to contribute to the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, the *Bookman*, and the other august literary journals of the day. But his great opportunity for reaching a really wide audience came in 1902, when Edward Bok, that gentle Twentieth Century edition of P. T. Barnum, invited him to contribute a monthly page to the celebrated *Ladies' Home Journal*, then at the height of its influence as a moral and cultural agent. At once his page became a feature of the *Journal* equal in importance to "Heart-to-Heart Talks with Girls" and "Good Times on the Church Lawn." To it he presently added his monthly "White List of Books," and soon his name was a household word in hundreds of thousands of virtuous American homes, and his judgments of books ran as gospel from Maine to California.

Meanwhile, he went hither and yon speaking to women's clubs, college classes and other gatherings of passionate seekers after light. "As the years passed," says his biographer, Edwin W. Morse, "he came to be more and more in demand at commencement time in school and college, for he could always be depended on to say something to young people of either sex that would be both graceful in form and stimulating in spirit." "No man in America," said Dr. van Dyke at a memorial meeting, "was more welcome to an intelligent audience. . . . He was a popular lecturer in the best sense of the phrase." Countless quotations from other authorities support the judgment of Messrs. Morse and van Dyke, leaving no room for controversy.

Dr. Mabie's admirers say that there were certain personal qualities apparent in his addresses which cannot be discerned in his writings, and naturally one would not expect to gain from his books full appreciation of, for example, his melodious voice; but it is undoubtedly true that his essential attributes are reflected in his published works. His first book, published in 1882, was called "Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas," but it was not until 1890 that he assaulted the citadel of popular favor with his first really characteristic work, "My Study Fire." Within a decade he had issued nearly a dozen volumes. With the dawn of the wicked Twentieth Century his productivity fell off a little, but he nevertheless brought forth six or seven more collections of his essays and

out the same number of such anthol-
ies as "Fairy Tales Every Child Should
low."

Nothing suggests more clearly the ex-
nt to which he represented the last
tered-out remnants of the Victorian tra-
tion than his adoption of the essay form,
t only for his friendly little heart-to-
art talks but also for the dissemination
his views on literature and religion. In
My Study Fire" the arch assumption of
poseful intimacy before the blazing logs,
e coy references to domestic bliss, the
egant descriptions of glowing embers
d leaping flames, all serve to embellish
atitudinous reflections on nature, child-
od, friendship, genius, and life in gen-
al. And in a companion volume, "Under
e Trees," apple boughs, mountain rivu-
ts, and open fields adorn very similar
editations on very similar themes. He
oks at the stars and says, "In the silence
the night how real and divine the uni-
rse becomes!" He picks up a tiny, fra-
ant flower and, with no apologies to
ennyson, finds himself "face to face with
e oldest and the deepest questions men
ve ever sought to answer." He finds a
ring and reflects that "in such places
ature waits to touch the fevered spirit
ith something of her own peace." Page
ter page of volume after volume is
rinkled with just such lofty thoughts
these.

The distinction between Mabie's collec-
ons of informal essays and the volumes of
s literary criticism is exceedingly slight.
ature invariably gets dragged into the
tter, and thoughts on literature point
e inevitable way to thoughts on religion.
he once famous trio on culture, "Nature
nd Culture," "Books and Culture," and
Work and Culture," all show the method
f the essay. The avowedly religious vol-
nes, "The Life of the Spirit," "Parables
Life," and "Essays in Lent," are almost
distinguishable from "Short Studies in
iterature" and "Essays in Literary In-
rpretation." There are, to be sure, some
rmal literary studies, and there is the
chef d'œuvre, "William Shakespeare: Poet Dramatist, and Man." But otherwise we have essays—and such essays!

Bad as they are, however, they cannot touch the three or four allegorical fantasies which Mabie perpetrated, and which his publishers brought forth in garish gift editions. The earliest of these, "In the Forest of Arden," tells about an imaginary visit to this enchanted forest and the helpful lessons learned while there. One quotation will show the learned doctor's conception of humor:

> We had looked along the library shelves for the books we should take with us, until we remembered that in that country there were books in the running streams. Rosalind had gone so far as to lay aside a certain volume of sermons whose aspiring note had more than once made music of the momentary discords of her life; but I reminded her that such a work would be strangely out of place in a forest where there were sermons in stones.

Another allegory, "A Child of Nature," points out the value of intimacy with the great out-of-doors, and a third, "In Arcady,"—dedicated to James Lane Allen!—ingeniously finds in the four seasons symbols of various stages in the life of man. Of this a critic remarked in *Harper's Weekly*, "It is the idyllic expression in classic allegory of the birth of a soul. . . . It is a prose poem, transfused with the glow of lyric rapture."

III

Whatever the subject and whatever the form, the same ideas—there are not very many of them—recur in every book. The key to the life and labors of Mabie is the seriousness with which he regarded himself as an apostle of culture. He gave up the idea of being a preacher, which he had entertained while an undergraduate at Williams, but he never gave up the idea of preaching. George W. Halsey, in his "American Authors and Their Homes," has left an incomparable record of an interview which revealed Mabie as "the essence of cheer" and "brimful of the message of culture." He says:

A boundless optimism is apparent in every word he utters. He sees the elevation of America to a higher and yet higher plane, and this will come about, he sturdily declares, through the spread of culture.

"I have been surprised," he says, there being now no smile on his lips but a magnetic earnestness that carries weight with it, " at the spread of culture in America."

Culture, he was careful to insist, was neither a bit of social *décor* nor the exclusive possession of the *intelligentsia*. It was an affair of the spirit, a matter of religion. No irreligious person, he believed, could be cultivated; no religious person was entirely without culture. The millions of pious church-goers in America were ready for culture, were, indeed, crying out for it as part of their spiritual growth; and the semi-educated, *i.e.*, the erudite scoffers, sorely needed to have brought home to them the devotional implications of their learning. That was his mission—to spread abroad the light of Christian culture—and he pursued it with life-long conscientiousness and devotion.

Starting with this theological conception of culture, he was easily able to reach a number of somewhat astounding conclusions. The first thing that impresses the reader searching through his books today is his optimism: "Pessimism has its roots in atheism. . . . It is a veritable magic world in which we live." And the most impressively benign aspect of this magic world is its moral tone: "The order of the world is moral in every fibre." We can imbibe profound ethical lessons by the simple device of sitting in a pine grove at sunset: "Nature is clearly treating the race as if it were immortal, and training the individual as if he were imperishable." Mabie was always seeking converse with Nature in the great open spaces around Summit, N. J., and as a result his books are full of such chapter headings as "The Hills of God" and "The Companionship of the Sky."

But he also found plenty of moral lessons in literature. "Beauty," he said, "is the highest form of righteousness." Even naturalism, which he defined as "atheism applied to art," bears "constant witnes to the presence and reality of sin amon men," and "Madame Bovary" he regarde as being, "in its way, one of the mos searching pieces of moral analysis eve made." As for the great writers, they wer all simply dripping with ethical instruction Shakespere is worth studying because "h is ethically sound throughout the entir body of his work," and Dante is even mor spiritual. Homer is full of that vitalit which our "critical, skeptical, and cynica age" lacks, and Goethe shows close con tact with those "deeper realities of life" that "come to us by other roads than thos of the senses."

In short, Mabie was as ardent and gaud a platitudinarian as Dr. Frank Crane Arthur Brisbane, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, o Thornton Wilder. The book entitled "Shor Studies in Literature" consists of nearl three hundred pages of just such gravy Mabie begins by saying that it is difficul to define literature, goes on to assert tha vitality is essential to all great work, pro ceeds by declaring that literature is an ou growth of popular experience, makes th illuminating statement that an artist's ma terial is largely furnished by the age i which he lives, defines genius as a qualit of soul, plunges into a turgid descriptio of the place of nature in the literatures o the world, maunders for three chapters o spiritual influences, offers the startlin suggestion that "the conflict betwee Romanticism and Classicism is . . . a diffe ence of temperament," and reaches a glow ing climax in a discourse on "the educa tional power of literature."

Only a person who had hardened him self by reading hundreds of contemporar novels and scores of treatises on theolog could hope to make any headway throug this lugubrious drivel, and even such reader would probably find himself grow ing vertiginous if he attempted to perus more than three pages consecutively. Ye for thirty years Mabie turned out suc stuff, and not only got away with it bu was accepted as "the foremost America

;sayist" and "America's best admired and ıost influential writer of what may be ılled the literature of criticism and in-:rpretation."

IV

Vhen it came to applying his critical prin-ıples to particular authors, Mabie dis-layed, in surprising fashion, the wisdom f the serpent. Very cagily he refused to reak into panegyrics except when he was peaking of the great writers of the past. Ie knew that it was perfectly safe to praise Iomer and Dante, but he never formed the ıabit of discovering the great American ovel every second Thursday. Not, of ourse, that he was ever brutal! His praises f a favored few were sufficiently lush, and e could always find sweet nothings to vhisper into the ear of any author he liked ven moderately. But those he did not like ıe never mentioned. (There is nowhere ı his work a single word about Theodore)reiser.)

In his dealings with the noble dead, as ıight be expected, he showed no very ıoteworthy acumen, but he did excel in ınearthing—and inventing—ethical les-ons to be derived from their writings. One f his chief pleasures consisted in defending ıis heroes against charges of moral degra-ıation. The book on Shakespere is primar-ly concerned with demonstrating the un-potted rectitude of the Bard. Similarly, Bobby Burns, whose love of nature won Mabie's affections, is carefully white-vashed, and Poe, though his irregularities ıre made the subject of a sermon, is pre-ented in a favorable light. Shelley, like Poe, is mildly rebuked. After learnedly lemonstrating that he was not an atheist, Mabie proceeds:

> The real stain on Shelley's fame is his separation from Harriet Westbrook and his free union with Mary Wollstonecraft. This act, which inevitably brought tragic consequences in its train, is not to be justified on any ground; but while it cannot be condoned, it can be explained.

To the outstanding figures of the Ameri-an past Mabie was almost unfalteringly generous. Hawthorne he greatly admired, regarding "The Scarlet Letter," with its touching moral lessons, as the greatest novel written in this country. In writing of Longfellow he once had the audacity to refer to "the sweet and obvious commonplaces of 'The Psalm of Life,'" but it was in a more representative mood that he called its author "a poet of grace and sentiment, a lover of the domestic virtues." Thomas Bailey Aldrich he regarded as the poet of the post-war period that "the country will remember longest," and he described "Marjorie Daw" as "that charming little masterpiece of the sure hand and light touch." But he balked at Whitman, whose "lack of fineness" and "insensibility to the appeal of the spiritual qualities of character" repelled him. He found in old Walt's work "much that is coarse, gross, offensively and pedantically lacking in reticence, in regard for the sanctities of the body and of the relation between men and women." Still, he was partially reconciled by his "fundamentally religious view of life."

There were among his fellows in the reigning hierarchy of Christian authors one or two in the singing of whose praises an encomiastic note entered. Particularly conspicuous and unmistakable was his regard for the eminent Dr. Henry van Dyke. Van Dyke's fiction, to him, was "full of flavor and touched with passion," his sermons showed "vigor of thought" and "integrity of intellect"; his inspirational essays always revealed "a background of larger life." When Mabie listed the poets who "have enriched American poetry with work of lasting charm and vitality" he mentioned "Mr. Moody, Mr. Woodberry, and Dr. van Dyke," and when he spoke of the essayists who were perpetuating the "best tradition of sanity of thought, humor, and soundness of form," van Dyke was there with Dr. Crothers, Bliss Perry, and Brander Matthews.

Dr. van Dyke fully reciprocated his good friend's effusive judgments. "There is no teacher in America to-day who has a

bigger class, a more attentive hearing, or a better lesson, than Mr. Mabie." Ham, as he signed himself in letters, thought Henry a great writer, and Henry thought Ham the leading apostle of "true, vigorous, manly culture." Ham thought Henry's marvelous mind had given him "unusual power over young men," and Henry thought Ham was "a man whose writings and whose personality have been a steady, strong, serene influence for good in American life and letters."

Mabie was also less than indifferent to certain novelists among his contemporaries, notably James Lane Allen and Owen Wister. Wister's "Lady Baltimore" he found "as charming a piece of novel writing as has come from an American or English hand for many a day, and as sound a piece of work from every point of view." He regarded it as "the best interpretation of the spirit and social ideals of the Old South that has been given to the world," and he thoroughly enjoyed its depiction of that Southern chivalry which had "its root in absolute purity of sex relations." He discoursed almost voluptuously upon the "beautiful art of James Lane Allen," and revelled in Allen's "dramas of dawning love" and his "warm and fragrant atmosphere."

George Bernard Shaw he did not like, and unfortunately he was unable to keep his distaste concealed. At regular intervals his page in the *Ladies' Home Journal* was devoted to answering the queries of his far-flung disciples. On one occasion some inquirer in the Epworth League Belt wanted to know what position was conceded Shaw by "discriminating literary critics." Thus challenged, Mabie could not retreat into a discussion of the beneficence of the universe; instead, he replied boldly that Shaw's plays "have no real human feeling, no depth of sentiment, no ring of true emotion. . . . The men of his school . . . lack reverence, faith, spiritual insight, sympathy. Their philosophy is that of the cynic." A little later, when he was asked about James M. Barrie, he was happily able to reply that he "has wonderful freshness of feeling, and command of sentiment, and knows the value of sound work."

In his comment on Shaw, Mabie was able to utilize one of his favorite quotations, the one about the "cynic who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." This was but one of a number of rubber-stamps that he found unfailingly useful in his pious business. Never bothering to change his ideas, he only rarely troubled to alter the phraseology in which he expressed them. He could not discuss nature and childhood without referring to Wordsworth's poem about the boy of Winander; he could not mention the hereafter without reminding his readers that "Hume said that when he thought of his mother he believed in immortality"; and he could not introduce his views on inspiration without also introducing Goethe's remark about not understanding Faust.

It is difficult, on picking up for the first time one of Mabie's books, to convince oneself that one has not read it before. Always the same flatulent platitudes dribble out in the same correct, empty, somniferous style. The same cheerful inanities are illustrated by the same silly anecdotes. There are the same lofty seriousness and the same fatuous attempts to be charmingly humorous. It is a relief when one finds him referring to Horace as "the poet of the Mantuan farm" or to Longfellow as the author of "The First Snowfall." At least an error breaks the monotony.

V

One doubts if Mabie ever mistreated his family, and one is sure that he was kind to animals. In fact, his good nature would have ruined him as a critic even if he had any critical ability. He was reputed to be a superb toastmaster, and he took an active interest in the kindergarten movement.

Everywhere he went people liked him. Even G. Stanley Hall, who had a somewhat more acidulous temperament and a

very different *Weltanschauung*, recalled Mabie as he was when they were classmates at Williams and spoke of him with some tenderness. Other classmates, whose opinions were collected by the tireless Mr. Morse, were almost passionate in their praise. While in college he belonged to Alpha Delta Phi and to the Philotechnians, and was president of the Adelphic Union. He was one of the editors of the *Williams Quarterly*, and under his leadership the Mills Theological Society held Sunday afternoon prayer meetings. Indeed, he seems to have belonged to almost every campus organization except Phi Beta Kappa, and this omission is probably to be attributed, not to any prejudice of his against the society, but to the blindness of his associates, who remedied the oversight in 1885 by making him an honorary member.

The joining habit acquired at Williams clung to him throughout his life. He enjoyed solemn conclave with his fellows, and in 1882 he shared with a group of the most moral men of letters in New York, including Richard Watson Gilder, Brander Matthews and Edward Eggleston, the honor of founding the Authors' Club. He also belonged to the Aldine Club, which was the scene of many of his playful triumphs of toastmastery. As further testimony to his intellectual preëminence in his generation, it is to be recorded that he was the first president of the National Institute of Social Sciences, the first secretary of the National Institute of Art and Letters, and an early member of the celebrated American Academy of Art and Letters.

Nor did he neglect his home town. He was a communicant of Calvary Episcopal Church in Summit, for sixteen years serving as a member of the vestry and for eleven as a warden. He was also on the standing committee of the diocese, thus giving the Bishop the benefit of his advice, and he was repeatedly a delegate to general conventions. One of the founders of the Summit Athenaeum Club, he was for five years its president—"until it was in good running order," as Mr. Morse says. But his most salient contribution to the welfare of Main Street came in the last year of his life, when he accepted the presidency of the local branch of the National Security League. Indeed, his last public appearance was at a meeting of the League at which he delivered a lofty address on patriotism.

He was the kind of person American universities love to honor, and his dignified figure was an ornament to any academic procession. Whenever a college gave him a degree, it stamped itself as a stalwart champion of culture, religion, and the moral life. His *alma mater*, which for years he served as a trustee, granted him an honorary A.M. and an honorary L.H.D. Union, Western Reserve, and Washington and Lee each bestowed upon him the high and honorable degree of Doctor of Laws, thus lifting him to the rank of Dr. Charlie Schwab and Dr. Otto H. Kahn. He wore these grand honors modestly, but there is no reason to suppose that he undervalued them.

Amid almost universal applause, he thus went through all the gestures of a man of letters. Looking back, one almost suspects that the *intelligentsia* of the day were engaging in a huge practical joke, a merry conspiracy carefully planned to fool him into thinking that he was a genius of the first order. But there is really no evidence for that suspicion. The more reasonable assumption is that Mabie's contemporaries were, for the most part, as empty as he. Those who were not so were afraid to speak out; they praised his personal qualities, and maintained a timid silence about his performances in the world of letters. It was not, after all, an era of first-class minds. Lowell and Longfellow had passed on while Mabie was still a youth. Aldrich, Warner, and Curtis had taken their places, further diluting a tradition that was two-thirds water to begin with. When these men stepped off the stage, Mabie and van Dyke inherited their laurels.

Considering the fact that Mabie survived for the first sixteen years of the

ribald Twentieth Century, it is a little surprising that his reputation was not effectively deflated before his death. On the contrary, he seems to have marched from honor to honor, his ceremonious benignity growing on him as the years passed. "The crowning event of Mabie's life of service," as Mr. Morse calls it in that excellent tractate, "The Life and Letters of Hamilton Wright Mabie," came in 1912, when he was appointed by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace as good-will ambassador to Japan. In the course of his visit he taxed the proverbial courtesy of the Japanese by delivering more than eighty lectures, and on his return he showed his impartiality by publishing the substance of these lectures in book form.

"American Ideals, Character, and Life" is not the least remarkable of his concoctions. After a sketch of our political and cultural development, he enters upon an exposition of American character that immediately explains his interest in fairy tales. He was particularly eager to convince the Japanese of "the ineradicable and controlling idealism" of Americans: "The American people have always been and are to-day a religious people. . . . In the American temperament . . . there is a deep spring of idealism. . . . The one appeal which arouses enthusiasm in Americans to-day is the ethical appeal." Mabie had a way of saying these things as if he believed them, probably because he did believe them.

Perhaps he had begun to feel that the evangel of culture was wearing thin, for when he returned to this country in 1913 he devoted himself mainly to the cause of international peace. This whiled away his time until the Autumn of 1914, when, with equal gusto, he embraced the cause of war. At first the language he used in describing the Germans was in accord with that kindly moderation which had characterized his previous utterances, but, under the tutelage of the godly doctors Abbott and van Dyke, he soon developed a creditable, though not surpassing, technique of invective. The war must have come as a boon to these men, who all their lives had sought to practice delicacy of speech and kindliness of manners. Relieved of the necessity of suppressing their harsher emotions, they poured out against the Kaiser and his ilk the accumulated venom of fifty years.

Mabie did not live quite long enough to see his highest hopes fulfilled by the entrance of the United States into the war. He died on the last day of 1916, and the solemn pretence that had been maintained for nearly forty years never once wavered. Bishop Lines and three other clergymen presided at his funeral, which, according to the correspondent of the *Times*, was the largest ever held in Calvary Church. Many of the organizations to which he belonged held memorial meetings in the months after his death, and an uncommonly elaborate one took place in Summit late in February. Dr. Abbott and Dean Talcott Williams were the principal speakers, and letters were read from Roosevelt, Taft, General Wood, President Lowell, President Hadley, President Hibben, and President Garfield. Said an editorial in the *Outlook:*

> Mr. Roosevelt spoke of "the beauty and fineness of his character," Mr. Taft of his "embodiment of the spirit of international brotherhood," and Mr. Howells of "the abiding presence, serene, fine, and true, which we knew for the soul of Hamilton Mabie." No one could have come away from this meeting without being deeply impressed with the everlasting truth that the greatest force in art, in literature, in politics, and in education is found not in ideas or in workmanship, but in personality.

Hamilton Wright Mabie, leisurely winging his dignified way about the heavenly city, must have breathed a seraphic Amen. His life had not been lived in vain. As Mr. Morse says in the last sentence of his eloquent book, "In Professor Bliss Perry's expressive phrase, 'he radiated sunshine,' and so warmed the souls of all those whom he met."

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Dog and Man.—That man, due to his ound critical observation, hasn't the re- pect and sympathy for his fellow man hat he has for a common dog is demon- trated by his reaction to a casualty that requently befalls each of them. When a nan is struck down on the street by an utomobile or a taxicab, the man on the urb is startled, shocked and horrified, nd there his emotions stop. But when a log is struck down, his heart is the first hing in him to respond with pity, ten- lerness and sympathy. A man run down nd killed does not evoke in the breast of is average fellow man half the genuine listress and half the real sadness that a log does when, under the same circum- tances, it merely suffers a broken leg.

Note on American Novelists.—With a few mmediately recognizable exceptions, the ovel in America suffers from the fact that t is written by men and women who, for ll their pretence to the contrary, are in he matter of mind, life, attitude and en- ironment essentially and actually coun- ry-jakes. This imbued yokel grain shows tself whenever they engage themes and haracters not themselves intrinsically okel—and not only then, but also on ccasion even when they concern them- elves with such very themes and char- cters. Conning at such times many an therwise meritorious novel, the more ulturally experienced and cosmopolitan eader is periodically alienated from com- lete concord and respect by the author's nconscious betrayal of himself as cousin t least to the characters he dissects and s a more or less comfortable habitué of he sorry landscape he describes.

The American novel in the aggregate has straw in its hair and a trace of cow on its boot even when its hair has been de- ceptively polished to a tony gloss and when the mark on its boot is English. Written in the main by provincials, wor- thy though they are, one misses in it that silent and hidden yet pervasively articulate metropolitan and world-bal- anced note that one finds in the novels of even the lesser Europeans.

Capital Punishment.—The argument most often advanced for the abolition of capital punishment is that it has not successfully deterred and does not deter persons from committing murder. One might with equal logic therefore argue for the abolition of all forms of criminal punishment in that none thus far devised has succeeded in deterring persons from committing theft, perjury, arson, assault, bigamy, hold-ups, rape or anything else.

Business Men.—One of the meditations that constantly amuses me, as followers of these monthly words of wisdom are sufficiently aware, has to do with the stupidity of the gentry known as business men. The more I observe these trade pro- fessors, the more I marvel at how little discernment and practical skill so many of them seem to have. Time and again they reveal an incompetence that, if shown by an artist, would make him a laughing- stock. Among the many practitioners of one or another of the arts whom I am ac- quainted with, I know of none, indeed, who indicates the lack of sound business sense that one encounters among half the business men one lays an eye on.

Let me set down a few examples that have lately come to my notice. One of

New York's very best restaurants, operated by presumably experienced business men, is rapidly going down the chute simply because of the installation of a lighting system that makes its women patrons look like sights. Hitherto a profitable venture, it is now losing money because women suggest that their escorts no longer take them there. The restaurant management scratches its head in wonderment over the decline in trade, but is obviously so stupid that it can't figure out the reason. A second example is to be had in the case of one of the best haberdashery shops in town, owned and operated by a man who has spent the major part of his life in the business. For two years after the shop opened it did a good trade; then gradually that trade began to slip and ooze away into other shops. The owner has called in several outside business experts to determine the cause, but confesses that he has been unable to find it. Yet any half-witted poet could point out the trouble to him very quickly. He has a store manager, a sort of sublimated clerk, engaged after the shop had been in successful operation for a couple of years, who has alienated customers with his ridiculous fake-swell approach. "Shall we send the things to your house or will you have your man call for them?" is his customary question. Swallowing a grin, the average customer takes the bundle under his arm, goes out, and that is the last the shop ever sees of him.

There is a so-called smoke shop in New York that has lost fully twenty excellent customers known to me because it insists upon using a patented dingus in which it wraps its goods and which the customer has to carry at the end of a string finger-loop, causing the package to dangle effeminately at his side like a woman's hand-bag. Men do not like to go through the streets with the absurd package, but the business men who run the shop, trying to figure out their decline in revenue, have apparently never thought of the fact. A fourth example is a chain of barber-shops that has been unable to hold its customers and profit from regular repeaters. A man tries one of these shops once or maybe twice and then takes his whiskers elsewhere. The reason, undetected by the masterminds who operate the shops, is a simple one. The barbers employed by the management are instructed not to speak to their customers save when spoken to. The management has taken too seriously the theory of the talkative barber nuisance and has believed that by abrogating it, it will please its patrons. But its edict has failed to please those patrons for the obvious reason that you can't change custom and tradition overnight and for the correlated reason that the patrons, long used to the friendly gabbling of barbers, somehow peculiarly miss it, however much of a bore it was, and feel that the silence of the tonsorial gents implies a certain degree of inattention, personal dislike and even hostility.

Man's Pleasures.—Soon after coming into the world he gleefully shakes a little tin ball with birdshot in it. A little later on he pulls a piece of string which makes a small wooden figure kick up its legs and wiggle its arms. A bit later he takes a small round clay ball in his thumb and forefinger and shoots it at several other small round clay balls. Presently he sits on a wooden horse and rides around rapidly in a circle to the tune of a barrel-organ until he is dizzy. A few years later he begins to hit at a round leather ball with a stick and, when successful in hitting it, drops the stick and starts running around the lot, touching several sacks of cornmeal on the way. Then, night falling, he puts a stiff piece of white linen against his chest, props up his neck with another piece of stiff white linen, stands face to face with a girl and synchronously shakes his hips and feet with her while several men blow horns and beat upon tightly stretched membrane. Growing older he sits at a table with several other men and spends hours passing around small pieces

of cardboard with red and black spots on them. Occasionally he will go out to a cow-pasture and hit a little white ball with several different kinds of sticks, uttering happy cries when the little ball falls into a hole in the ground. Coming into old age and preparing to leave the world, he sits at a table with another old man and moves small round pieces of wood across a board marked with little squares.

The Movie Sub-Title Writer.—Samples of the great art of movie gagging by a conspicuous professor of the craft:

1. "The fact that an intellect contains a few worms doesn't detract from its ripeness."

2. "The more you let yourself go, the less others let you go."

3. "A little health on and off is the best cure for an invalid."

4. "He was so cold that one burnt one's finger touching him. That's why many people thought him red-hot!"

5. "The most peaceful man needs only a big moustache to be regarded as a military and violent fellow."

6. "He was cracked—like a glass into which somebody had suddenly poured hot liquor."

7. "If you can't put your thoughts on ice, don't enter into a hot argument."

8. "Some husbands sigh over the elopement of their wives, but a much greater number sigh because nobody will elope with theirs."

9. "The trouble with marriage is that married couples live together."

The name of the movie title-writing genius? Mr. Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche.

Cynicism.—The cynicism that is born of defeat is pitiable and worthless. It is only the cynicism that is born of success that is penetrating and valid.

Slang.—The reason for national and racial isolation of slang and for its indigenous and inelastic quality lies largely in its evocation of visual images that are peculiar to its own land and people. The slang of America is thus as strange and unintelligible on the whole to England as that of England is to France or as that of the latter is to America. While there are some words and phrases in each that are readily caught and assimilated by aliens, the bulk of the argot remains cold and dark to them. When an American uses such a word, for example, as *bleachers*, there is evoked a very definite picture of open, sunbaked stands which is completely lost to an Englishman or a Frenchman. When a Frenchman, in turn, employs such a word as, say, *cafard* (cockroach) to signify discouragement, there is evoked a picture of poilus made miserable by trench bugs that an American fails to conjure up. When an Englishman uses such a phrase, for instance, as *black country*, it brings to his mind the picture of mining regions where, to the mind of an American or Frenchman, it brings the picture of Negro districts. There are, as I have said, some slang words and phrases that can induce the same visual images among different peoples, among them, for example, the American *cutie* or *bonehead*, the English *topper*, the German *lausbub'*, and the French *lovelace* (for a seducer) or *lucarne* (garret-window) for a monocle. But in general each country's slang is peculiar to its own collateral image which has inspired it and which inspires it reciprocally.

R. I. P.—There is this, at least, to be said for poor Harding. He did nothing in a certain esoteric direction that George Washington didn't do, and neither of them did anything once that Napoleon Bonaparte didn't do half a dozen times.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Drama in Europe

HAVING just spanked my way through the European drama, I emerge with the conviction that there is very little over there to get excited about. England offers nothing. Its bigwigs in the business of playwriting have either abandoned the theatre for the time being or are devoting themselves to such other diversions as works recounting in half a dozen hefty volumes the saga of some *paterfamilias Britannicus*, scarcely less copious treatises informing women presumably quivering with impatience about Socialism and capitalism, and having their kidneys irrigated at Continental mineral springs. The English theatre is at present given over almost in its entirety to composers of trivial sex comedies, trivial mystery plays, song and dance shows and American box-office drivel. France is in better state, but only relatively. There is a measure of originality observable in its drama, but no outstanding imagination and skill to convert it into something of sound merit. A few farces and boulevard comedies prove to be the food of an eăsy evening's pastime, but on the higher level there is nothing that commands serious consideration. The good intention and purpose are there, but the accomplishment is not.

As for Germany, the stage appears to have superseded the drama. Following in the line of Reinhardt and Jessner, though hardly blessed with their talent, Piscator is using the drama simply as a medium for the promulgation of his directorial and producing freakishness. He gives monkey-shows at the expense of plays, embellishing the latter unnecessarily with moving platforms, moving backgrounds, moving screens and moving whatnots that take all the moving quality out of the plays themselves. He is an expert at moving everything but his audiences. In Germany generally this effort to dramatize the stage itself as distinct from the script is increasingly evident. It is the fad of the moment, stemming from the antecedent and often equally idiotic *Drehbühnen*, *Treppenbühnen* and kindred *Bühnen* with their constructivist, impressionist and expressionist settings more appropriately suited to pleasure-park roller-coasters and love-tunnels than to the authentic dramatic stage. As for the German drama, one observes a seriousness in certain writers that is absent almost entirely from the English theatre and that is noticeable only to a degree in the French. But little of worth that has come to my attention has proceeded from this seriousness. Heaviness passes for profundity; obscure symbolism is resorted to as a refuge from capable and clear dramatic thinking; and Occidental themes of size strut about in tight Chinese shoes. The effect is of a somewhat effeminized longshoreman; the inner power of the plays is made futile by the outward manner. As in France, there are a few writers of light comedy who show a measure of freshness and diverting humor, but here also on the loftier level all is not Werfel that werfels.

Austria and Hungary—the latter chiefly, as the Austrian playwrights are producing little at the moment for the theatre and, like the English, are giving themselves over to external edifications—are to be mentioned only for their light, popular theatre exhibits. One or two of these, such as Molnar's contributions, are admirable for an evening's killing, but are hardly appropriate subjects for the next day's critical meditation and discussion. As regards

taly, Pirandello, the outstanding dram-tist of the country, admits that he has ex-hausted himself, no less than Italian audi-ences, in the direction of metaphysical drama and has temporarily gone into re-treat with the novel form. When he ap-pears again in the theatre he confesses it will be with a decerebralized drama that will adhere more closely to the orthodox species. The lesser Italians seem to be chas-ing their tails. They are setting up high-sounding schools but their plays are largely recesses, given over to much racket and very little sense. San Secondo, Lodovici, Bontempelli, Borgese, Marinetti and Ratti are instances of these rebels in second-hand uniforms, all hot for battle and rather wet as to gunpowder. They are not without ideas, and some of them show a glint of poetic competence, but as yet none has suc-ceeded in writing anything that calls for close attention. For all their no-saying, they are imitators of better men who pre-ceded them. This imitation they labori-ously strive to conceal by shouting their denials in the journalistic prints, but once their shoutings have died down and their curtains have gone up the ghosts of their papas may be sharply defined moseying in and out of their scripts.

For the general weakness of European drama, I offer a reason, perhaps wrong. More and more, as everyone knows, the European looks to the American market for what fortune he can make in the world. And more and more he has learned that, for one play that may bring him in a lot of money over here, there are a dozen books that offer him a better chance for potential returns. More and more, therefore, the dramatists, eager for a share of American gold, are turning their enterprise to such books. They have heard of book-hungry America, and they have also learned that while their better plays achieve critical ac-claim in America mighty few of them achieve sufficiently long runs to make them much in the way of money. But with books it is different. The birdie has whispered to them of Europeans—French, English, Ger-man and even Italian—who have got rich on biographies and autobiographies and novels and philosophical tomes. The birdie has apprised them of all the fat, rich dow-agers who have run down to the dock to meet the incoming Keyserlings, Maurois, Ludwigs, Guedallas, Morands and Wal-poles, of the royalties that Thomas Mann, Papini, Feuchtwanger, Siegfried, Deeping and a hundred others have received, of the big subsequent lecture revenue, and of other such grossly inartistic but altogether highly agreeable concerns. And so it is natural that, harking to the seductive *Vogel*, they should try to horn in on a little of the wampum themselves.

Thus, Pirandello, as I have noted, gives up the drama temporarily—after making about eight or ten dollars on it over here—and turns to the novel. Thus, Schnitzler and von Unruh set themselves, too, to nov-els. Thus, Neumann and Frank employ the theatre presently only as a little sideline; the book market is what they have their eyes on. Shaw turns from the stage to the book business, as now again does Gals-worthy. So, also, momentarily do Ervine and Maugham. So, also, did Sudermann in more recent years with his short fiction, and have Bourget, and Fabre, and Zweig, and Salten, and Géraldy—not forgetting Barrie, despite a *nom de plume*. Thomas Mann has given up the drama entirely and devotes himself to the novel. Arnold Ben-nett sits on two stools, and Chesterton, after a couple of unremunerative tries, has again fallen back upon the book stalls for the appropriate reward of virtue. Masefield follows suit.

I shall abstain from further cataloguing: certain of my customers seem to object to it. But the veering toward books as op-posed to plays is plain enough. The Euro-pean drama, as a consequence, rests for the time being very largely in young and rela-tively inexperienced hands. Some of these hands are agile enough, but emotional sleight-of-hand is a poor substitute for hearts that can think and brains that can feel.

II

The American Prospect

UNTIL Eugene O'Neill appeared upon the scene, the American drama offered little for the mature European interest. The records, previous to his time, showed a number of writers and a number of plays of transient quality, some of them very amusing and some of them genuinely gifted in detail, but it brought to light none that bulked with body. The roll included some good melodramas that, while they departed from knavish Chinamen, heroic ensigns and Kentucky race-horses, were hardly worth more than a three hours' audience consideration; some workmanlike but negligible farces with drolly observed national idiosyncrasies; some comedies, patterned largely after British models, that sought to be American by eliminating the butler and pronouncing such words as *secretary* and *cemetery* in four syllables instead of three; some close caricatures of American phenomena that, while very worthy in their way—Ade's, for example—were, after all, like most dramatic caricature, evanescent; and some heavily straight-faced dramas, elaborately conscious of their own pseudo-profundity, that momentarily managed to trick the pseudo-profound reviewers of the day into imagining them to be something important. But the roll included nothing, or at best very little, to persuade Europeans that our drama was anything but periodically diverting nursery play.

With O'Neill, however, the native drama has begun to take on at least a measure of the significance that it previously lacked. To argue that O'Neill, while an American, does not write strictly American drama, that is, drama that issues part and parcel out of American life but rather drama of more or less universal cast, is, of course, to beg the question. Hauptmann, Porto-Riche, Galsworthy, Pirandello, Rostand, Echegaray—for that matter, every significant dramatist from the Greeks through to Shakespeare, Molière and Ibsen—has written drama of similar cast, for all its identification with immediate time and place. So much is the sourest kind of platitude. It is also the most superficial kind of criticism, and, in O'Neill's case, at times silly. For certain of his plays smell of America as pungently as hot-dogs and the Hon. Tom Heflin. But, the one way or the other, what O'Neill has brought to the American drama, aside from his own contributions to it, is almost more than anything else precisely what Shaw brought to criticism of the drama: a gift of independence and courage to others. O'Neill has shown the aspiring American playwright that there is a place here for a whole-hearted integrity in dramatic writing, and that there is a public here that is generous in its response to it. He has shown this by patient and often despairing labor, and by his uncommon personal intrepidity, and by his forthright denial of the theatre as he found it, and—with convincing concreteness—by the practicability of what he dreamed and set out to accomplish and did accomplish. He has, in a few words, proved to the American playwright with potential stuff in him that he need not be fearful, as he long had been, of what is foolishly called the literary drama and of what is looked at askance as the drama of limited appeal—and that there is often a much more substantial reward, in terms of the First National Bank, in fine and honest effort than in half-hearted or intrinsically shoddy.

The effect is already observable, not in actual achievement, perhaps, but in the direction that the native drama is going. Playwrights, having gained confidence from O'Neill's success, are beginning to apply themselves to the drama seriously. My professional duties bring me into touch with dramatic manuscripts from the four corners of the Great Democracy and the omen is plain. Most of these manuscripts are still pretty bad, but there is an intention in them that wasn't there before. They are striving for something. They are trying to dig deep, not into the souls of actors dressed up as General Sheridan, Pinero actresses dressed as Salvation Army Nells

and Supreme Court justices who believe in hypnotism, but into those of men and women out of the soil and the life that they know. They are interested not in the Solon Shingles, Mulberry Sellers and Bardwell Slotes of vaudeville America or in the Davy Crocketts of ten-twenty-thirty melodrama America but in human beings far removed from grease-paint and close to the quivering pulse of that America unilluminated by artificial light and unadorned with tinsel and false whiskers. Nor has O'Neill's influence spread merely to these rookies and the potential figures of our drama of tomorrow. The spur that he has given to playwrights already in practice, some of them long before him, is obvious to anyone who keeps an eye on the theatre. Paul Green, Sidney Howard and any number of other such newer men are plainly rowing in O'Neill's wash, as yet without much strength but surely in a direction indicated by O'Neill's compass. And even such gentlemen of earlier generations as Mr. Owen Davis, author of "Chinatown Charlie" and "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," may be observed pathetically trying to get in the swim with their "Detours" and "Icebounds." O'Neill has sounded the new note and if there are still no dramatic musicians proficient in striking it, the desire to strike it is evident. That is something.

On a plane different from O'Neill's we find independence and courage pitching themselves no less into drama and getting rid at one swoop of all the inhibitions, chiefly of a moral nature, that American drama since its birth had been heir to. The timidity that had previously made the native drama fit fare only for Edwardian wives, sisters and sweethearts has disappeared, and writers have ceased to be ashamed of being adults. The day when comedies like Clyde Fitch's were accepted as clinical studies of the female of the species on the ground that Fitch knew what kinds of hats women admired and the French names for their underwear has been snickered into limbo, as has the more recent day when Sheldon's plays were accepted as surgical portraits of the male on the ground that he didn't make a tough mug speak like a Harvard graduate and occasionally allowed him a measure of carbonated biology in the presence of an inviting lady. Our playwrights, even certain of those of unfortunately minor talent, are more and more, in the great Dr. Brisbane's phrase, looking nature and fact straight in the eye. The whilom sentimentality and equivoque are disappearing, and truth is gradually finding itself in stage surroundings hitherto strange to it.

Do I seem to be full of an unaccustomed and alarming optimism? Not so fast, brother! For though the American drama is in better state than ever it has been, there is still an immense amount of room for improvement and development. Europe, on the whole, for all its immediate doldrums, is still so far ahead of us that, O'Neill alone excepted, the combined American calliope is far from earshot of the foreign drum-major. But the wind is stirring in the cities and on the prairies. In time, maybe, in time. . . .

III

The Question of Reviewing

The generally maintained theory that play reviewers who have to rush their reviews into type immediately after a play is over have not the necessary time in which to arrive at a sound estimate of the play is largely flim-flam. The reviewer who can't make up his mind accurately as to a play's worth immediately it is finished hasn't any mind to make up. As well say that the reader of a book must moon around for days afterward and refer back to it periodically during that period before he can tell whether it is really good or bad. A play reviewer is supposed, often unwarrantedly, true enough, to have some taste, experience and judgment, and if he doesn't know the value or lack of value of a play after being in its company for three hours his boss

should promptly reassign him to cover fires.

It is my belief that the notion alluded to has been set in motion by the reviewers themselves, by way of craftily letting themselves down easily and apologizing for their lack of critical sagacity. Were they given a week longer to meditate a play and arrive at a sounder point of view regarding it, it would avail them little and would find them harboring their initial deductions, a fact sufficiently proven by their Sunday recapitulations which are merely expansions and substantiations of their morning-after opinions. The trouble with reviewing against time does not lie in this direction at all. Where it lies is in the direction of a smooth, effectively written and lifting promulgation of expressed opinion, whether sound or unsound. Some men can write quickly and clearly under pressure for a spell, but even such blessed fellows can't manage it for long. Writing takes thought, and quiet, and time. Some of the finest examples of critical writing that have come down to us from the past are as full of nonsense as some of the worst examples of the critical writing that we are getting hereabouts today. But they are nonetheless literature, and at least superficially admirable. They have, for all their intrinsic dubiousness, a fine bounce and kick. They were not written between eleven o'clock and twelve of a night; they were written leisurely.

Criticism is, after all, or at least it should be, something more than a magistrate's court or a slot weighing-machine. It should be something of an art on its own. Who cares what a poem says, so long as it be beautiful? Who cares what music seeks to prove, or painting definitely to portray? Who gives a damn about the meaning of "Hamlet," so long as one can delight in the soft thunder of its language? Facts and logic alone have never made criticism a full-bodied thing. They are, God knows, valuable and all too rare to it, but even a cannon, best to discharge its projectile, has to be carefully—very carefully and scrupulously—oiled and polished.

IV

The Drama in Sound

It occurs to me, while waiting for my laggardly westbound steward to hurry up that bottle of Piesporter ordered fully three minutes ago, that if the talking moving pictures have any sense they will concentrate not so much upon speech as upon these sound effects that are and always have been so immensely effective in the theatre and in drama. While speech must inevitably be a more or less anomalous thing on the screen, sound effects may fit it aptly and they must just as inevitably add to the pictures' relative impressiveness. Some of the most vivid and expedient moments in the dramatic theatre have been achieved not by the human voice but by sounds of another and quite different character—and even so far as the human vocal chords are concerned there is and has been little so dramatically startling and moving, time on end, as a mere inarticulate shriek.

Sounds unrelated to the human voice, that the moving pictures can handily incorporate, have long brought to drama a dynamic power that has added to its effectiveness. The clicking of the time-bomb in such a melodrama as "The Fatal Card" had in it a quality of mounting, nervous suspense that no human speech could induce in an audience. The tom-tom poundings in "The Emperor Jones," the bells in "The Bells," the fog-horn in "Bound East For Cardiff," the swish of the sea in "The Moon of the Caribbees," the slowly approaching and doomful tread of feet in "The Gods of the Mountain," the rumble of the train in "Clarice," the clicking of the telegraph instrument in "Secret Service," the crescendo of boat sirens and whistles swelling in counterpoint to the gradually bursting emotions of the characters in "Strange Interlude," the ominous Oriental piping and the clanging of the iron shutter in "The Speckled Band," together with the clanking of the door chains of Moriarty's cellar in "Sherlock Holmes"—where will you find more legiti-

mate attributes and promotions of dramatic effect? Let the movies abandon the hope of contending with the drama with speech, keep their pantomimists silent and go after a share of the theatre's kick with the stage's exciting noises. There is often more elemental thrill in the sound of approaching horses (cocoanut shells or no cocoanut shells), more ecstasy in the sound of a piano in an upper room (as in Fulda's "Jugendfreunde"), and more valid elemental drama in the sound of a gradually growing-faint locomotive whistle (as in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway") than in the larynxes of half the actors in Christendom.

V

"*The Front Page*"

Returning again to New York in the early weeks of the new season, the one dish found emerging from the negligible dramatic breakfast is a newspaper exhibit by the Messrs. Hecht and McArthur, called "The Front Page." While it is apparent that the gentlemen in question originally set out to write a straight newspaper play and later found that it had turned farce on them, the manuscript finally delivered from the stage, properly and duly designated a farce, proves to be a genuinely comical affair. Its humor lies not in plot and not in character but almost entirely in dialogue. That dialogue, relying largely upon what the French dub *la langue verte*, is not only relevant to its medium but is in itself compounded of rare and often novel juices. There are, true enough, the become customary number of allusions to the male offspring of female dogs, men whose fathers were of a nomadic disposition, equine posteriors, the W.C. and I.H.S., but there is also a goodly share of low stuff synonymously sprightly and rich in the hues of bawdiness.

Ever since the authors of "What Price Glory?" freed American dramatic language of certain of its inhibitions, we have engaged playwrights who have sought to mimic their success. Most of these cuckoos, however, have simply mimicked the language without making it an honest and integral part of the plays and characters that exuded it. As a result, we have had a series of exhibitions that have tried to pass themselves off as strong meat on their cussing alone, much as inarticulate weaklings seek to suggest strength by recourse to an absurd and incongruous Billingsgate. The business has gone so far, indeed, that a *goddam* today hasn't half so much force in the theatre as a simple *oh*. It has turned upon itself and become caricature. Little Orphant Annies have so often been made arbitrarily to shout "Bastard" and Our Nell has so regularly been forced to take the Saviour's name in vain that longshoremen have been driven to the flea circus for a little genteel relief. Of this unparliamentary nonsense the authors of "The Front Page" are not guilty. Their language may be rougher than any heard on the stage since John McCullough was hit with an egg, but its roughness is in the picture, a necessary part of the picture, and as justifiable as that of Petronius or a critic of moving pictures. It is never forced, or if it is, the forcing has been slickly concealed; it always oozes out of the characters' mouths as naturally as their tobacco juice. And it projects the play across the footlights as legitimately and as permissibly as "The Miracle" was projected by incense and church bells.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Shock Troops of Zion

PRESSURE POLITICS: *The Story of the Anti-Saloon League*, by Peter Odegard. $3.50. 9 x 6; 299 pp. New York: *The Columbia University Press.*

WAYNE WHEELER: *Dry Boss*, by Justin Steuart. $3. 8 x 5¼; 304 pp. New York: *The Fleming H. Revell Company.*

The tale here is a fascinating one, and full of lush, inordinate humors. It is hard, at first blush, to believe that such a fellow as Wayne B. Wheeler ever existed, but the facts are the facts, and Messrs. Odegard and Steuart set them forth with scientific precision, adding a touch of the voluptuous for *lagniappe*. Both authors show a considerable friendliness to the Anti-Saloon League; Mr. Steuart, indeed, has enjoyed the dignity of being on its payroll, along with many of the great statesmen and idealists assembled at Washington. But neither is blind to its frequent peccadilloes, nor to the graver misdemeanors in its history. Has the world ever seen another so impudent, so unconscionable, so profoundly immoral an organization, or another so ingenious, so clownish, so all-fired amusing? None such reveals itself in the chronicles. The human race had to wait for nineteen centuries after the death of Paul before the marvel could be achieved. It took that long for the mysterious laws of Mendel, operating through sixty generations, to produce Christians of the high voltage of Wheeler and his gang. And it took a thousand generations, beginning far back in Aurignacian times, to produce a sufficiency of morons to give them their perfect opportunity, and so make them great.

The story of the Anti-Saloon League, in truth, is largely the story of democracy in latter-day America. It shows the extent to which mob rule, going on unfettered for years, can debauch and degrade government. First the mob fills all the principal public offices with heroes to its taste, *i.e.*, cowards, ignoramuses and scoundrels, and then bold and unprincipled pressure groups, operating upon these vermin, reduce the whole process of law-making to imbecility. That is the history of Prohibition in the United States, told in little; it is the history likewise of nearly all our other great idealistic experiments, including the American share in the late war. The Eighteenth Amendment was put into the Constitution by the votes of less than 3,000 legislators. How many of them were actual Prohibitionists? Probably 500. The rest were simply scoundrels selling out their honor for their jobs. The Anti-Saloon League had shown them how, by manipulating the balance of power, it could punish recalcitrants. So they leaped to the crack of its whip—and the country was plunged into an orgy of corruption that has filled its legislatures, State and Federal, with rogues, polluted and disgraced its courts, and made it a practical impossibility for a frank and honest man to hold public office. Such are the charms and benefits of democracy! Of it only one consoling thing may be said: that it richly deserves the leprosies that consume it.

It is difficult to read the narratives of Messrs. Odegard and Steuart without succumbing to the vice of indignation. One wades through endless pages of false pretenses, unfair practises, deliberate traffickings with frauds and thieves, and other indecencies without number. It is appalling to think that there are men to whom such appalling swinishness is not only not disgusting, but actually laudable—that fully half of the professing Christians of the United States wallow in it and glory in it.

But before choler gets above the Plimsoll mark, a gurgle of mirth always stops it. The chronicle, indeed, belongs to humor in the grand manner. It has scenes of such superb comedy that they match the best of Rabelais. They are Rabelaisian too on another count: a certain robust hoggishness is in them. I point, for example, to the passages between Wheeler and the martyred Harding.

Harding, as everyone knows, was a hearty guzzler, but that fact didn't bother Wheeler, for most of the politicians that he dealt with were guzzlers. He never asked what a politician thought or did; he demanded only that they carry out his orders. Harding was willing. As he rose in politics in Ohio he saw the Anti-Saloon League growing more and more powerful, and so he became one of its faithful henchmen, and in the end the principal liaison officer between it and the Ohio Gang. He helped it to get the Eighteenth Amendment through the Senate, and came to Wheeler's rescue in a tight place more than once. He was very useful, too, during the fight over the Volstead Act, in which, as will be recalled, Dr. Wilson refused to take orders from the League. As a result Wheeler gave him hearty support in Ohio, and helped him to get the support of the State's delegation at the Chicago convention in 1920. When, by a fluke that now belongs to the ages, he wrested the nomination from defeat, it supported him violently, and rejoiced with prayers and thanksgiving when he was elected. He reciprocated by making the immortal Roy Asa Haynes Prohibition commissioner, and so turned over Law Enforcement to Wheeler, who carried Haynes in his vest-pocket.

This arrangement worked very well and everybody was happy, but presently Wheeler began to be troubled by reports that Harding was lushing even more than usual—nay, that he and his friends of the Ohio Gang were cutting up such high jinks that the business threatened to make a public scandal. At that very time, says Mr. Steuart, "Wheeler was urging the dismissal of all scofflaws on the Federal payroll." Obviously enough, the President of the United States "could not be dismissed" —but "he could be reformed." So Wheeler went to the White House and "frankly told Harding that unless he swore off and made public announcement of his reform" there would be hell to pay. Harding was alarmed at once. Certain other doings of the Ohio Gang were already being whispered about: the stench of Daugherty was beginning to attract notice. If, now, a booze scandal broke loose even the Washington correspondents would hear of it, and the country would be shocked profoundly. Harding protested against Wheeler's order, but only faintly. The best he could say was that "the sudden abandonment of a lifelong habit might be harmful to his health." Wheeler refused to listen to any such plea: if taking him off his booze would kill him, then it was Harding's duty to die. So he went on the wagon, protesting pathetically, and there he staid until his lamentable exitus in San Francisco. The legend among the ungrateful Prohibitionists today is that he died of bad booze; in Mississippi the Baptist pastors add that it was given to him by the Jesuits. The fact is that he died of water. For six weeks he had been sober, and it was too much for his constitution.

His success with poor Gamaliel, a martyr to Prohibition if there ever was one, filled Wheeler with visions of "bringing the same pressure on other office-holders who were dependent on his political support." Alas, they turned out to be tougher babies, and "his failure with the first few approached made him abandon the idea." These great statesmen continue to wet their whistles to the present day. I had the honor, last June, of seeing many of them in action at Kansas City and Houston. One of the most talented, a dry of national eminence and an ancient intimate of Wheeler and all the other Anti-Saloon League boys, won the guzzling championship at the Republican national

convention. By day he bawled for a bone-dry plank, and declared that God would punish the Democrats if they dared to nominate Al Smith; by night he oiled his tonsils in a House of Mirth maintained by a philanthropic Kansan Citian. Every night he was the last to go home, and even then the bartender had to give him a jug to get rid of him. But by noon of the next day he was sufficiently recovered to resume his whooping for Hoover and well water. He was so eloquent, indeed, that he almost converted a couple of dry United States Senators—almost, but not quite.

Such is the sort of government that the Anti-Saloon League has given us. I commend the tomes of Messrs. Odegard and Steuart to your careful reading. They throw a brilliant light upon the Methodist-Baptist idealism which now uplifts us. They are mines of true news, and the historians of the future will quarry them with joy. I suggest formally that they be read aloud in the public schools of the Republic, that the children growing up may understand what a proud thing it is to be an American.

Blather From the East

THE ESSENTIALS OF EASTERN PHILOSOPHY, by Prabhu Dutt Shastri. $1.60. 7⅜ x 5; 104 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

THE STORY OF ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY, by L. Adams Beck. $5. 9¼ x 6½; 429 pp. New York: *The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.*

These books differ vastly in purpose and dignity. Dr. Shastri is senior professor of philosophy at the Presidency College, Calcutta, and a scholar of high attainments; his little volume is a reprint of lectures delivered at the Philosophical Conference at Toronto in 1922, and is addressed to the learned. Mrs. Beck is a dilettante whose other works bear such titles as "The Ninth Vibration," "The Chaste Diana" and "The Perfume of the Rainbow," and her present opus is frankly put out to catch the trade developed by Dr. Will Durant with "The Story of Philosophy." But though the two authors thus stand at opposite poles, they are alike in conveying the sad impression that Eastern philosophy, to the normal Western mind, must ever seem windy and unconvincing. There was a time, nineteen hundred years ago, when it appeared likely to break into the West, but the hard common sense of the Romans held the wave, and what little filtered through was presently disposed of by the even more realistic barbarians. Today it is visible among us only as a pale and distorted reflection, in the metaphysics of the New Thoughters. What the swamis teach in Los Angeles is not really Eastern philosophy; it is simply a consolation for melancholy fat women, half spiritualism and half adultery.

Professor Shastri sees clearly why this should be so. "All our [Eastern] systems of philosophy," he says, "are religious in spirit," and all the chief oriental religions are defeatist at bottom. Take away from them the idea of renunciation, and you take almost everything. The oriental, facing the eternal mysteries, resigns himself to inaction: he can imagine no way to penetrate them. The occidental bucks them: it is proof of his bombastic and evil nature, but it has made him what he is. The major mysteries remain, and no doubt they will remain forever. But a host of minor ones have yielded to Western impudence, and that yielding is what we call human progress. Every time the sum of mankind's exact knowledge is augmented, religion moves a step backward into the shadows, and with it metaphysics. The first, during the past century or two, has been cleared out of the Western universities; the latter hangs on. But it, too, is doomed. If at the moment, in the eye of romantic men, metaphysics seems to be gobbling physics, then it is only a delusion. Soon or late it will be plain enough that physics is outside and metaphysics inside, and then the last metaphysician will be booted out of the grove to Academe, to keep company with the alchemist and the theologian.

Professor Shastri is a doctor of both Oxford and Kiel. He has lectured at Paris, Bologna, London, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, Yale and the Johns Hopkins.

But his book remains sorry and sufficient proof that the pursuit of so-called philosophy, whether Eastern or Western, is highly dangerous to the powers of the mind.

On page 93 I find himself gravely stating it to be a fact that certain yogis of India "can be buried in the earth and taken out after many months in the same trance, and then when the *samadhi* ceases they return to a consciousness of the world." It is in this *samadhi*, he explains, that "you realise your unity with Iśvara," *i.e.*, God. "The student starts with fixing his steady gaze on the tip of the nose. After this is done in the proper manner you attain to *samadhi*." Unluckily, the professor hastens to add that he has "no time to enter into any concrete cases." Mrs. Beck is more amiable. "Infinite energy," she says, "is at the disposal of any man if he knows how to get it: this is the science of Yoga." She tells of a yogi who "can enter a dead body," and "also a living one by holding its owner's mind and organs in check." Another can cause "respiration and the heart's action to cease," and still remain alive. "By conquering the nerve-current that governs the lungs and upper part of the body the yogi does not sink in water. He can walk on thorns and sword-blades and can leave life when he will."

This, in brief, is what Eastern philosophy comes to. The Western brand has never been able to go so far. The best it can do is to get comfortable professorial berths for gentlemen whose intellectual peculiarities unfit them for the trades of the cavalry officer and the bond salesman. Theology, metaphysics and Rotary are the last refuges of the primeval *shaman*. He is dying hard, but I fear he is doomed.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS, Ph.D. (Cornell), *is a native of Virginia, but now lives in New York. She was formerly instructor in psychology at Goucher College.*

DUNCAN AIKMAN *was born in Terre Haute, Ind., and graduated from Yale. He has had considerable newspaper experience in New England and in the South. He is the author of "The Home Town Mind" and "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats," and editor of "The Taming of the Frontier." His article in this issue will form part of a book on American freak religions, to be published in the near future.*

JOHN ARMSTRONG *was born in Chicago, and saw service abroad with the American Expeditionary Forces. He has been a hotel waiter, an usher in a Harlem vaudeville theatre, and a doorman. He is now working on a novel.*

GIUSEPPE CAUTELA *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

MARQUIS W. CHILDS *was born at Clinton, Iowa. He took his A.B. at the University of Wisconsin, and his A.M. at the University of Iowa. He was attached to the United Press offices in Chicago, Madison, Wis., Lansing, Mich., New York and St. Louis, and is now on the staff of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch. *For a year he was instructor in English at the University of Iowa.*

LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D., *is associate professor of medicine at the University of Kansas. He is the author of "The Human Body," and a frequent contributor to the medical journals.*

WILLIAM COBB *was formerly a newspaper man, but is now on the staff of a publishing house.*

W. A. S. DOUGLAS *is in charge of the London Bureau of the Baltimore* Sun. *He has had newspaper experience all over the world.*

GRANVILLE HICKS *was born in Massachusetts, and graduated from Harvard. He is instructor in English at Smith.*

ROBERT H. LOWIE *is professor of anthropology at the University of California. He is the author of numerous books, among them, "The Origin of the State," "Primitive Society," and "Primitive Religion."*

CHARLES SAMPSON *was born in Kentucky, and has had considerable newspaper experience. He is now on the staff of the Baltimore* News.

CARL SANDBURG'S *latest book of poems, "Good Morning, America," has just been published. He is the author of many other books, among them, "Chicago Poems," "Slabs of the Sunburnt West," and "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years."*

H. H. SAWYER *was born in Iowa, educated at Morningside College, Sioux City, and practiced law for several years. He is now a judge of the Municipal Court at Des Moines.*

JAMES STEVENS' *latest book, "Homer in the Sagebrush," has just appeared. He is also the author of "Paul Bunyan," "Brawnyman," and "Mattock."*

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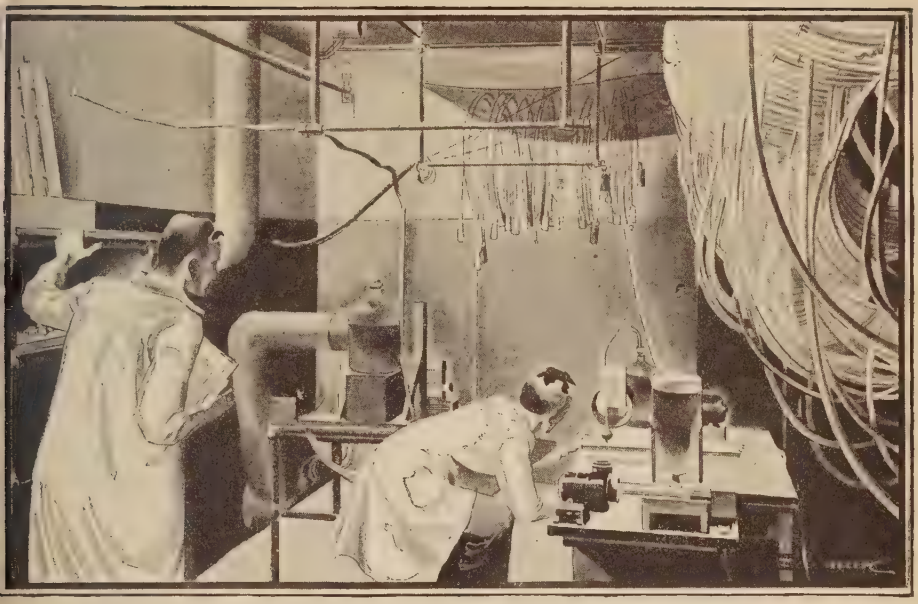
Editorial NOTES

JOURNALISTS desiring to compete for the honorarium of $500 offered by THE AMERICAN MERCURY for the best article on journalism as a trade today must get their MSS. to this office before October 15. No MS. should be shorter than 2000 words or longer than 6000. The sole condition is that the author must be employed on the staff of a daily newspaper, published within the continental area of the United States, or by a recognized American press association, and that that employment must be his or her principal means of livelihood. Professors of journalism, press agents, executive secretaries, slaves on magazines and trade journals, syndicate stars, and other such seduced and degenerated journalists are barred. The aim is to find out how daily journalism in the Federal Union today looks to the actual journalist. Contestants are free to treat the theme as they please. They may argue in favor of journalism as a life work or against it. Or they may take a middle ground. In case their inspiration leads them into by-ways, or they feel impelled to discuss some detail at length, to the neglect of the main subject, they will be given all possible rope.

It is desired that each MS. be accompanied by a slip showing the nature of the author's employment, and its duration. In case he (or she) has worked on other papers, a list of them should be given. The prize-winner will be solicited to send in a more complete account of his (or her) career in this world, along with a photograph. In case the prize-winner is female and of agreeable aspect a whole page will be given over to printing that photograph.

Continued on page lxviii



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Name.....

Address .....

.....

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxvi

But the portrait of a male prize-winner will probably get only half a column. The honorarium will be paid before October 25, and the winning article will be printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for December, out November 25. A month later, in accordance with THE AMERICAN MERCURY'S usual practise, all rights to the article under its copyright will be transferred back to the author. In case none of the articles received seems worth printing the prize will be divided between the American Civil Liberties Union and the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Amendment. In case it is desired to print any of the articles beside the prize-winner, offers will be made for them. But the authors thereof will be free to decline such offers, and to print their articles elsewhere. The Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is the sole judge of the contest. There are no other conditions.

VARIOUS kind friends of pedantic gifts write in to deplore inconsistencies in the style of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Their sorrow has sound grounds. In one article a certain word may be spelled in one way, and in an article next door it may be spelled in some other way. Or there may be variations in capitalization, in italization, or in word divisions at the ends of lines. These differences, to be sure, are quite natural, for the average issue of the magazine is written by twenty or thirty different writers, and all of them, in such matters, have ideas of their own. But none the less it is irritating, at least to readers of precise habit, to encounter a lack of uniformity, and so every effort is made to bring the whole contents into accord. A great deal of time and care is devoted to this labor. Every MS. is read at least four times, and not infrequently the proofs are read ten or

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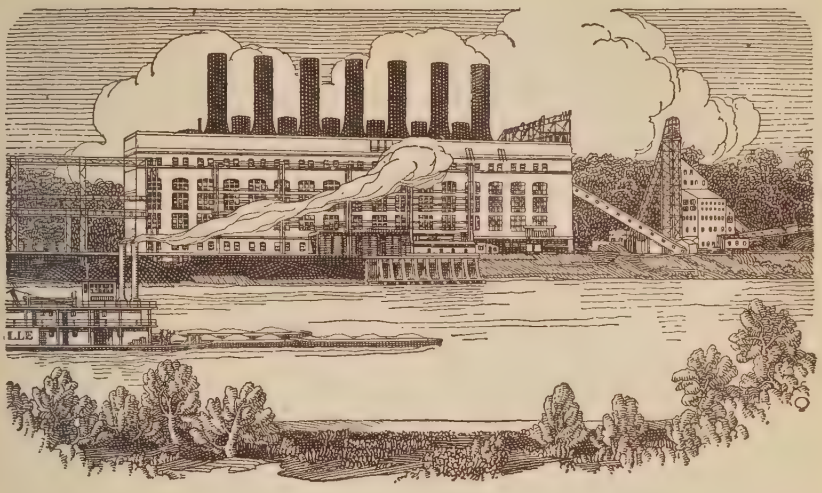

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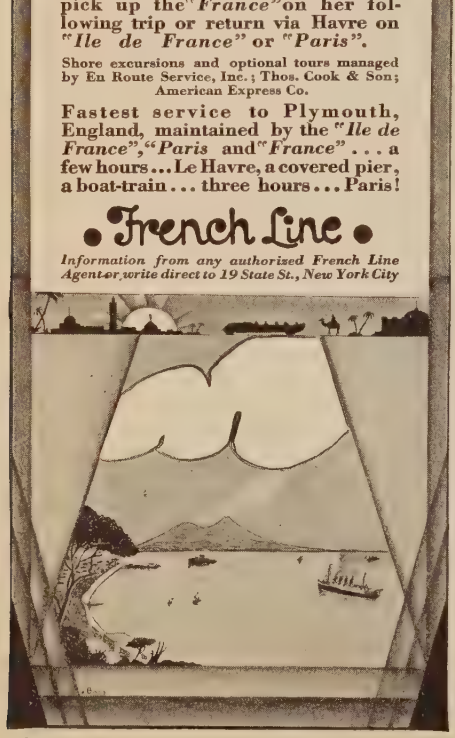

Editorial NOTES

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even fifteen times. But it is difficult, for two reasons, to reach that severe and invariable uniformity which would be ideal. The first reason is that even the most alert and diligent proofreaders are yet human, and hence fallible. The second is that, in many situations, it is hard to make rules that will hold up in practise. They seem good when they are made, but in executing them it is sometimes necessary, for some logical or æsthetic reason, to stretch them a bit, or even to abandon them.

Nevertheless, a certain approximation to uniformity is possible, and most magazines try to reach it by preparing what is called a style-book. In this book the rules that experience suggests are set down, and in the course of time it covers all ordinary situations and becomes the office authority, to be followed as closely as possible. THE AMERICAN MERCURY has had such a style book under way for four years. It is already full of rules, and many of them appear to be sound, and are observed as far as feasible in the printing of the magazine. But there are others that still seem somewhat dubious. Worse, there are serious lacunae. In the effort to get rid of these doubts and gaps the aid of learned readers is solicited. From time to time the rules that have been framed will be printed. Those who object to them are invited to state their objections, and those who favor rules in situations that have not been dealt with are invited to frame them and send them in. By this means it is hoped to get rid of inconsistencies and illogicalities, and to prepare a style-book that will be measurably better than any other.

Here, then, are some of the rules now in force:

1. In compounds of the *-man* group the parts are to be kept separate so long as the *a* in *man* is clearly pronounced. Thus, *newspaper man, busi-*

Continued on page lxxii

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LARGEST FINEST LINER EVER TO CIRCLE THE GLOBE

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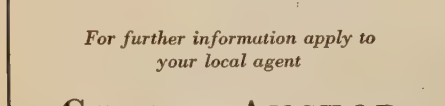

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxx

ness man, best man, laboring man, working man. But when the *a* has been reduced to a neutral vowel or elided altogether the parts are to be combined. Thus, *workman, rodman, committeeman, batsman.*

2. So long as a loan-word retains, in Standard American usage, its foreign pronunciation, the accents, if it has any, are to be printed. Thus, *début, matinée, attaché, café, tête-à-tête, gemütlich, señor, façade, naïve, entrée, né(e), divorcé(e).* But not when, in Standard usage (or in the usage quoted) it has acquired an American pronunciation. Thus, *depot, beau ideal.*

3. Loan-words in common use, for which there is no precise and familiar American equivalent, are to be printed in Roman. Thus, *matinée, intelligentsia, café, rendezvous, cabaret, bouillon, sauerkraut, matador, stein* (of beer), *débutante, chassis, per capita, motif, gratis, delicatessen, kosher, chiaroscuro.*

4. Foreign words that are not in common American use are to be italicized, even though their meaning may be generally known. Thus, *confrère, seidel, a priori, au revoir, laissez faire.*

5. Familiar law Latin is to be printed in Roman. Thus, *mandamus, habeas corpus, non est, certiorari, quo warranto, subpœna, testatrix, caveat, particeps criminis, prima facie, capias.* But not words and phrases that are rarely used and little understood. Thus, *a vinculo matrimonii, caveat emptor, posse comitatus, dies non, mensa et thoro, nisi prius, oyez, pro interesse suo.*

6. The titles of the chief officers of sovereign states, standing alone, are to be capitalized. Thus, *King, Emperor, President, Governor, Rajah, Shah, Czar, Queen, Reichspräsident.*

7. Also, the titles of high officers of state. Thus, *Speaker, Chief Justice, Vice-President, Secretary of State, Lord Chancellor, Premier, First Lord of the Admiralty, Prime Minister, Master of the Rolls.*

8. Also, the titles of direct representatives of the sovereign. Thus, *Governor-General, Viceroy, Ambassador.*

9. Also, *Senator* and *Congressman.*

10. But not the titles of inferior officers. Thus, *mayor, sheriff, constable, alderman, judge, magistrate, police commissioner, State senator, comptroller, city manager, health inspector, warden, truant officer, superintendent of schools, principal.*

11. Words designating sovereign political divisions are to be capitalized. Thus, *State, Empire, Republic, Reich, Raj, Union, Free State, Kingdom.* But not words designating parts or dependencies. Thus, *colony, crown colony, territory,*

Continued on page lxxiv

Frank's 7th Annual Cruise De Luxe Mediterranean

Sailing from New York January 29

67 glorious days . . . mysterious Egypt . . . sacred Palestine . . . ancient Greece . . . gorgeous Italy . . . romantic Spain . . . enchanting North Africa . . . primitive Dalmatian Coast . . . bewitching Turkey . . . and the most comprehensive itinerary of strange cities bordering this historic sea. The romance . . . the charming social life . . . dances . . . gay carnivals . . . smart country club atmosphere and comfort on a ship built for cruising . . . far-famed cuisine . . . service par excellence . . . most efficient staff to entertain and guide you . . . 53 years' experience . . . all combine to make this a most attractive and thrilling adventure.

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Editorial NOTES

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insular possession, district, county, city. (An exception is to be noted when the designation forms part of a proper name. Thus, *District of Columbia.*)

Guiseppe Cautela, whose "Italian Funeral" appears in this issue, has been writing in English only since 1923. Previous to that date he spoke and wrote mainly in his native tongue, Italian. In November of that year two prose poems of his, "Good-bye" and "Buona Sera," appeared in the *Measure,* and precisely a year later another poem, "Nun," appeared in the same magazine. In the Spring of 1925 the Dial Press published his first novel, "Moon Harvest." A part of it, "Gravesend Bay," appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. There followed "Coney," in November, 1925; "The Bowery," in November, 1926; and "The Italian Theatre in New York," in September, 1927.

Giuseppe Cautela

Mr. Cautela was born at Ortanova, in Southern Italy, on May 27, 1883. His youth was full of hardships. "My father," he says,

> was the only shoemaker in a family of cabinetmakers. They looked upon him as one who had disgraced the artistic tradition of the family. So one day he left home, and never returned. He went to Ortanova, my native place, down the warm plain of Puglia. He had two cents in his pocket, but found work right away. My mother lost both her parents when she was six years old. Her three brothers went to work in the fields, and she and her sisters took in sewing. That was the beginning of a long life of toil for my mother. She can make anything from shirts to beautiful dresses. No one ever

Continued on page lxxvi

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AFTER your next shave, douse Listerine on the face full strength.

What a nice reaction. Cooling! A new sense of vigor and freshness. Amazing stimulation for tired skin. And all the usual smarting and burning gone at once. Also you have the satisfaction of knowing that the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine are enemies of infection.

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BAYER ASPIRIN

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxiv

taught her, and today at seventy-three she dresses my four children like flowers.

My father, a wandering shoemaker, married her at the age of twenty-six. They had three children. My two sisters died very young. I was two years old when my father died very tragically. I became the charge of my mother's youngest brother. He had managed to learn a trade. When I came out from school, he kept me busy in his harness shop—sometimes up to a very late hour at night. I began to get sullen and bitter. In Italy they believe that a boy learns a trade if the master beats him every time he makes a mistake. I came in for a good many lickings from my uncle. My mother thought that by her remarrying I would get a better chance. My stepfather took me out of the grammar school, and put me to work in his shoemaking shop. The hateful trade! I have hated shoemakers ever since. He hated the trade himself, and the only way he saw of changing it was by coming to this country.

We arrived in New York in 1897. A barber (God forgive his soul) volunteered to my stepfather to teach me his trade, so I was sent to the barber-shop. I don't know how I ever remained in the barber trade. The principal reason, I think, was that I had plenty of time to read. Hours were late, so I was denied even the privilege of the night-school. I found one boss, though, who allowed me to go to night-school for three months. Those were the only English lessons I have ever had.

Then I became possessed with a desire to see my native land, which I knew but little. So I went back to Italy, and served in the Infantry for three years. When I came back to America I decided to become an Italian author, and for four years studied hard. I wrote an Italian play, but nothing ever came of it. For a while I gave up all idea of ever becoming an author. Then slowly the urge came back, and I began to read and write again, but I made up my mind it would be English this time, nothing but English. Miss Louise Townsend Nickoll, Mrs. Thomas Edgelow, Mr. Joseph Auslander, and Mr. William Rose Benét were kind enough to assist me in my labors, and before long I had three poems accepted. Then I wrote "Moon Harvest." Last year I wrote a play "Tulip," which is still in the hands of literary agents. Now I am brushing up a second novel, "Half Moon Digger." It is the first book that has ever been written concerning the life that goes on in that colorful American institution—the modern barber-shop.

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THE OMNIPOTENT NINE *by Herbert Little*
(On Justice Taft and the U. S. Supreme Court)

THE SOVIET OF LADY PATRIOTS
(On the D. A. R.) *by Margaret Cobb*

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In the July number of *World's Work* Headmaster Swetland of Peddie has said,

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